21

Christian Songs

FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

New York and Chicago:

Published by BIGLOW & MAIN,

(Successors to Wm. B. Bradbury.)

76 East Ninth Street, N. Y., and 91 Washington Street, Chicago.

FOR SALE BY THE TRADE GENERALLY.

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CHRISTIAN SONGS

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FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

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76 EAST NINTH ST., NEW YORK, and 91 WASHINGTON ST., CHICAGO.
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To the Friends of Sunday Schools:

In accordance with what we believe to be a growing sentiment, and hoping in some degree at least, to meet the oft-repeated and earnest demand for a better class of Hymns and a higher grade of Music in our Sunday Schools, these CHRISTIAN SONGS are presented to those engaged in the good work. How far we have succeeded in supplying the want thus expressed, we leave to the judgment of others.

There seemed to be no good reason for discarding old friends and throwing aside Hymns and Tunes which have been eminently useful in years gone by, and which are dearly loved to-day. Many of these (and we have tried to select the most desirable) will be found in these pages. There will also be found in CHRISTIAN SONGS more than one hundred of the old *Standard Hymns* which have been, and to the end of time will continue to be, sources of help and comfort to the Christian soul in its longings after a brighter hope and a stronger faith. We have indicated for these hymns the tunes most widely used in connection with them.

If some of the music in this work should at first seem a little difficult of execution, we earnestly recommend perseverance in its study, feeling confident that it will abundantly repay all the time and trouble thus bestowed upon it.

CHRISTIAN SONGS are intended for the Prayer Meeting, as well as for the Sunday School, and we hope and trust, that *there* too they will prove valuable in kindling the fires of true devotion, and bringing the soul into more loving communion with God.

We desire to acknowledge our obligations to Messrs. Lasar, Holbrook, Camp, Sherwin, and others, for valuable suggestions and compositions.

And now we send out our CHRISTIAN SONGS, praying that God may so bless their use that they shall be Christian Helpers to both old and young.

THE COMPILERS.

New York, *January 1st*, 1872.

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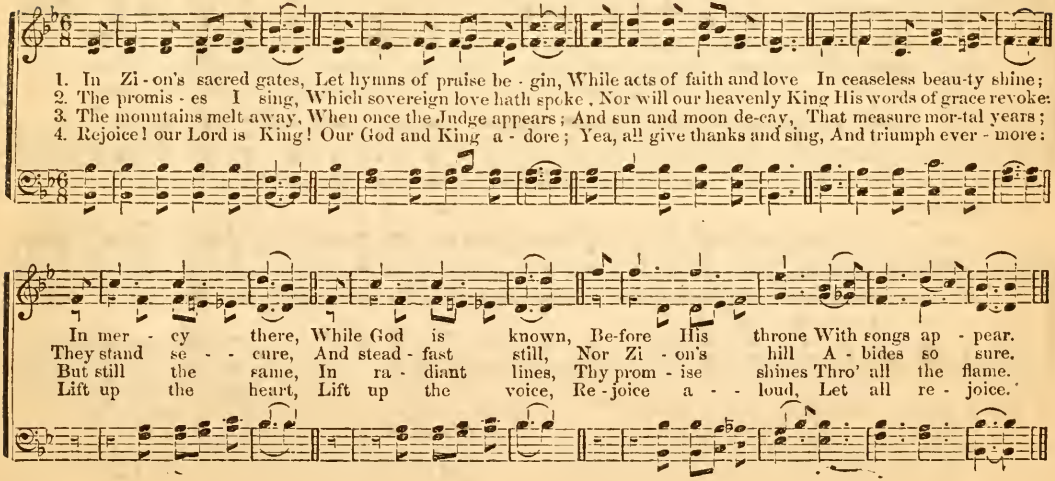
CHRISTIAN SONGS

FOR THE

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LYMAN.

From BEETHOVEN.

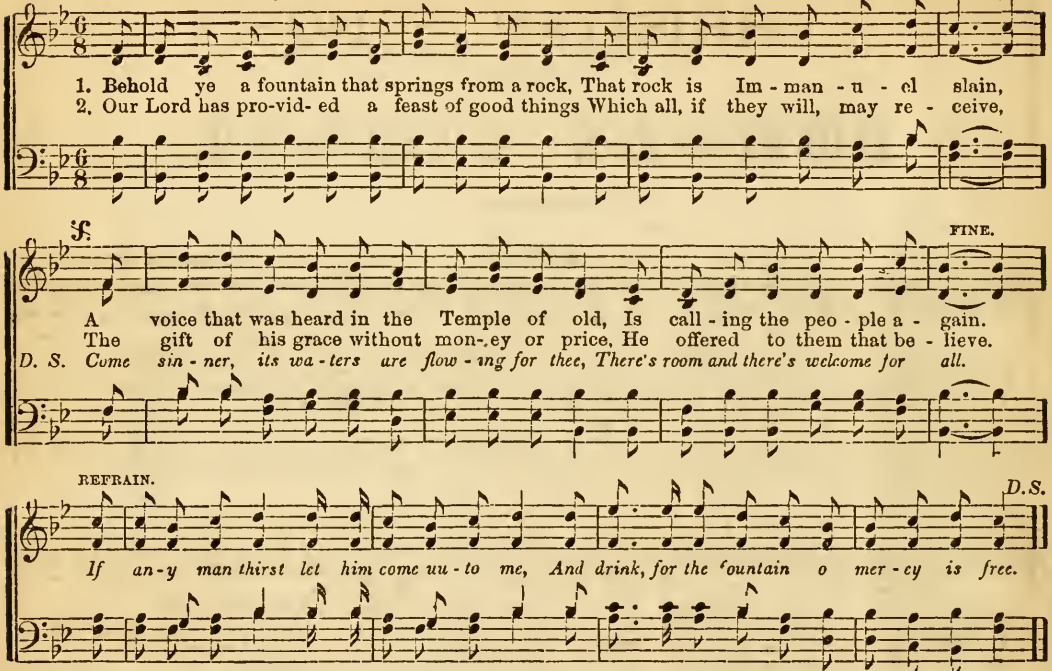


THERE'S ROOM AND A WELCOME FOR ALL.

T. J. COOK.

By per. of BIGLOW & MAIN.

Words written for this work by F. J. V.

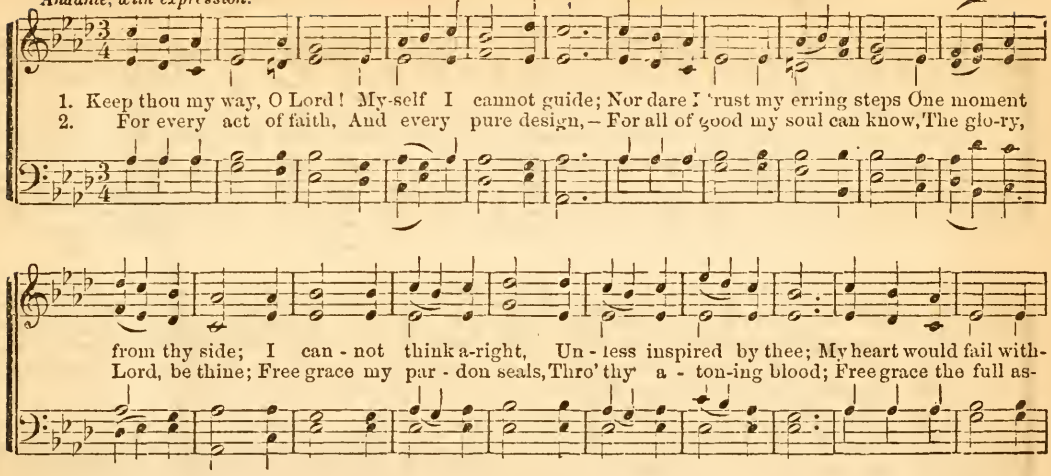


3 In Adam we die, but in Jesus we live,
The world is redeemed from the fall,
Salvation is purchased, our ransom is paid,
There's room and a welcome for all. *Cho.*

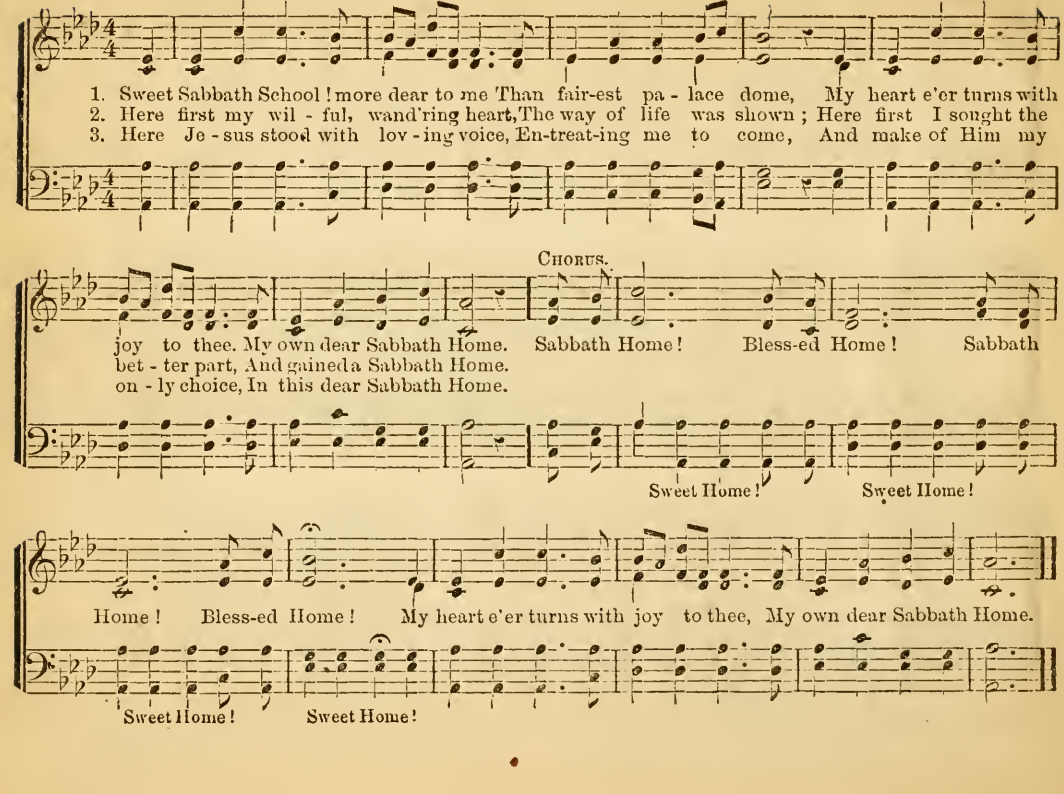
4 There's room at the feet of the glorified One,
There's room in the arms of his love,
There's room at the fount of the water of Life,
And room in His kingdom above. *Cho.*

KEEP THOU MY WAY, O LORD.

HUBERT P. MAIN.
From "Bright Jewels," by per.

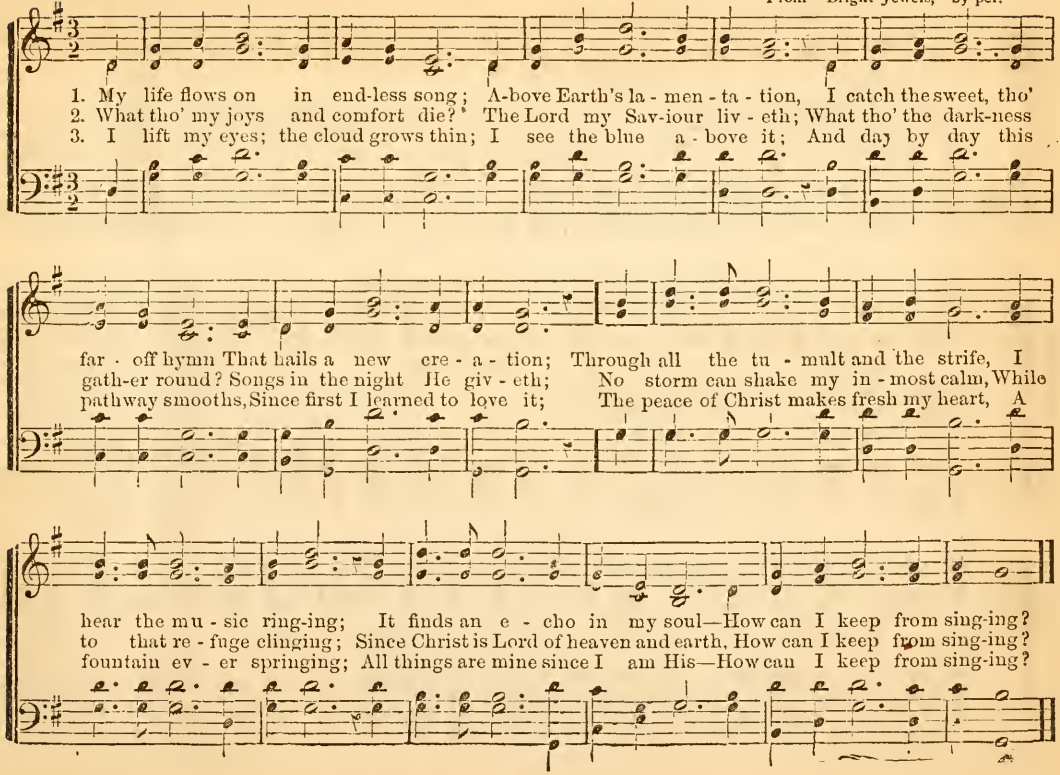
Andante, with expression.

3 O speak, and I will hear;
Command, and I obey,
My willing feet with joy shall haste
To run the heavenly way;
Keep thou my wand'ring heart,
And bid it cease to roam;
O bear me safe o'er death's cold wave
To heaven, my blissful home.

Words by Dr. C. R. BLACKALL. **MY SABBATH HOME.** W. H. DOANE. From "Pure Gold," by per.

"It shall be a Sabbath of rest unto you."—Lev. 16: 31.

HOW CAN I KEEP FROM SINGING.

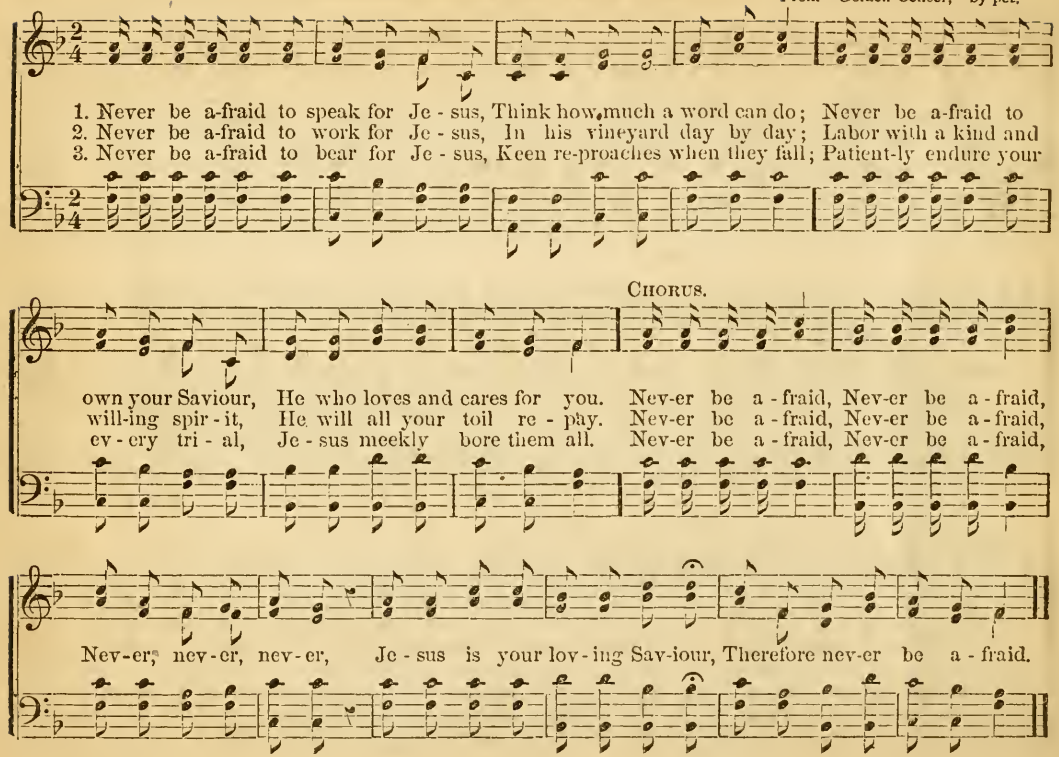
REV. R. LOWRY.

From "Bright Jewels," by per.



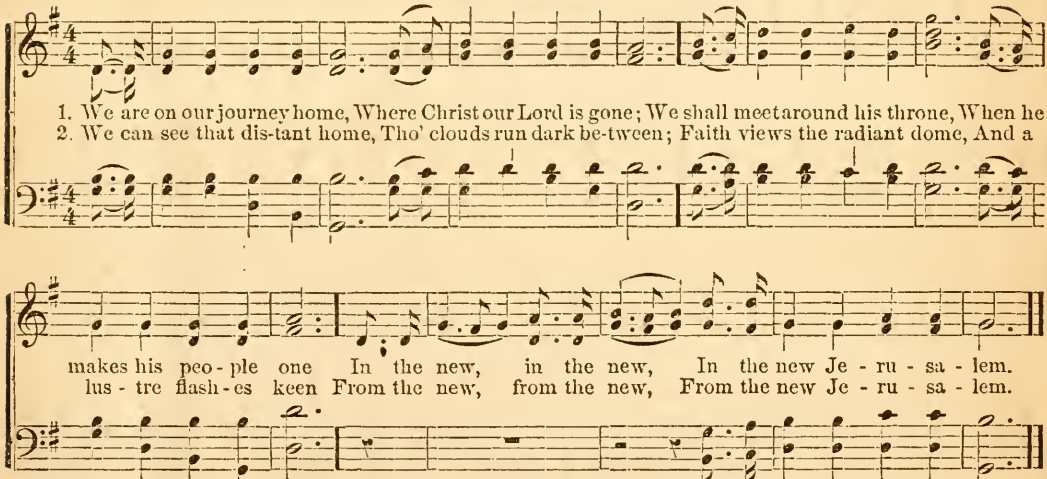
NEVER BE AFRAID.

WM. B. BRADBURY
From "Golden Censer," by per.



4 Never be afraid to live for Jesus,
If you on his care depend
Safely shall you pass through every trial,
He will bring you to the end.
Never be afraid, &c.

5 Never be afraid to die for Jesus;
He the life, the truth, the way,
Gently in his arms of love will bear you
To the realms of endless day.
Never be afraid, &c.

MT. BLANC.

3 O glory shining far
From the never-setting sun!
O trembling morning star!
Our journey's almost done
To the new Jerusalem.

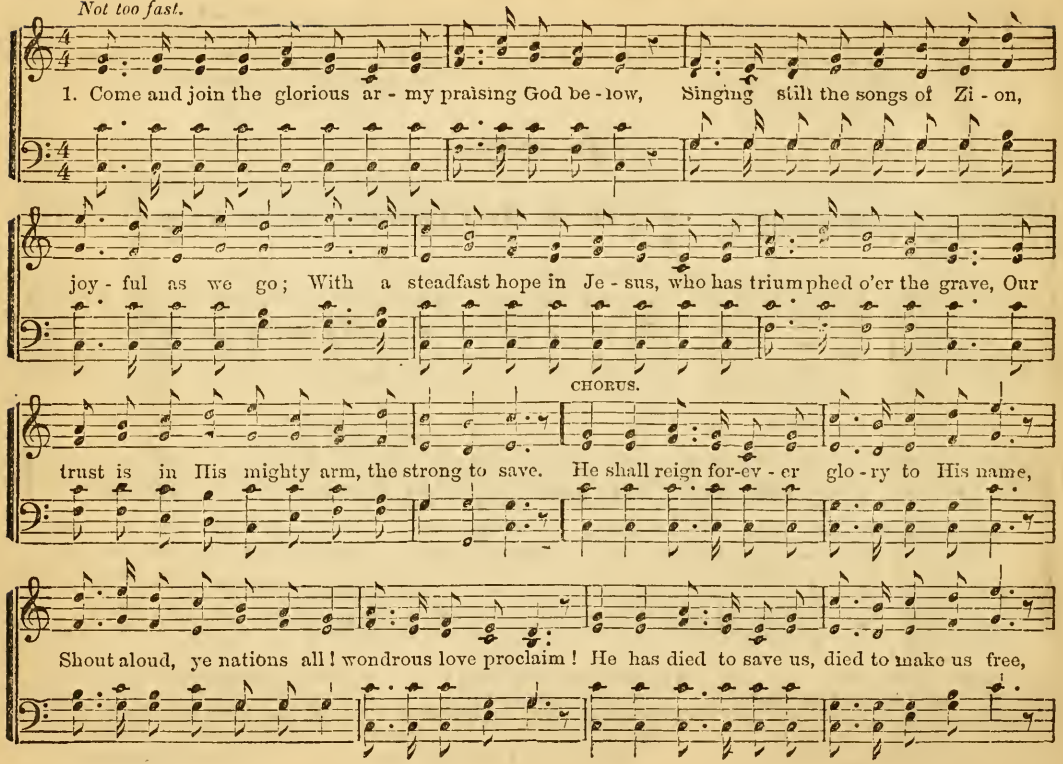
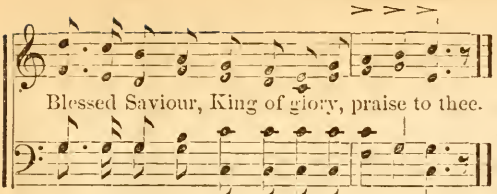
4 O holy, heavenly home!
O, rest eternal there!
When shall the exiles come,
Where they cease from earthly care,
In the new Jerusalem.

5 Our hearts are breaking now,
Those mansions fair to see;
O Lord! thy heavens bow,
And raise us up with thee
To the new Jerusalem.

HE SHALL REIGN FOREVER.

FANNY CROSBY.

CHESTER G. ALLEN
From "Bright Jewels." By per.

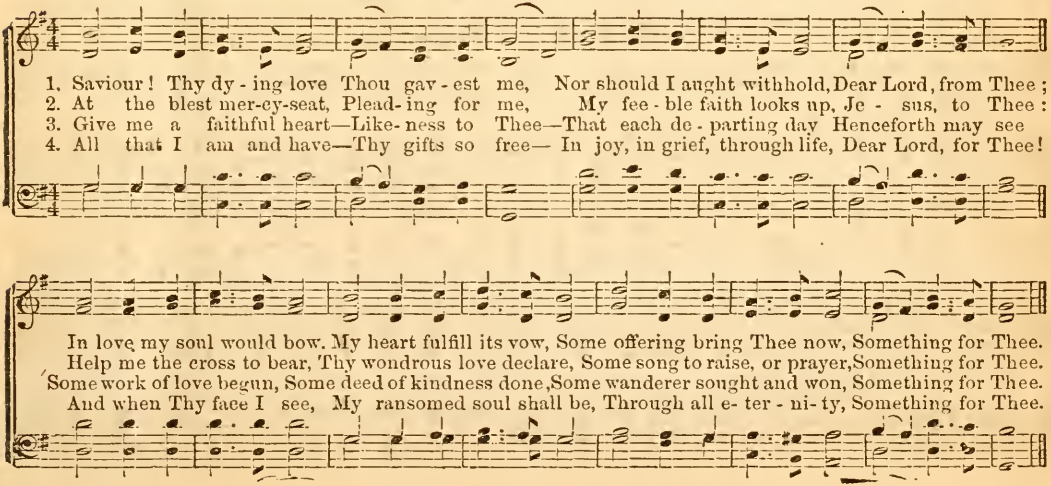
Not too fast.



2.
We will bear his glorious banner nobly till we die,
We are pressing boldly onward where our treasures lie,
He has promised His protection and His promise cannot fail,
Our hope is in His mercy, and we must prevail.—*Cho.*

3.
Walking still beneath the shadow of His mighty wings,
We shall reach the golden city of the King of kings:
Oh! the pleasures that await us on that bright celestial shore,
We'll join the noble army who have gone before.—*Cho.*

SOMETHING FOR JESUS.

Words by Rev. S. D. PHELPS. Rev. R. LOWRY.
From "Pure Gold," by per.

"Lord, what wilt thou have me do?" Acts 9: 6.

STRIKE THE HARP OF ZION.

WM. B. BRADBURY.
From "Bright Jewels," by per.

1. Strike the harp of Zi - on, wake the tuneful lay; Bear the joy - ful tid - ings far a - way;
2. O - ver dis - tant re - gions vailed in error's night, See the ho - ly dawn of gos - pel light;
3. O, the joy - ful sto - ry, life to ev - ery soul! Like a mighty o - cean let it roll,

CHORUS.

Lo! the morn is breaking, morn of purest love, Praise forev - er, praise to God above. Glory! glory!
See! the nations coming at the Saviour's call, Coming now to crown him Lord of all.
Bringing home the lost ones from the path of sin, Till the world shall all be gathered in.

hark! the angels sing, Glory! glory! hear the echo ring! Strike the harp of Zion, wake the tuneful lay;

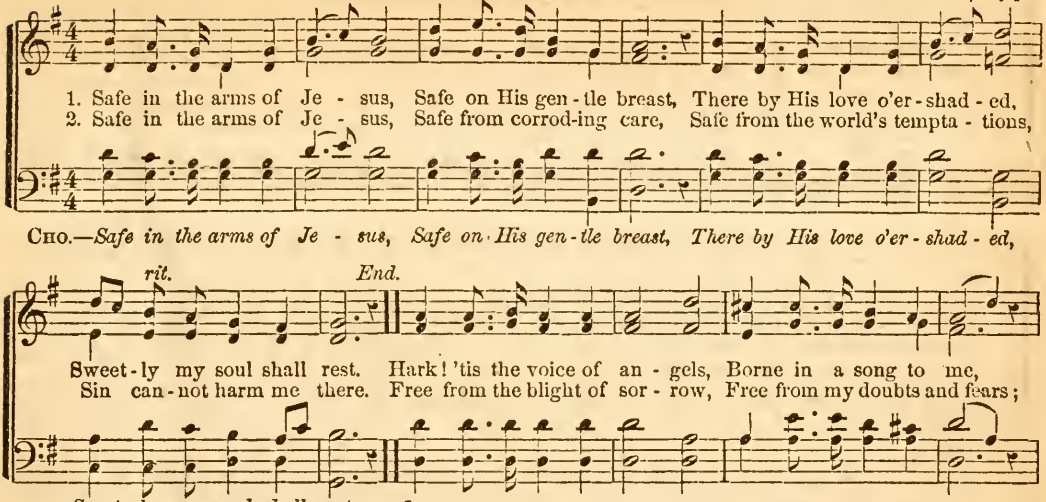
Bear the joy - ful tid - ings far a - way, far a - way, Bear the joy - ful tid - ings far a - way.

SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS.

W. H. DOANE.

"Underneath are the everlasting arms."—Deut. 33 : 27.

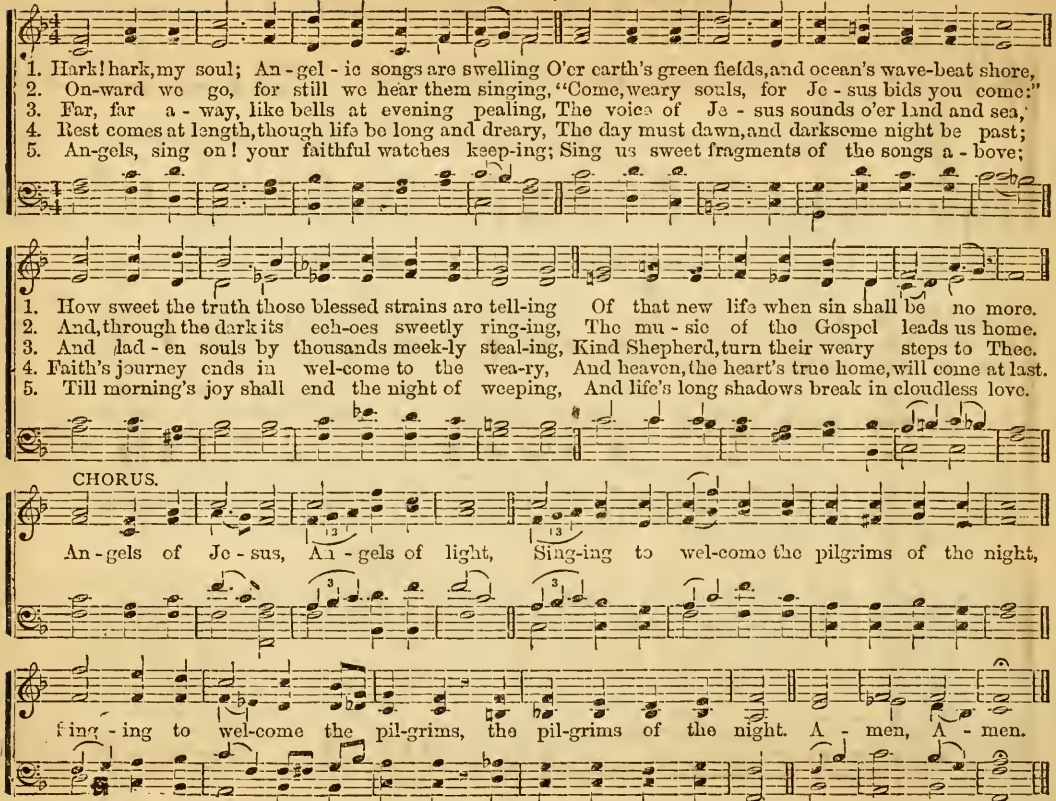
From "SONGS OF DEVOTION," by per.



3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me;
Firm on the Rock of Ages,
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er;
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.
CHO.—Safe in the arms, &c.

HARK! HARK, MY SOUL.

Music by Rev. J. B. DYKES.

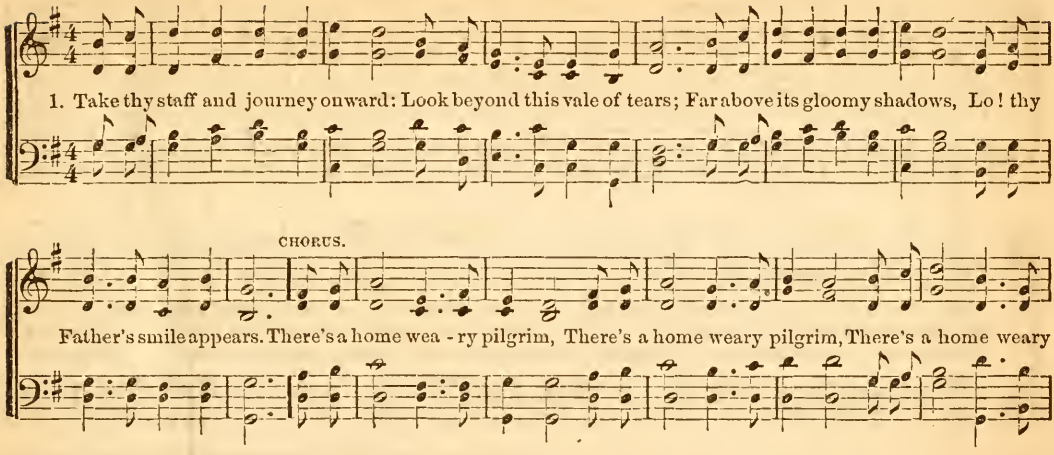


THERE'S A HOME WEARY PILGRIM.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

From "Bright Jewels," by per.

Mrs. VAN ALSTYNE.



2 Haste thee on! the day is waning;
Watch and work with all thy might,
Lest the evening close upon thee
Ere thou reach the mountain height. *Cho.*

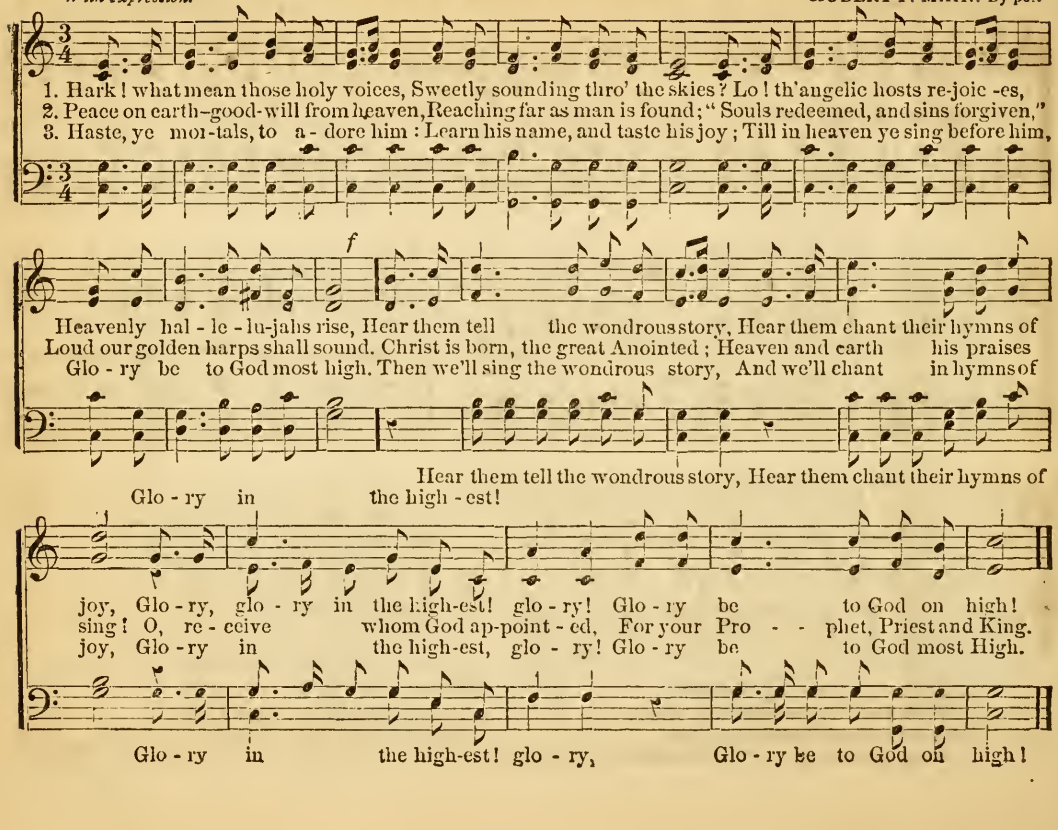
3 Speed thee on! through toil and danger,
God will bring thee on thy way;
More and more thy faith increasing,
To the light of perfect day. *Cho.*

4 Run the christian race before thee;
Lay aside thy weight of care:
Reaching forward, pressing onward,
Win the crown 'tis thine to wear. *Cho.*

5 Yonder lie the fields of glory,
Just beyond the narrow sea.
Pilgrim, haste, thy strength renewing;
There thy home, thy rest shall be. *Cho.*

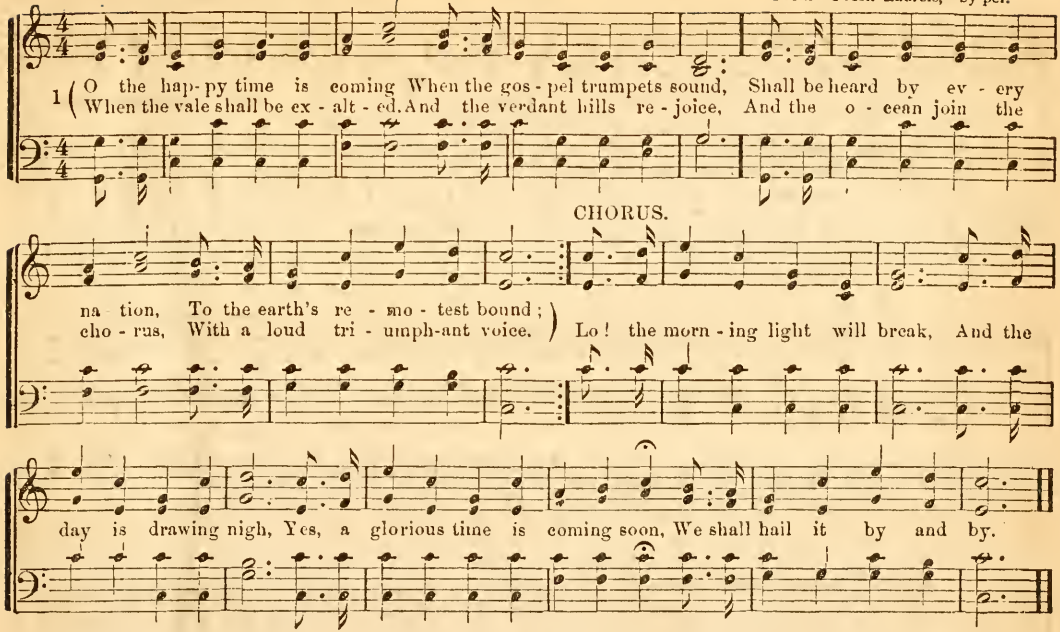
HARK! WHAT MEAN THOSE HOLY VOICES?

With expression.

HUBERT P. MAIN. By per.

WORDS WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK. 1st and 2d SEMI-CHORUS

THE HAPPY TIME.

WM. B. BRADBURY. From "Fresh Laurels," by per.

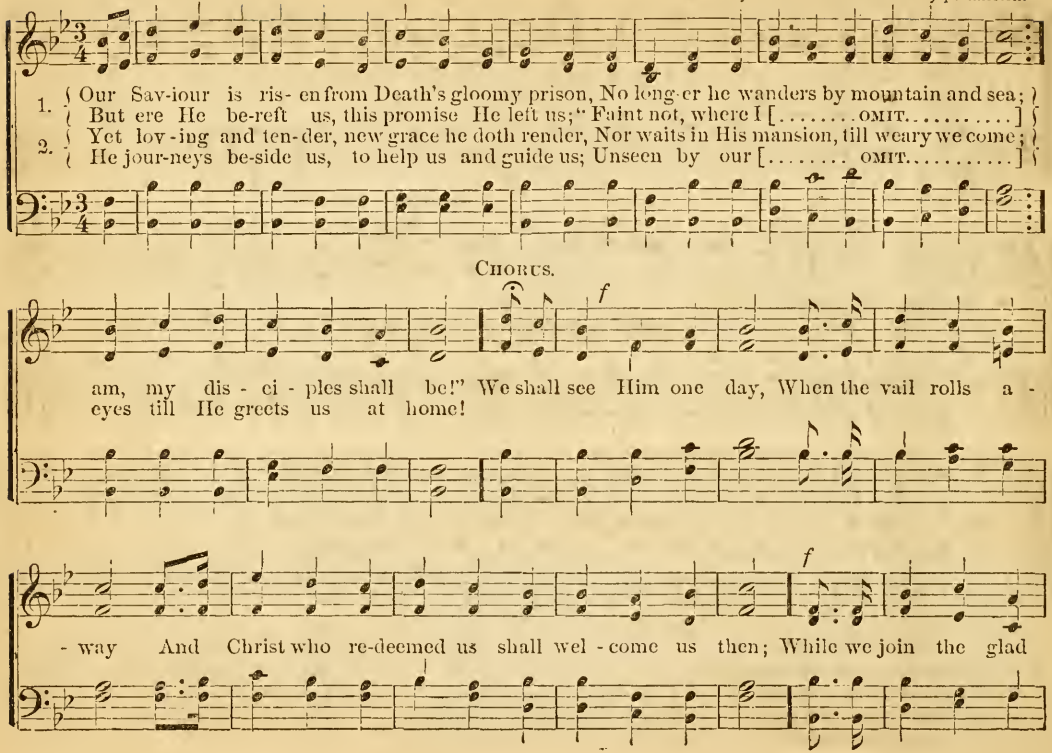


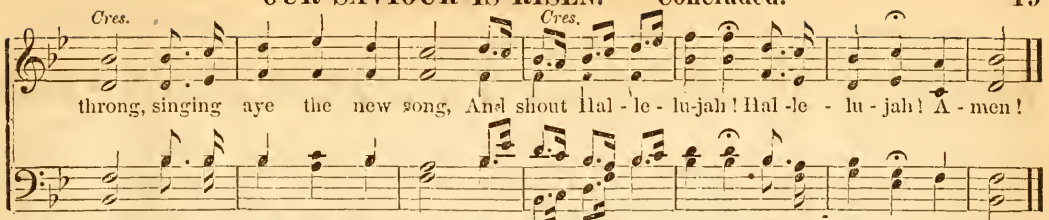
2 O the happy time is coming
When the cry of war shall cease,
And the standard of our Saviour,
Be the olive branch of peace;
Underneath our vine and fig-tree
We will never be afraid,
There is none will dare molest us,
In their calm and quiet shade. *Cho.*

3 O the happy time is coming
By our Fathers once foretold,
It is promised in the Bible,
It was sung by prophets old:
They who sit in heathen darkness,
Soon the morning light shall see.
And the world, with songs of triumph,
Hail the glorious jubilee. *Cho.*

OUR SAVIOUR IS RISEN.

R. W. RAYMOND. Music by REV. R. LOWRY. By permission.





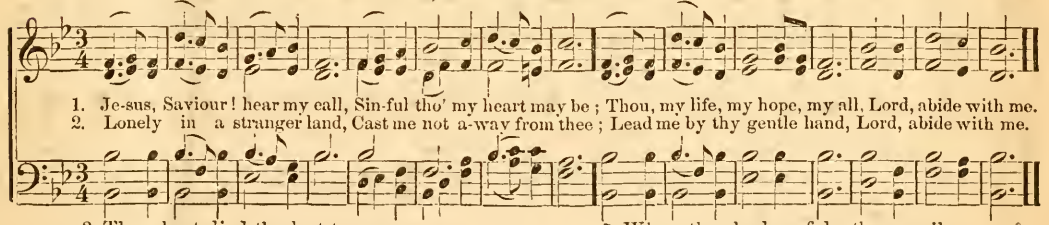
3. Our boat often veering obeys not our steering;
'Tis Jesus' strong arm over ours at the helm!
He knows the hid dangers, to which we are strangers,
And He'll bring us safe to His beautiful realm!
We shall see him one day, &c.

4. Then while the swift river flows onward forever,
That bears us upon its dark tide to the sea,
We view without sighing the banks swiftly flying,
And joyfully haste with our Master to be!
We shall see Him one day, &c.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

LORD, ABIDE WITH ME.

S. MAIN. By permission.



3 Thou hast died the lost to save,
Died to set the captive free;
Thou didst triumph o'er the grave,
Lord, abide with me.

4 Fill me with thy love divine,
Consecrate my life to thee;
Bend my stubborn will to thine,
Lord, abide with me.

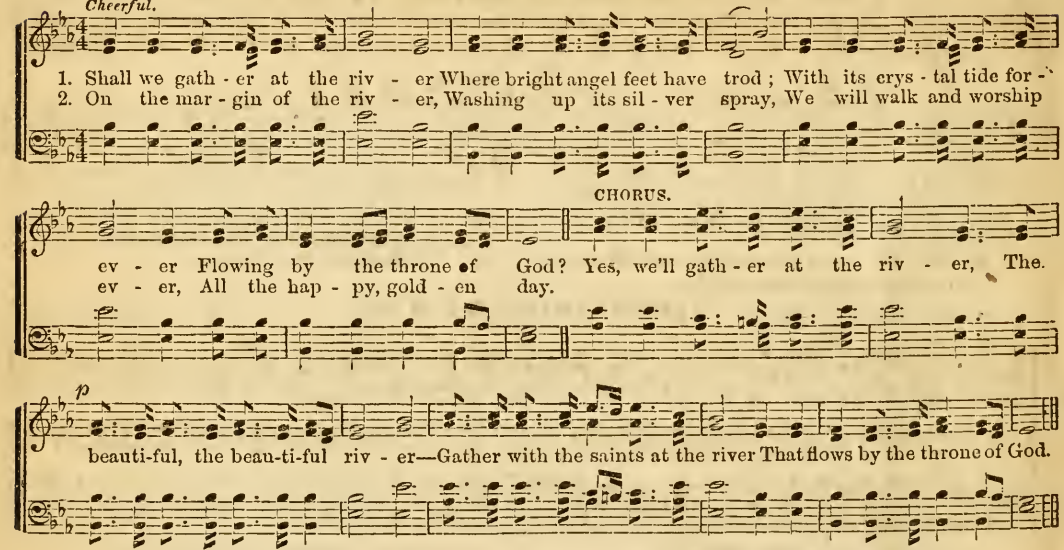
5 When the shades of death prevail,
Father, let me cling to thee;
When I pass the gloomy vail,
Lord, abide with me.

6 Then, oh! then, my raptured soul
Heaven's eternal rest shall see;
There, while endless ages roll,
Live and reign with me.

BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

Rev. R. LOWRY.
From "Bright Jewels," by per.

"And he showed me a pure River of Water of Life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the Throne of God and of the Lamb."—Rev. xxii. 1.



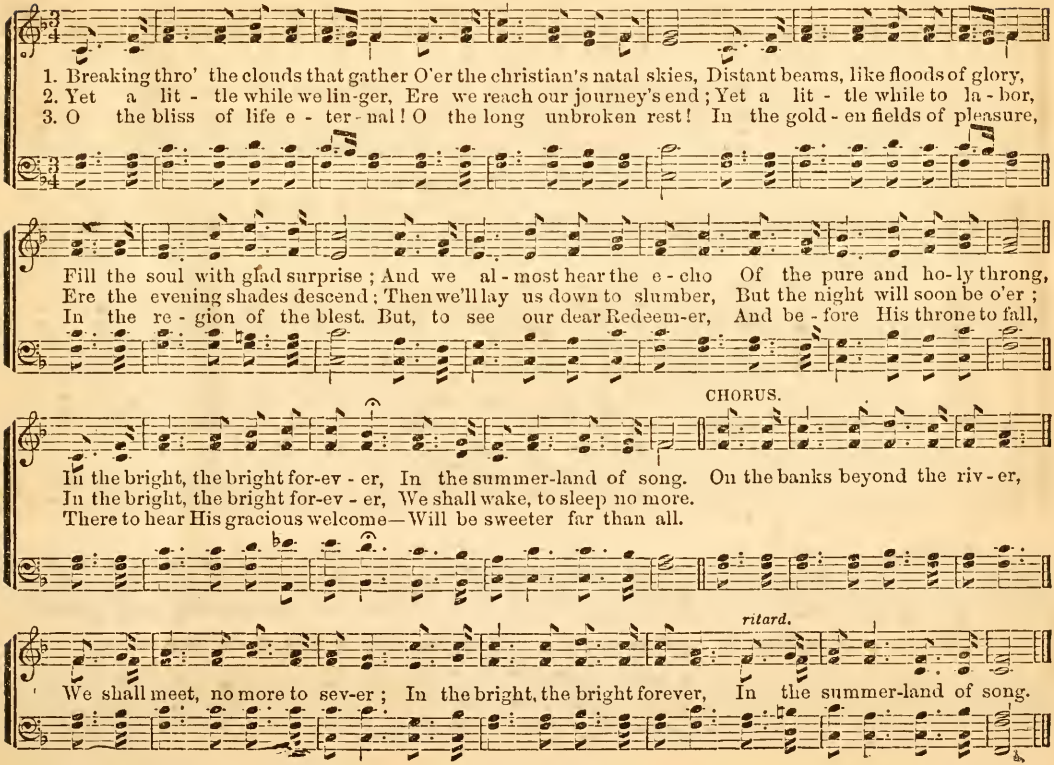
3 On the bosom of the river,
Where the Saviour-king we own,
We shall meet, and sorrow never
'Neath the glory of the throne. *Cho.*

4 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown. *Cho.*

5 At the smiling of the river,
Rippling with the Saviour's face,
Saints, whom death will never sever,
Lift their songs of saving grace. *Cho.*

6 Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease,
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace. *Cho.*

"At thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore."—Psalms 16: 11.

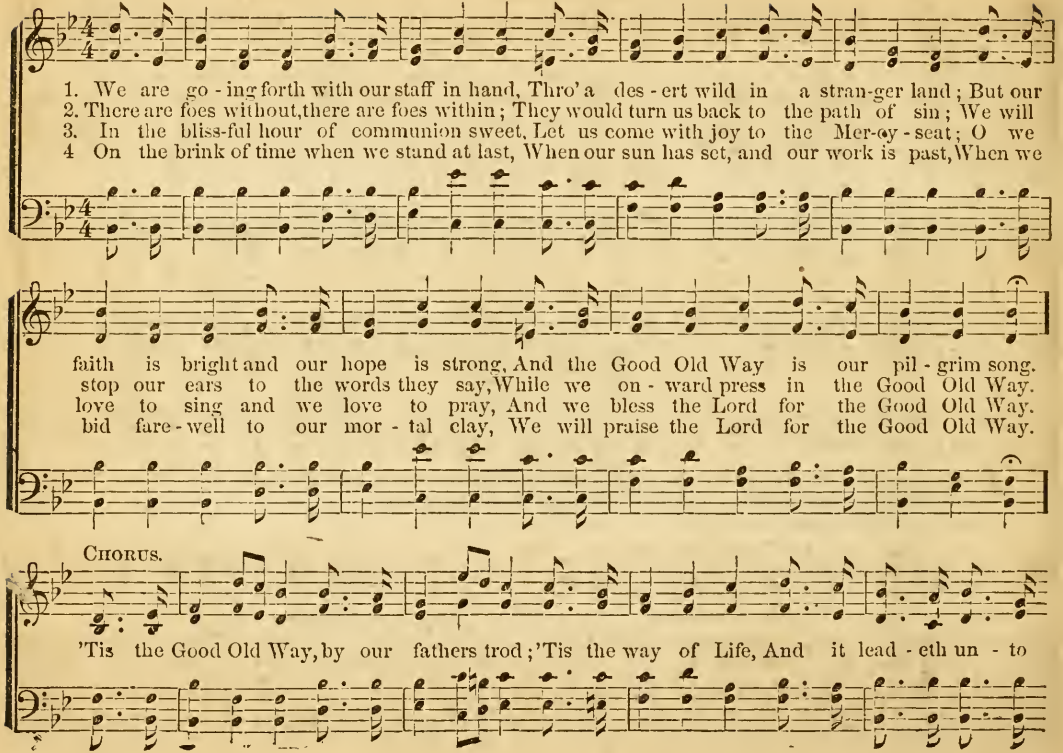
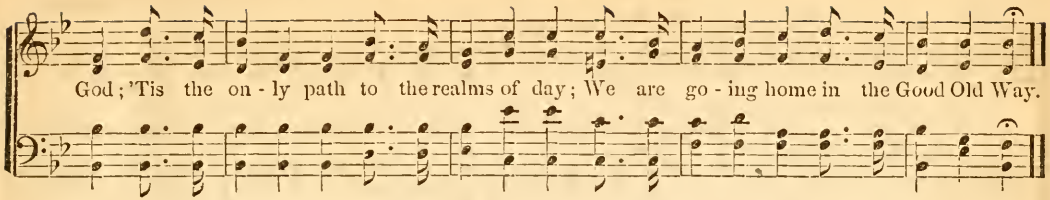


THE GOOD OLD WAY.

W. H. DOANE.
From "Pure Gold," by per.

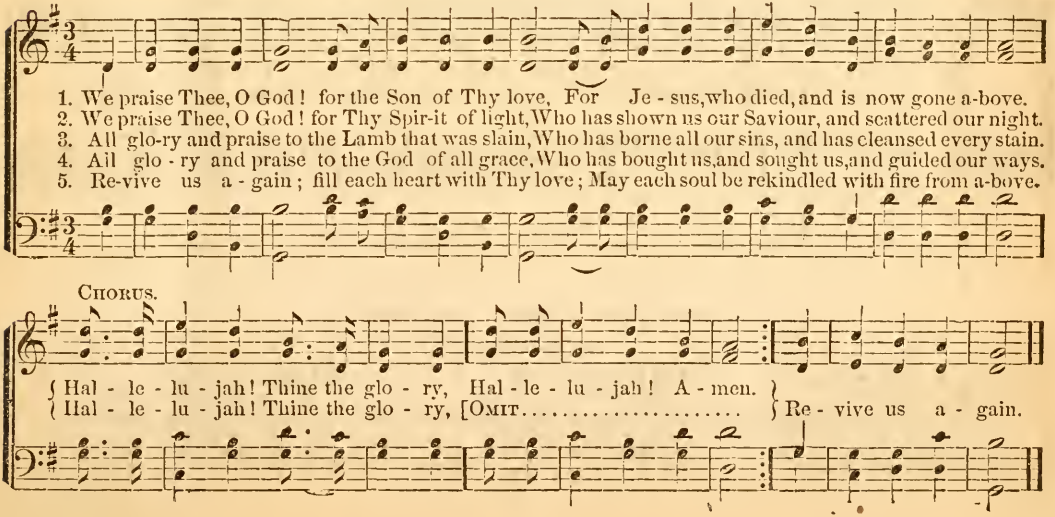
Words written for this work.

"Teach me thy way, O Lord."—Ps. 27 : 11.



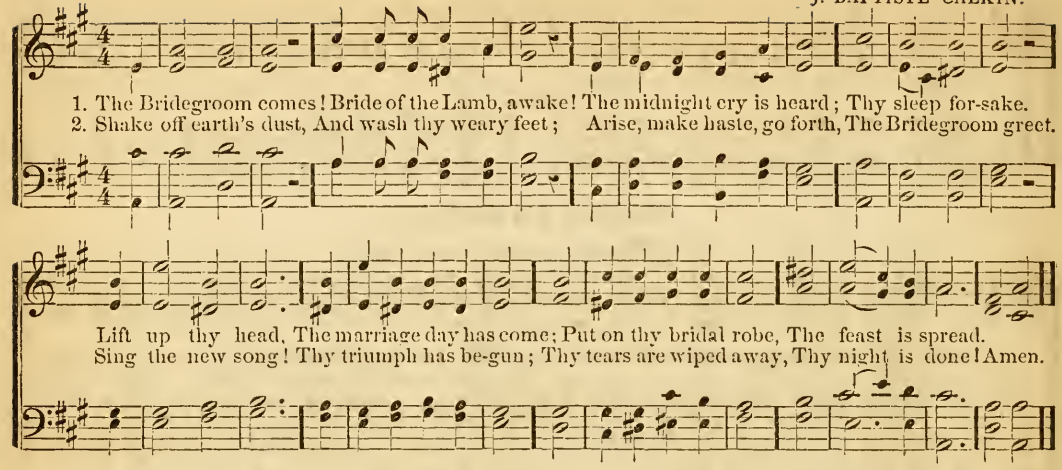
REVIVE US AGAIN.

"O Lord, revive thy work."—HAB. 3 : 2.



THE BRIDEGROOM COMES!

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.



OH! HOW HAPPY ARE THEY.

[*Tune Rowley.*]

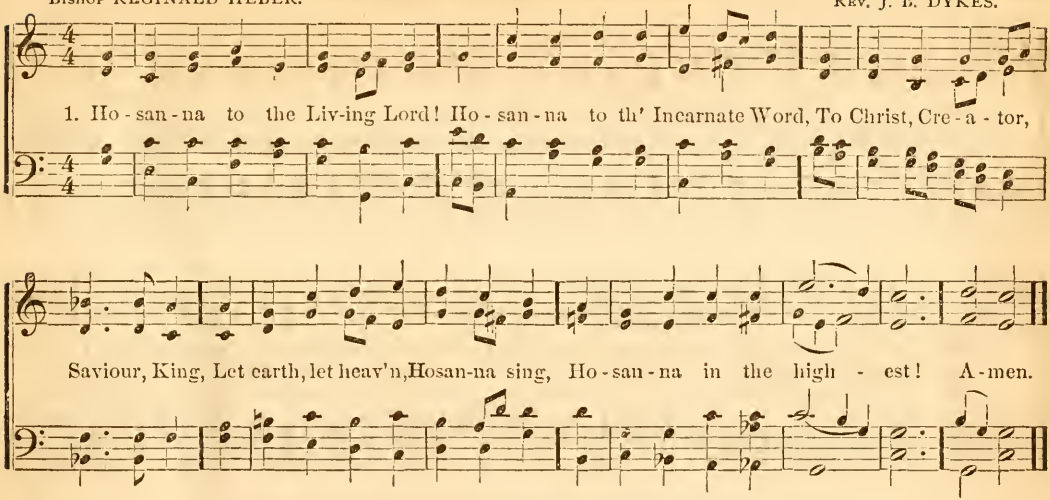
1. Oh! how happy are they
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above:
Oh! what tongue can express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love?

2. It was heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

3. Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song:
O that all his salvation might see;
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffer'd and died.
To redeem even rebels like me.

HOSANNA TO THE LIVING LORD!

BISHOP REGINALD HEBER. REV. J. B. DYKES.



2. "Hosanna," Lord, Thine angels cry;
"Hosanna," Lord, Thy saints reply;
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound.
Hosanna in the highest!

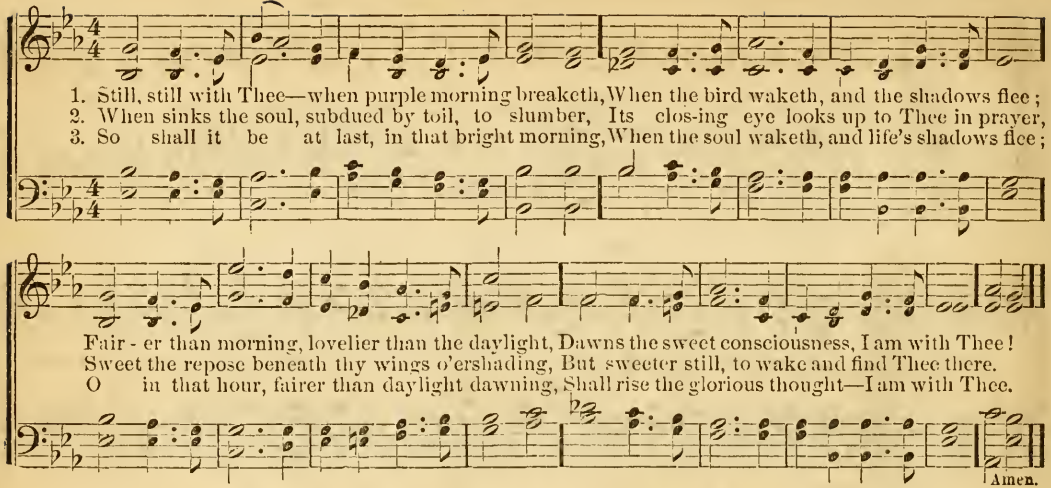
3. O Saviour, with protecting care
Abide in this Thy house of prayer;
Assembled in Thy sacred name,
Here we Thy parting promise claim.
Hosanna in the highest!

4. But, chiefest, in our cleansèd breast
Eternal, bid Thy Spirit rest;
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy Thee.
Hosanna in the highest!

5. So, in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.
Hosanna in the highest!

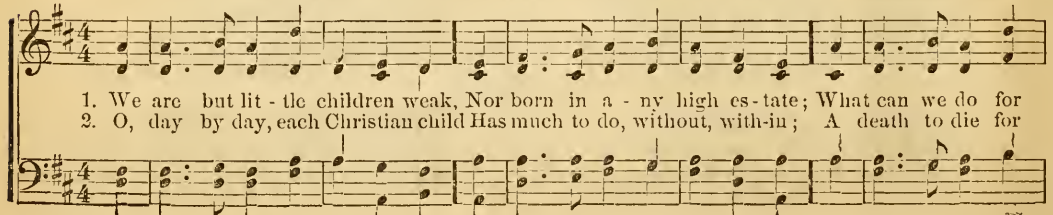
STILL, STILL WITH THEE.

From Mendelssohn.



WE ARE BUT LITTLE CHILDREN WEAK.

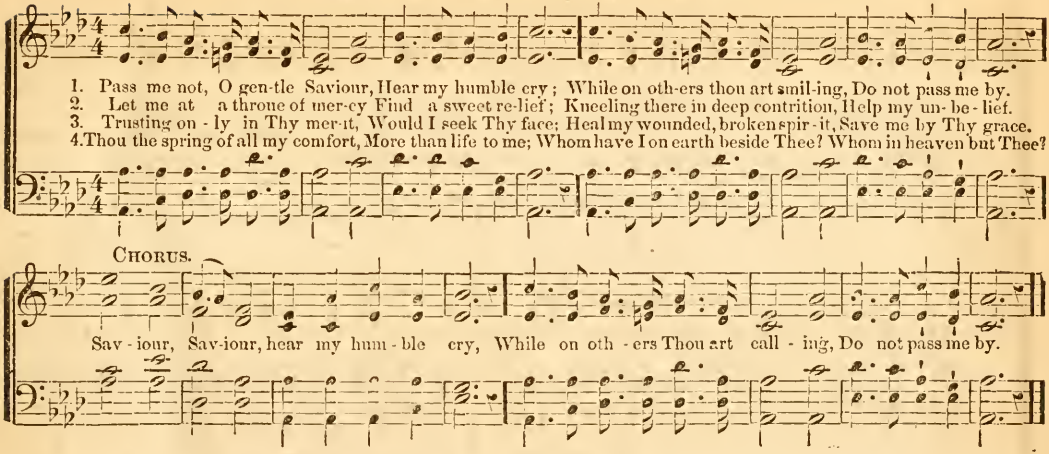
C. E. WILLING.



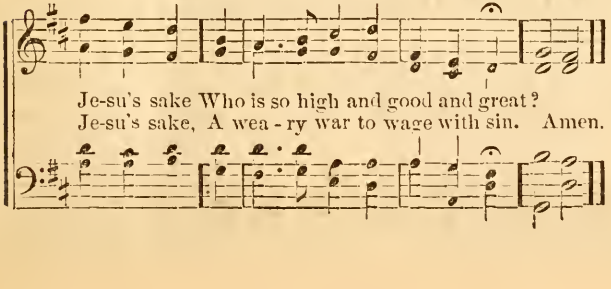
PASS ME NOT.

W. H. DOANE.
From "Songs of Devotion," by per.

"Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."—Rom. 10: 13.



WE ARE BUT LITTLE CHILDREN WEAK. Concluded.



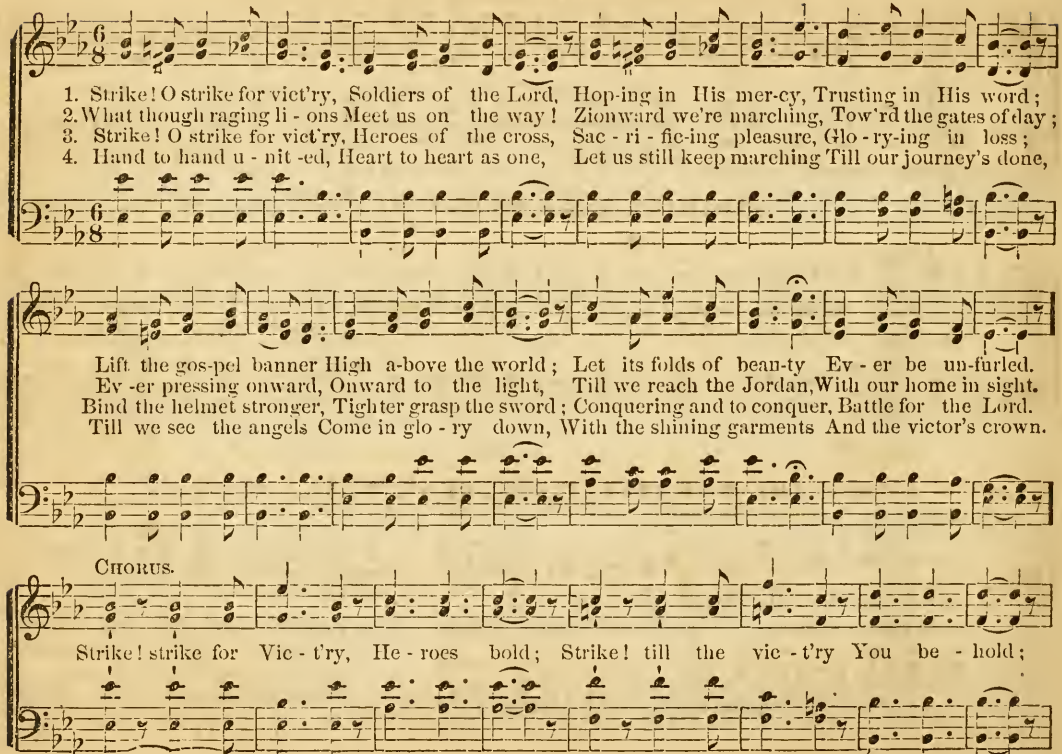
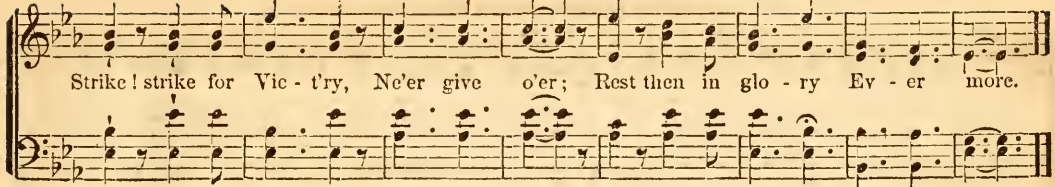
3 Now we may stay the angry blow,
Now we may check the hasty word,
Give gentle answers back again,
And fight a battle for our Lord.

4 With smiles of peace, and looks of love,
Light in our dwellings we may make,
Bid kind good humor brighten there,
And do all still for Jesu's sake. Amen.

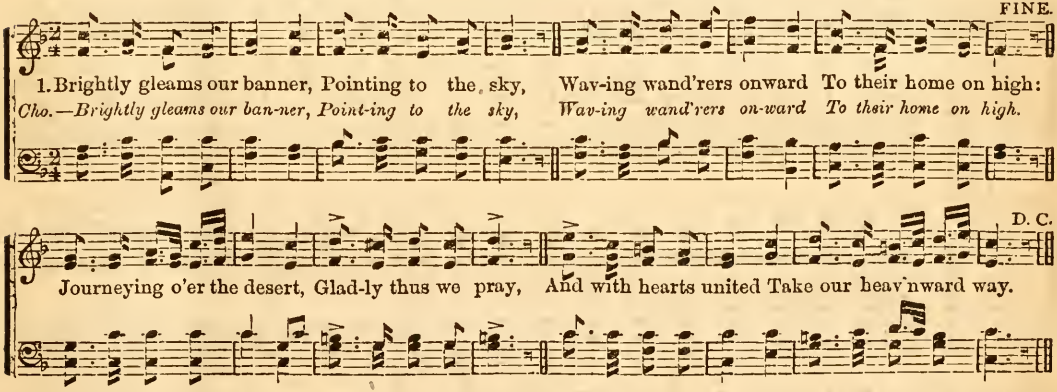
MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

STRIKE! STRIKE FOR VICTORY.

W. H. DOANE.
From "Pure Gold," by per.

"Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."—1 Cor. 15: 57.



BRIGHTLY GLEAMS OUR BANNER. JOS. P. HOLBROOK. By per



2 Jesus, Lord and Master,
At Thy sacred Feet,
Here with hearts rejoicing
See Thy children meet;
Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray,
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.—*Cho.*

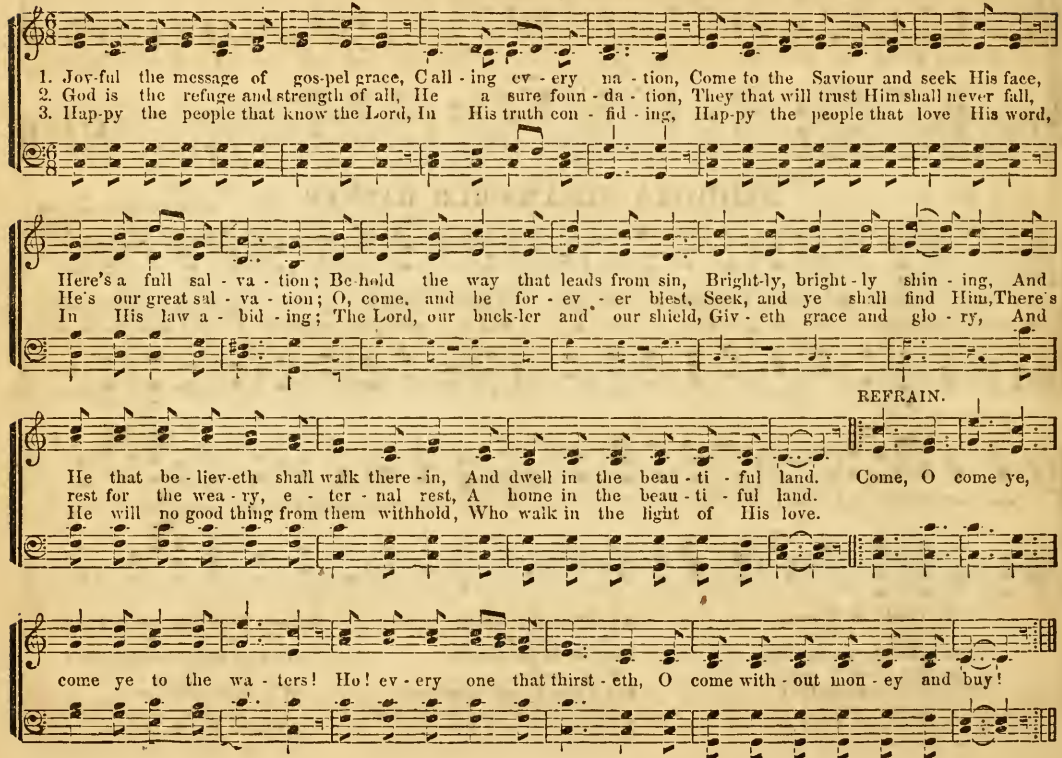
3 All our days direct us
In the way we go,
Lead us on victorious
Over every foe;
Bid Thine angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lower,
Pardon Thou and save us
In the last dread hour.—*Cho.*

4 Then with Saints and Angels
May we join above,
Offering pray'rs and praises
At Thy Throne of love;
When the toil is over,
Then comes rest and peace,
Jesus, in His Beauty;—
Songs that never cease.—*Cho.*

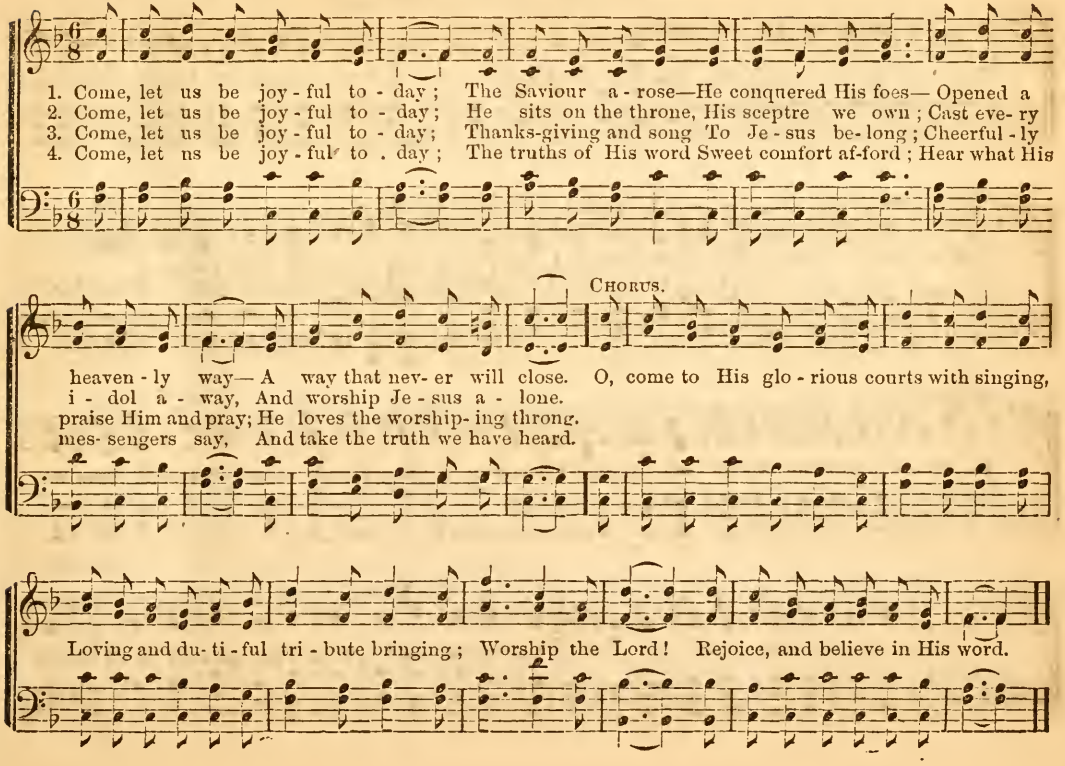
Words by
FANNY VAN ALSTYNE.

THE JOYFUL MESSAGE.

T. J. COOK.
From "Pure Gold," by per.

"Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters."—Isaiah 55: 1.

COME, LET US BE JOYFUL TO-DAY.

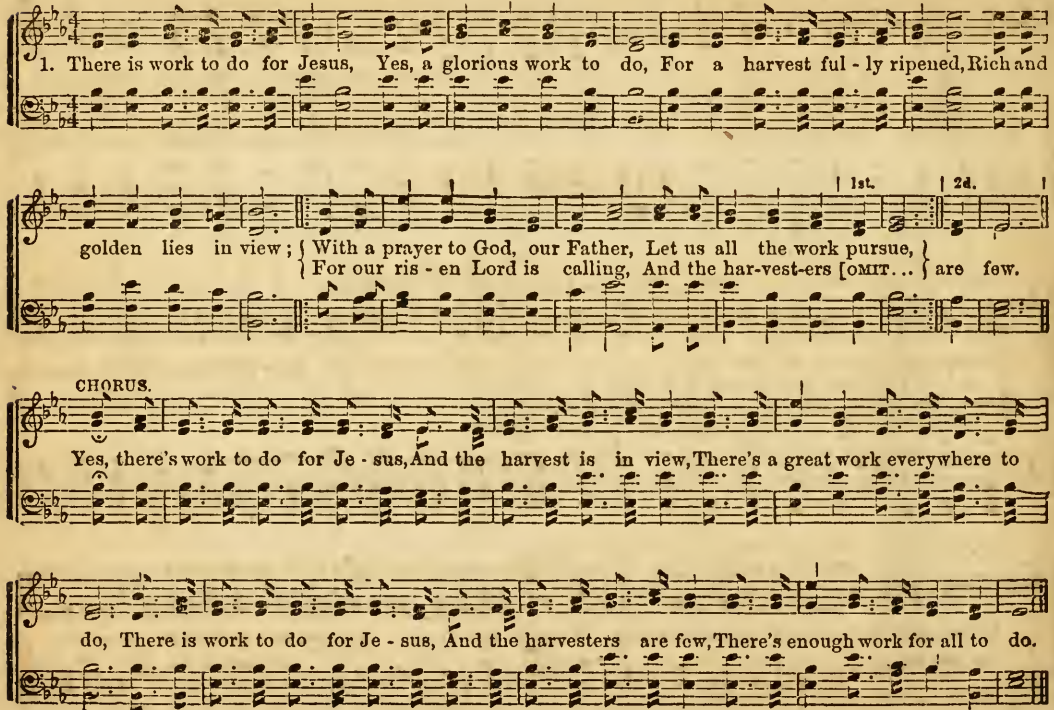
REV. R. LOWRY.
From "Pure Gold," by per.

Words written for this work. "My soul shall be joyful in the Lord." Ps. 35: 9.

WORK TO DO FOR JESUS.

Rev. R. LOWRY.

From "Bright Jewels," by per.

"The harvest truly *is* plenteous, but the laborers are few. Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers into his harvest." Matt. ix. 37.

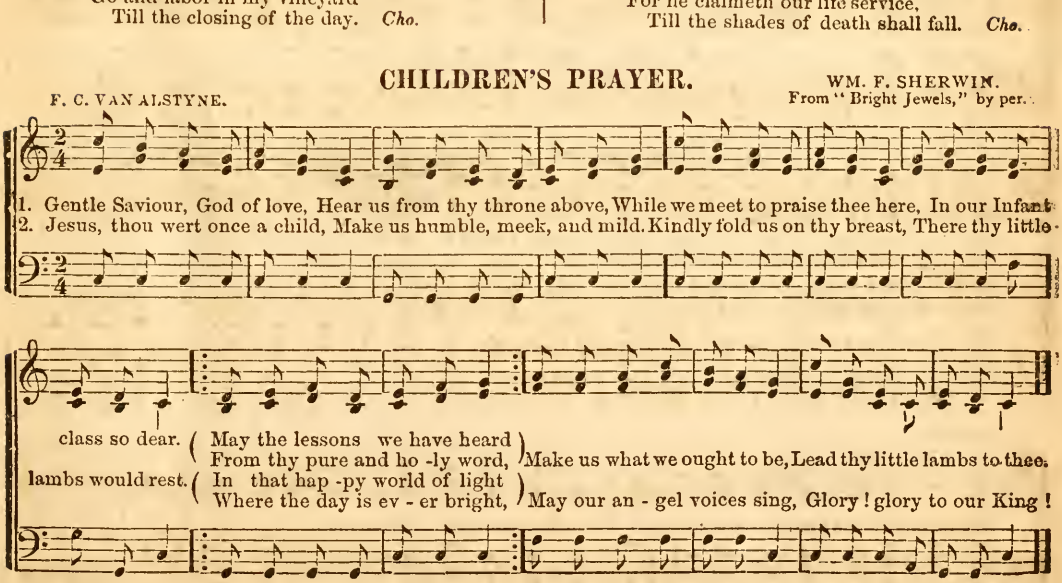


2 There is work to do for Jesus,
And we hear the Saviour say,
"Why art standing here so idle,
At the noontide on the way?"
Even now I will accept thee;
With the rest, thy wages pay;
Go and labor in my vineyard
Till the closing of the day. *Cho.*

3 Yes, there's work to do for Jesus;
Who will answer to the call?
See! the vintage is abundant,
There is work to do for all;
God commands that we should labor,
Though the task our hearts appall;
For he claimeth our life service,
Till the shades of death shall fall. *Cho.*

CHILDREN'S PRAYER.

F. C. VAN ALSTYNE. WM. F. SHERWIN.
From "Bright Jewels," by per.

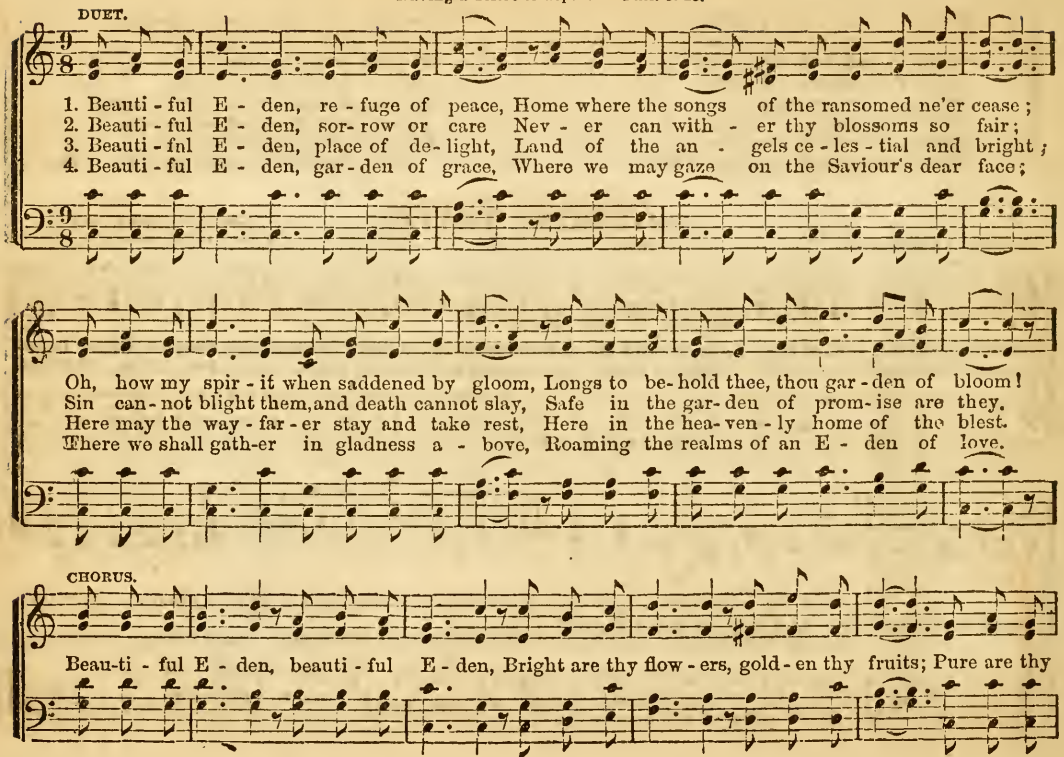
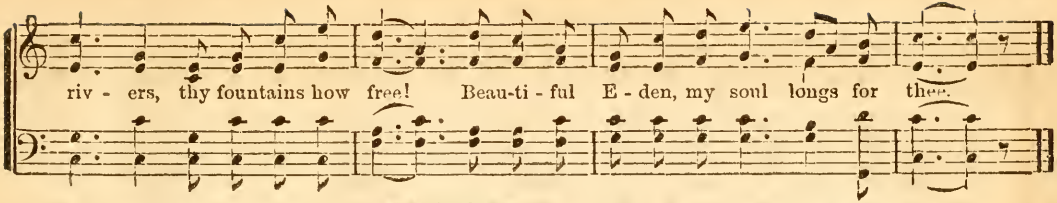


Words by MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

BEAUTIFUL EDEN.

W. H. DOANE.
From "Pure Gold," by per.

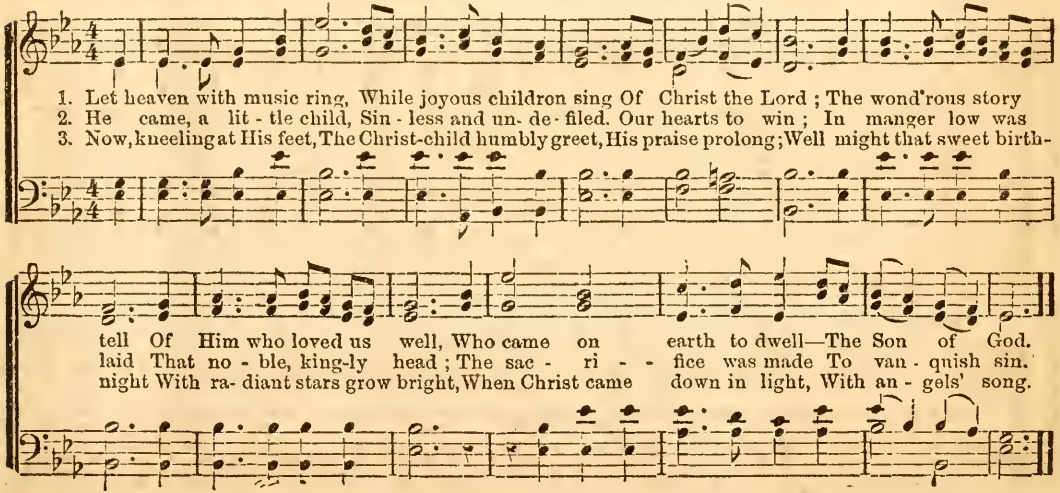
"Having a desire to depart." Phil. 1: 23.



CHRISTMAS CAROL.

REV. R. LOWRY.
From "Pure Gold," by per.

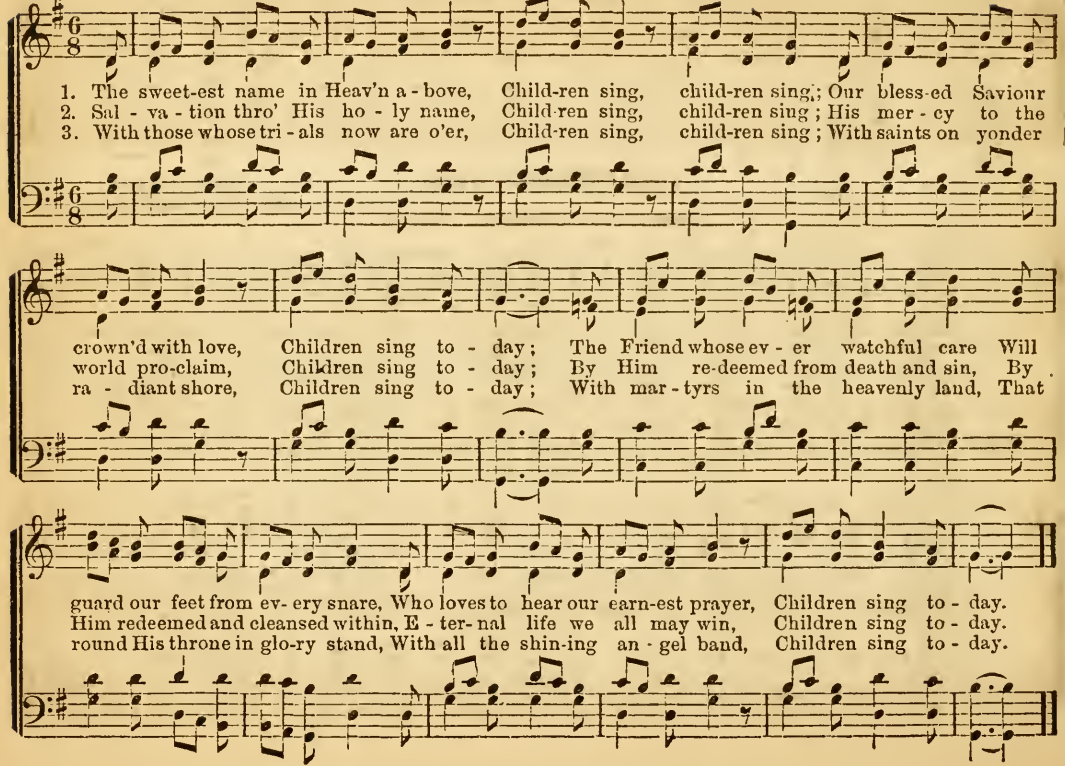
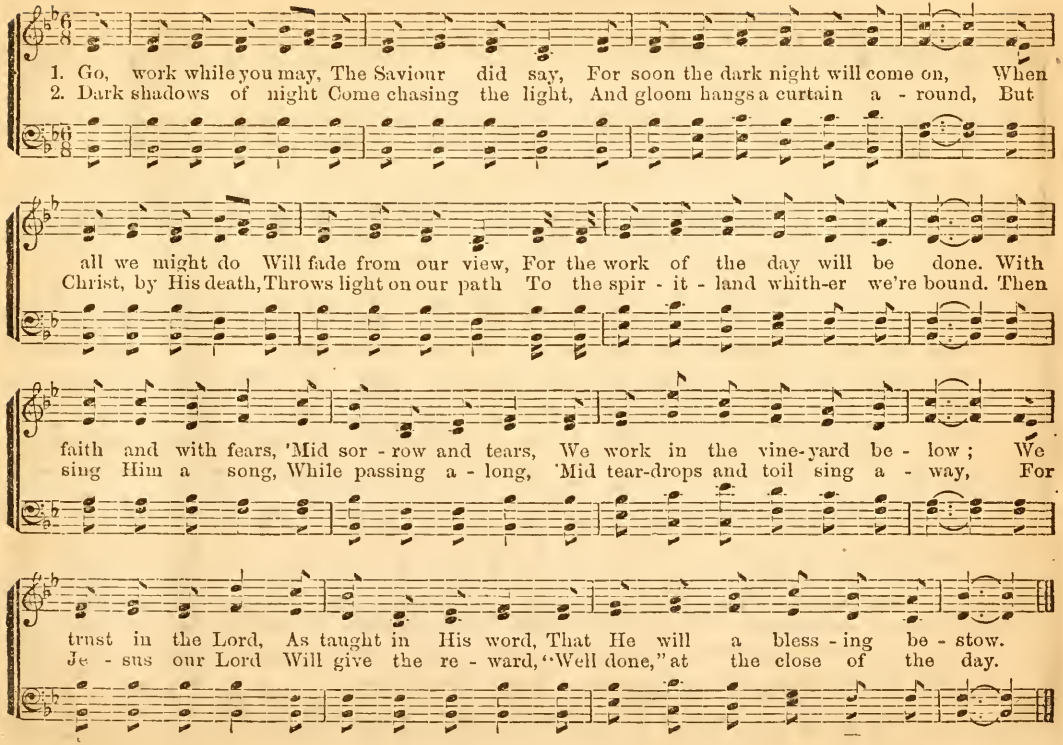
"Jesus was born in Bethlehem." Matt. 2: 1.



Words by FANNY CROSBY.

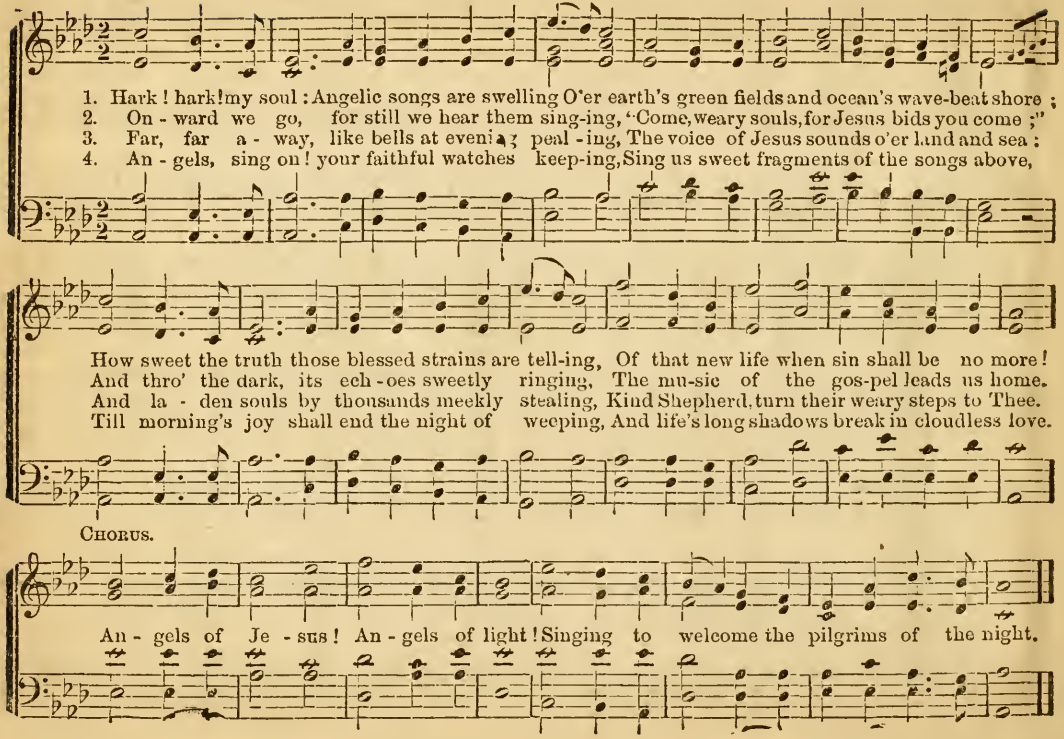
THE SWEETEST NAME.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.
From "Pure Gold," by per.

"A name which is above every name."—Phil. 2 : 9.

"Go work to-day in my vineyard."—Matt. 21 : 28.

HARK! HARK! MY SOUL.

WM. F. SHERWIN. by per.

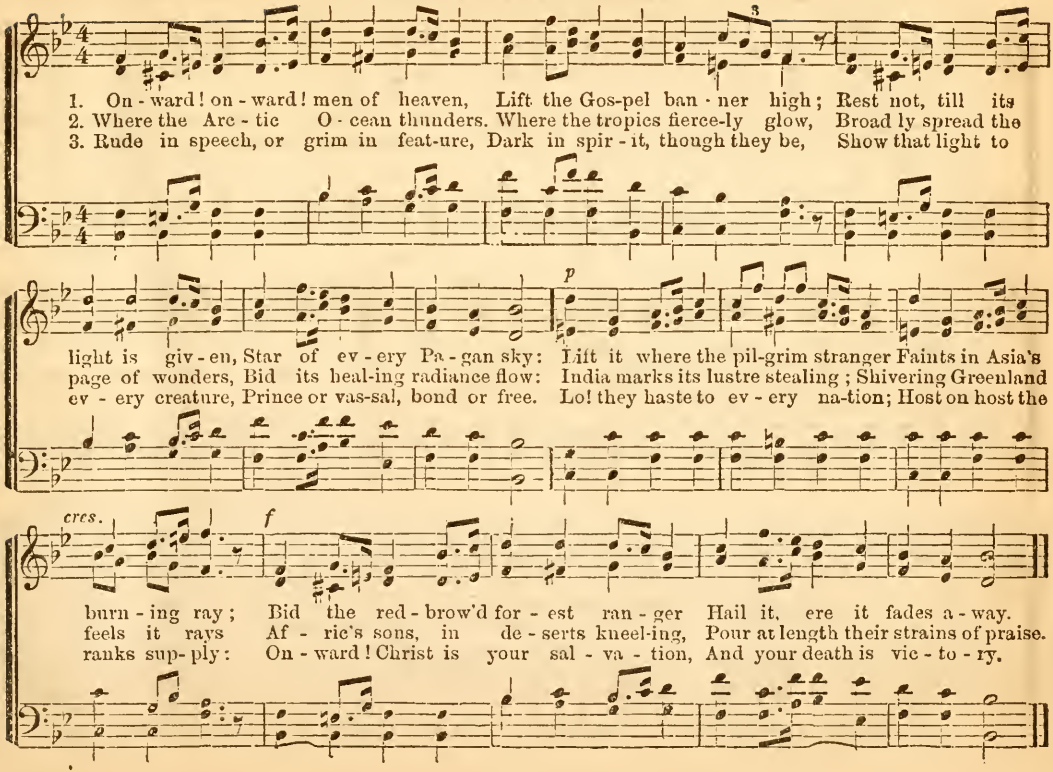
"A multitude of the heavenly host praising God."—Luke 2: 13.



ONWARD! ONWARD!

A. J. POWELL.
From "Pure Gold," by per.

"Go ye therefore, and teach all nations." Matt. 28 : 19.



SUNDAY SCHOOL VOLUNTEER SONG.

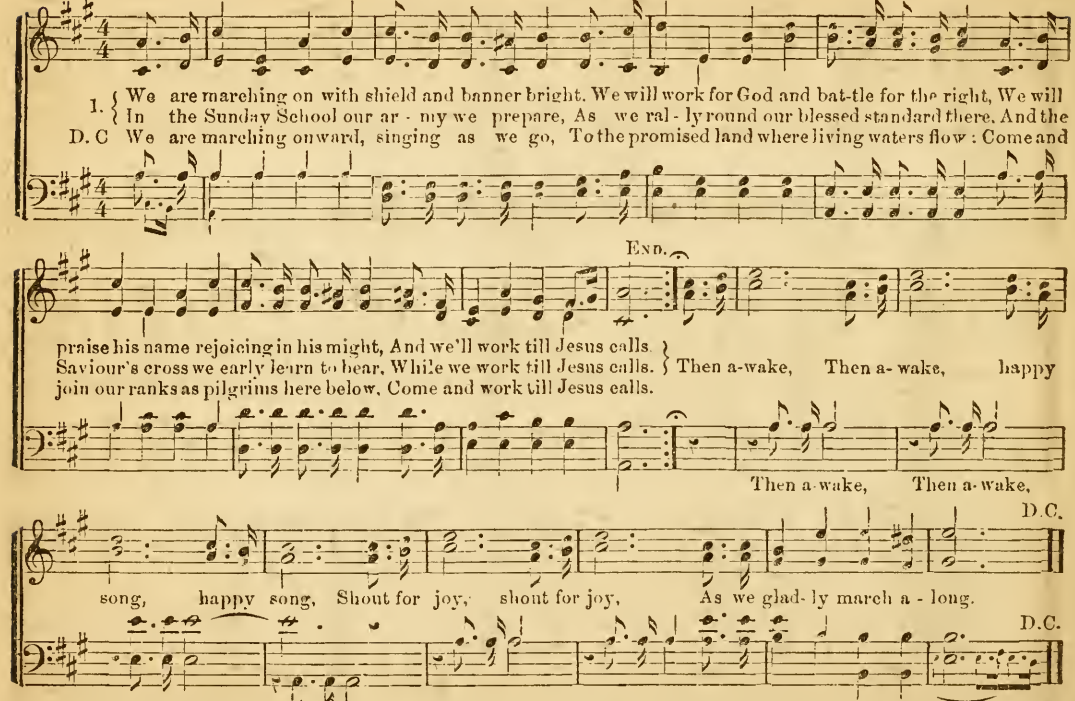
WORDS WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

In marching movement.

TO THE LEADER.--The effect of this piece will be heightened by singing the first part responsively.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

From "Fresh Laurels," by per.

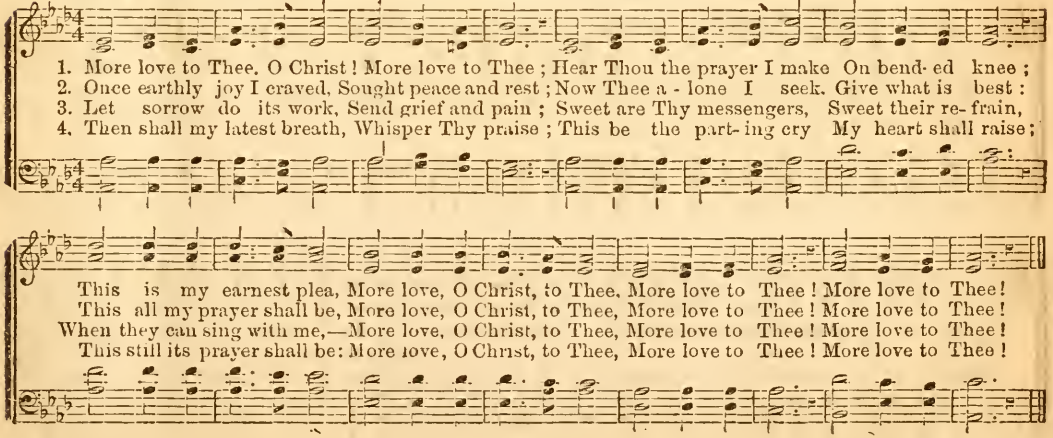


2 We are marching on, our Captain ever near,
Will protect us still, His gentle voice we hear;
Let the foe advance, we'll never, never fear,
For we'll work till Jesus calls.
Then awake, awake, our happy, happy song,
We will shout for joy, and gladly march along;
In the Lord of Hosts let every heart be strong,
While we work till Jesus calls.—*Cho.*

3 We are marching on the straight and narrow way,
That will lead to life and everlasting day,
To the smiling fields that never will decay,
But we'll work till Jesus calls.
We are marching on and pressing toward the prize,
To a glorious crown beyond the glowing skies,
To the radiant fields where pleasure never dies,
And we'll work till Jesus calls.—*Cho*

MORE LOVE TO THEE, O CHRIST.

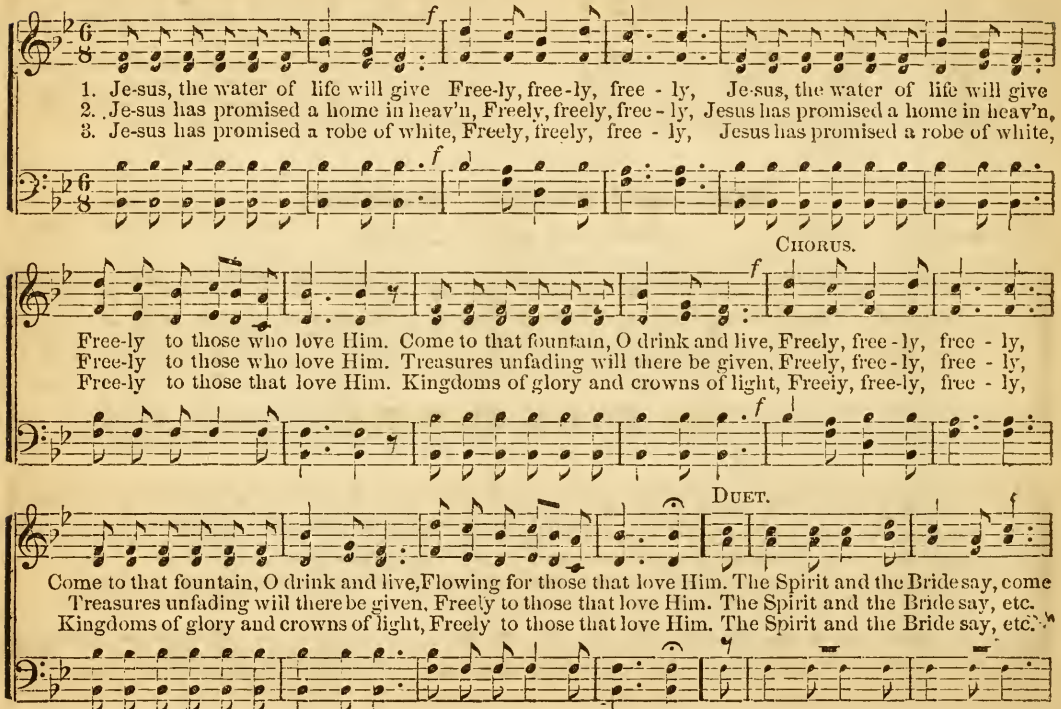
W. H. DOANE.
From "Songs of Devotion," by per.

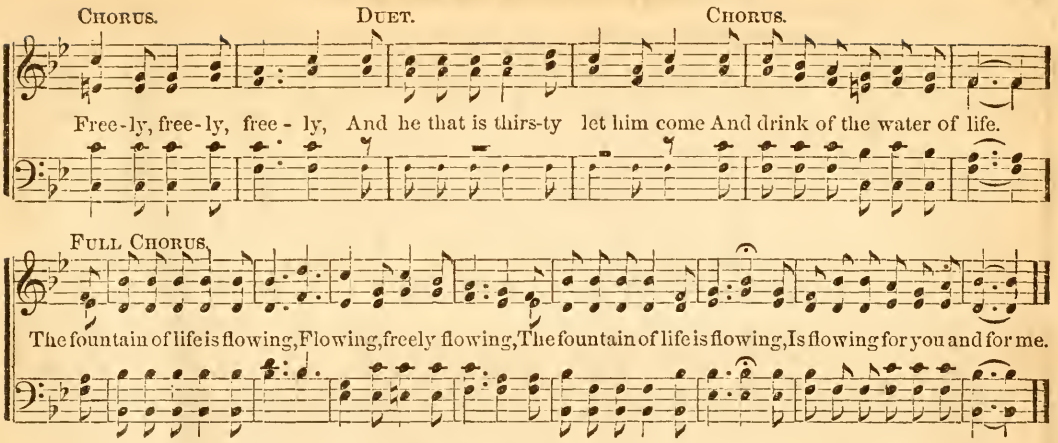
Words by Mrs. E. PRENTISS. "Continue ye in my love." John 15: 9.

Words written for this Work.

THE WATER OF LIFE.

WM. B. BRADBURY.
From "Fresh Laurels," by per.

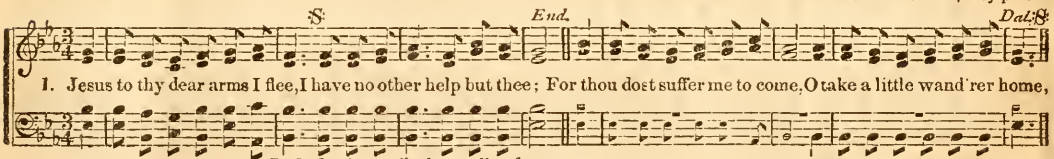
"I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely."





THE LITTLE WANDERER.

WM. B. BRADBURY.
From "Golden Censer," by per.



2 Jesus, I'll try my cross to bear,
I'll follow thee and never fear;
From thy dear fold I would not roam;
O take a little wanderer home.

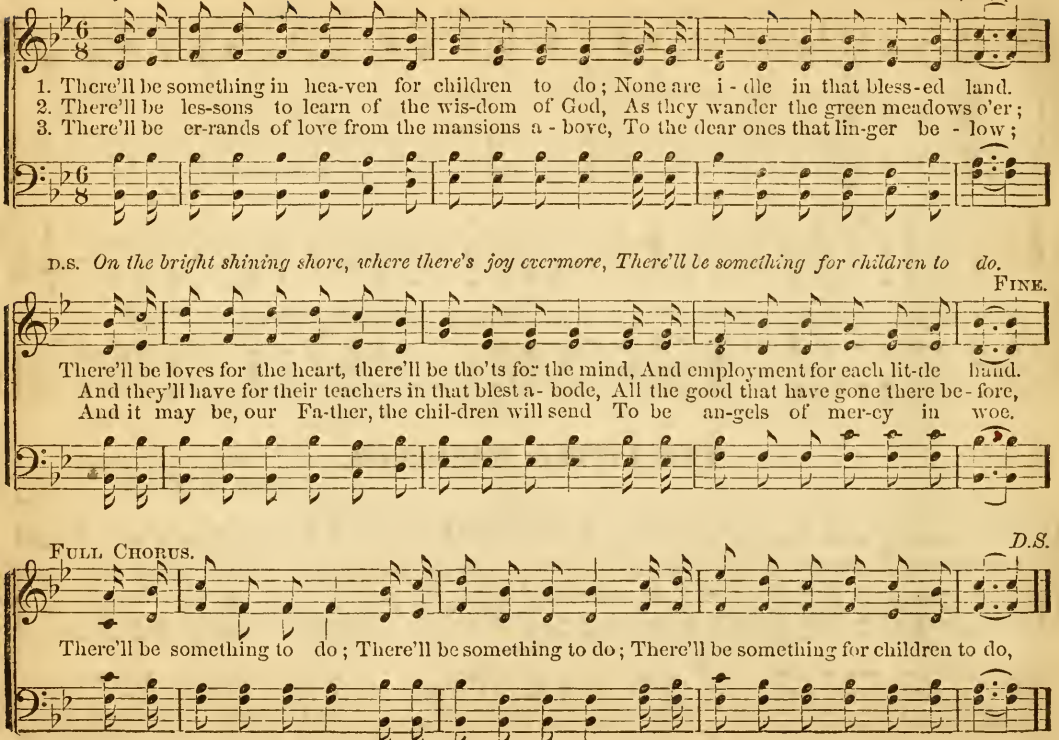
3 Jesus, I cannot see thee here,
Yet still I know thou'rt very near;
O say my sins are all forgiven,
And I shall dwell with thee in heaven.

4 And now, dear Jesus, I am thine,
O be thou ever, ever mine,
And let me never, never roam
From thee, the little wanderer's home.

SOMETHING TO DO IN HEAVEN.

Words by R. S. TAYLOR.

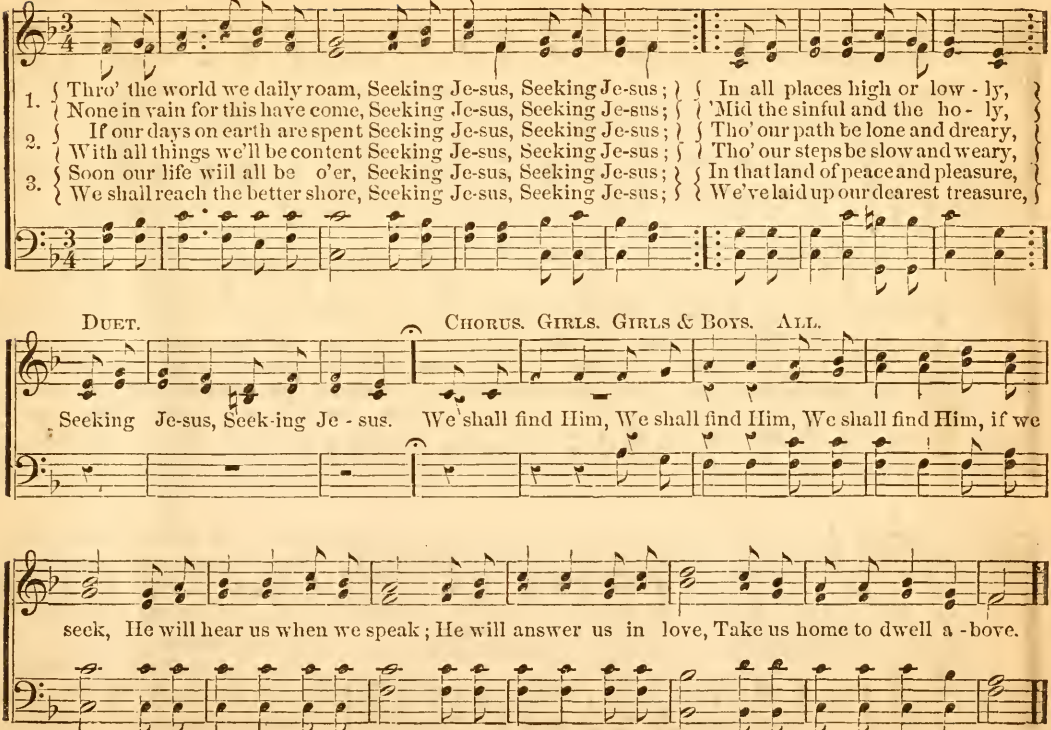
WM. B. BRADBURY.
From "Golden Censer," Lv per.



SEEKING JESUS.

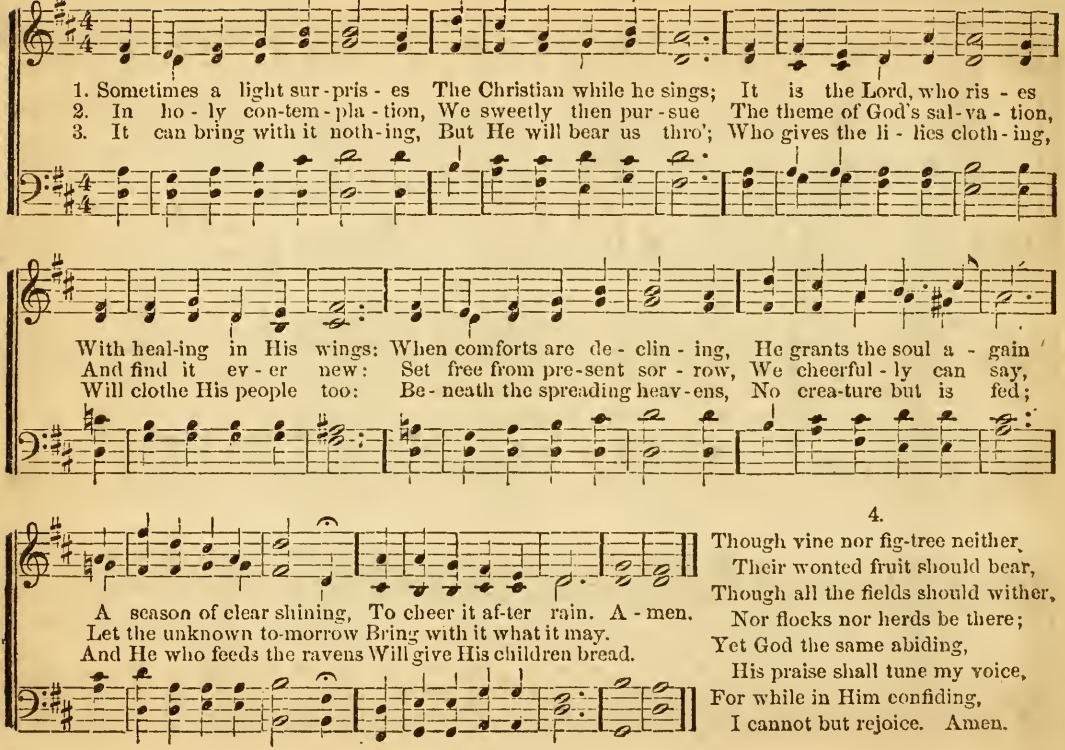
Words by KATE CAMERON.

WM. B. BRADBURY.
From "Golden Censer." By per.



SOMETIMES A LIGHT SURPRISES.

JOHN HULLAH. 1867.



4.

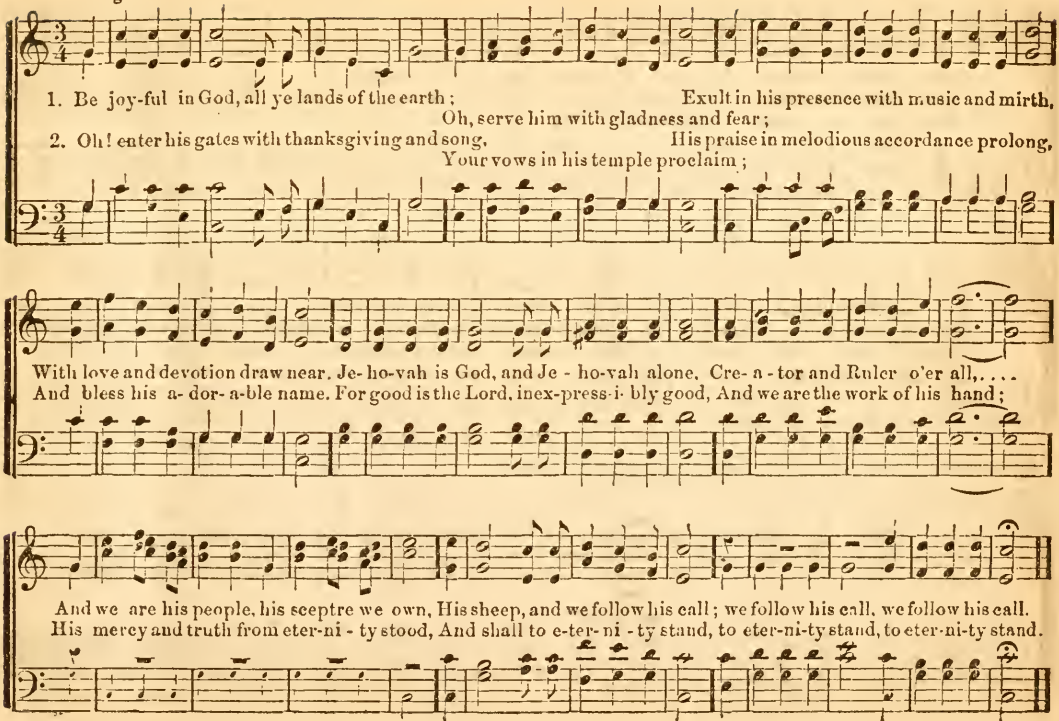
Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice,
For while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice. Amen.

BE JOYFUL IN GOD.

THANKSGIVING ANTHEM.

WM. B. BRADBURY.
From "Fresh Laurels," by per.

Allegro.

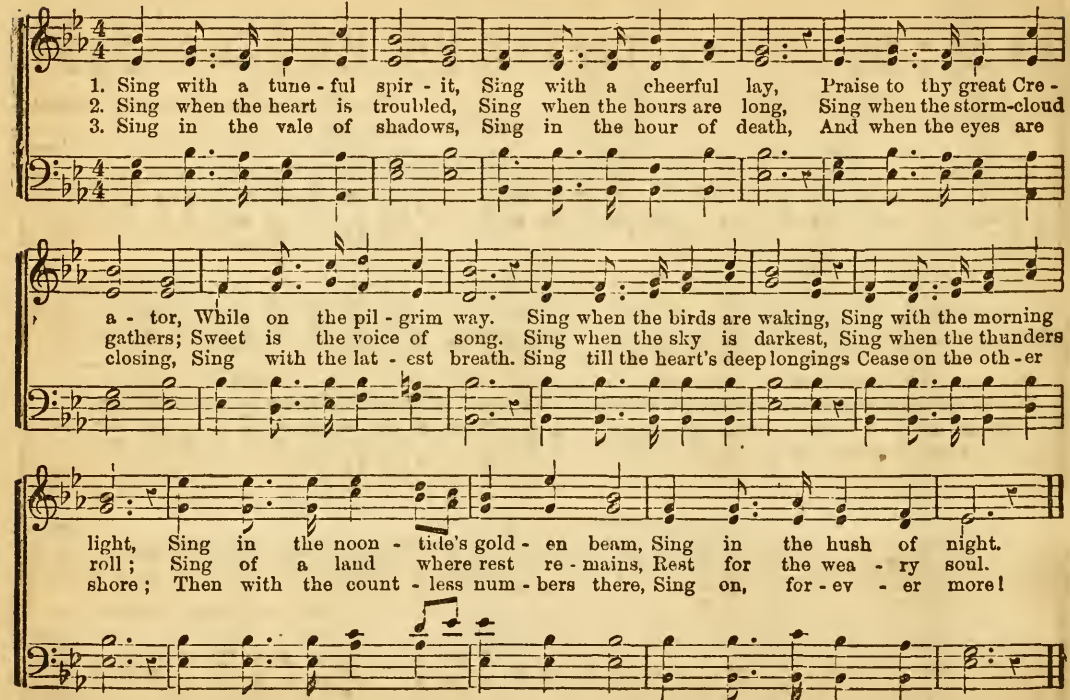


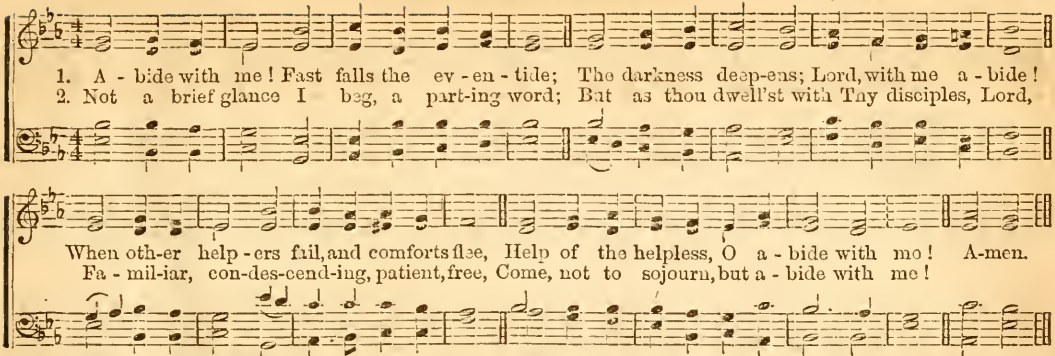
SING ALWAYS.

"I will sing praise to my God while I have my being."—Ps. civ—33.

FANNY CROSBY.

WM. F. SHERWIN.
From "Bright Jewels," by per.





3 Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea:
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me!

4 Thou on my head in early youth didst smile;
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee:
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

5 I need Thy presence every passing hour:
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

6 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me! Amen.

THE BRIGHT CROWN. 52 Trio.

1 Ye valiant soldiers of the cross,
Ye happy praying band;
Tho' in this world you suffer loss,
You'll reach fair Canaan's land.

Chorus.

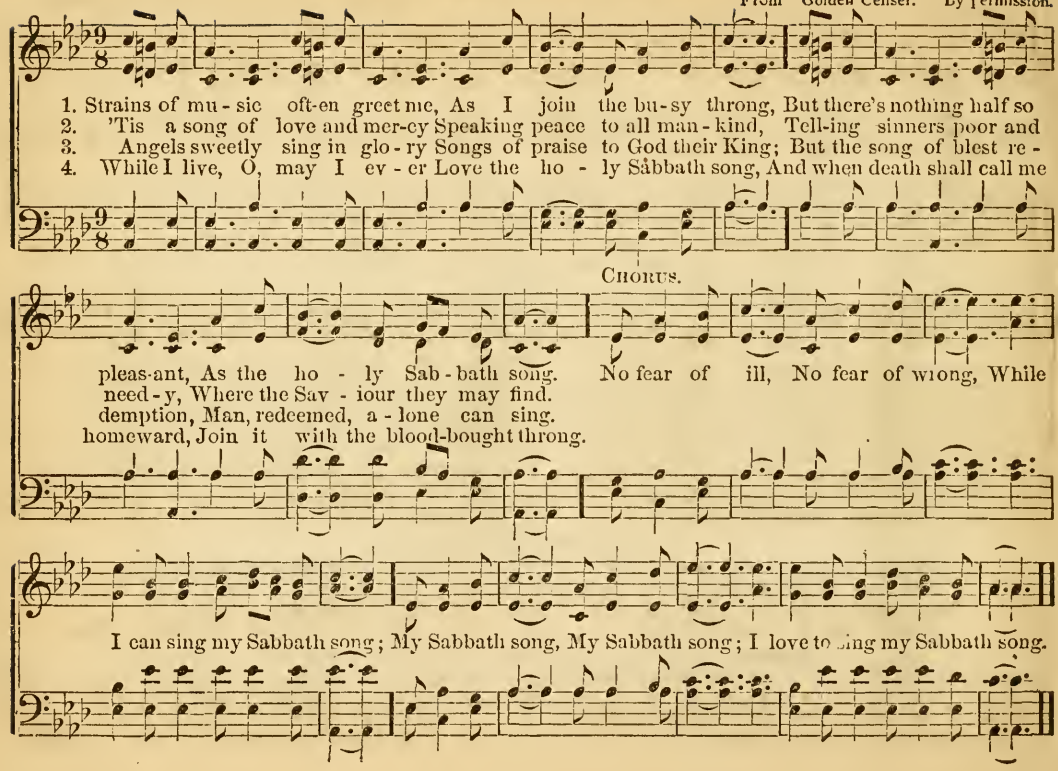
Let us never mind the scoffs nor the frowns of the world,
For we've all got the cross to bear;
It will only make the crown the brighter to shine,
When we have the crown to wear.

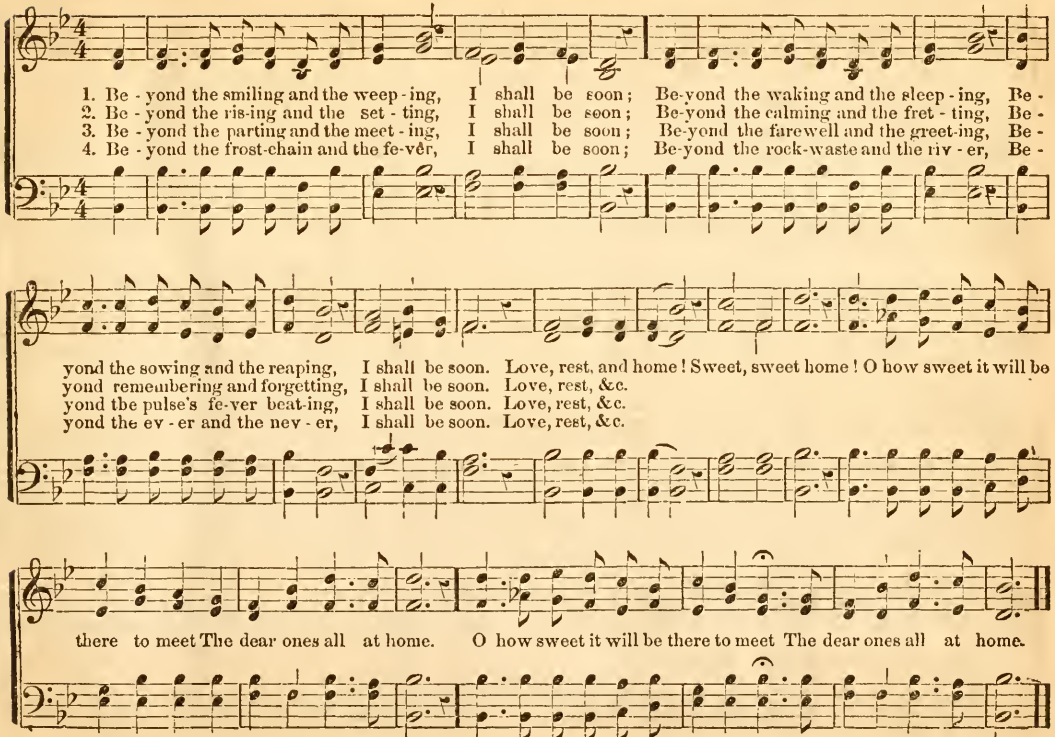
2 All earthly pleasures we'll forsake,
For heaven appears in view,
In Jesus' strength we'll undertake
To fight our passage through.—*Cho.*

3 O what a glorious shout there'll be,
When we arrive at home,
Our friends and Jesus we shall see,
And God shall say, "Well done."—*Cho.*

MY SABBATH SONG.

WM. B. BRADBURY.
From "Golden Censer." By permission.

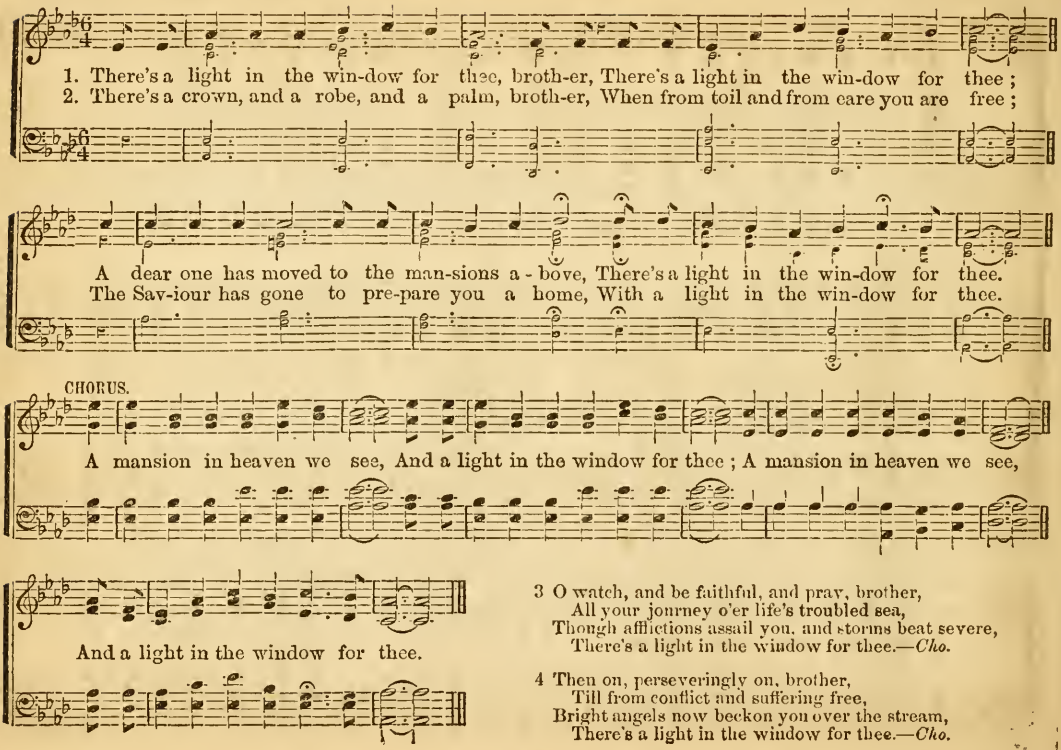


From "New Golden Shower." By permission.

A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW. Song and Chorus.

Wm. B. BRADBURY.

Words by LUCIUS HART.

From "Golden Censer," by per.



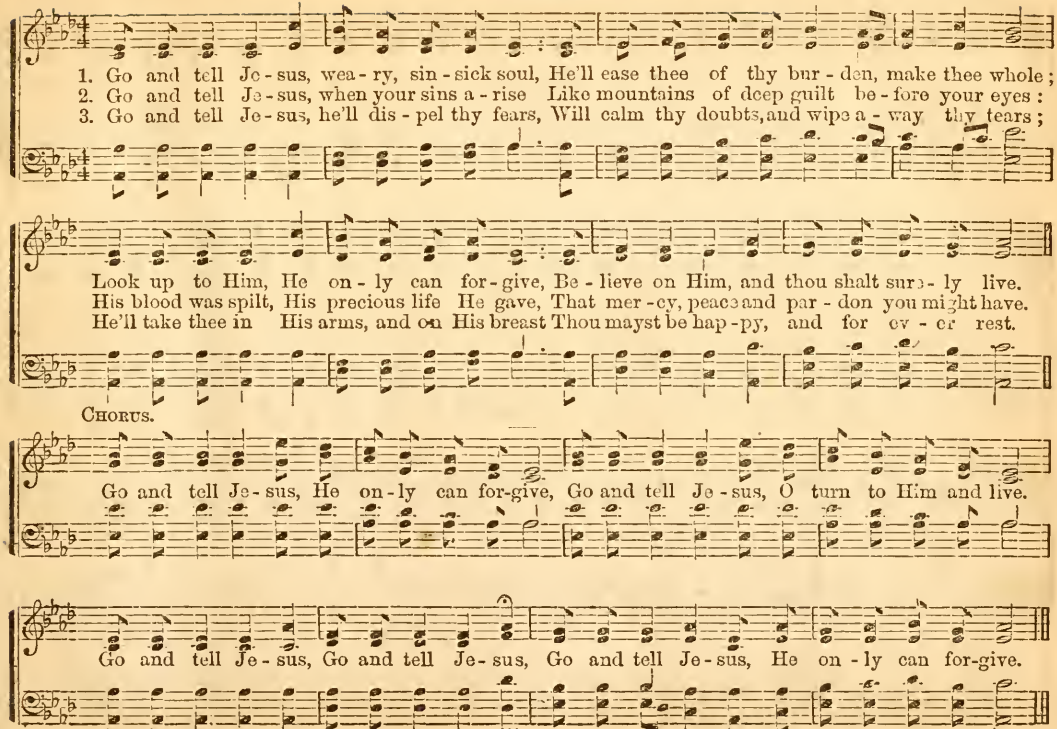
3 O watch, and be faithful, and pray, brother,
All your journey o'er life's troubled sea,
Though afflictions assail you, and storms beat severe,
There's a light in the window for thee.—*Cho.*

4 Then on, perseveringly on, brother,
Till from conflict and suffering free,
Bright angels now beckon you over the stream,
There's a light in the window for thee.—*Cho.*

GO AND TELL JESUS.

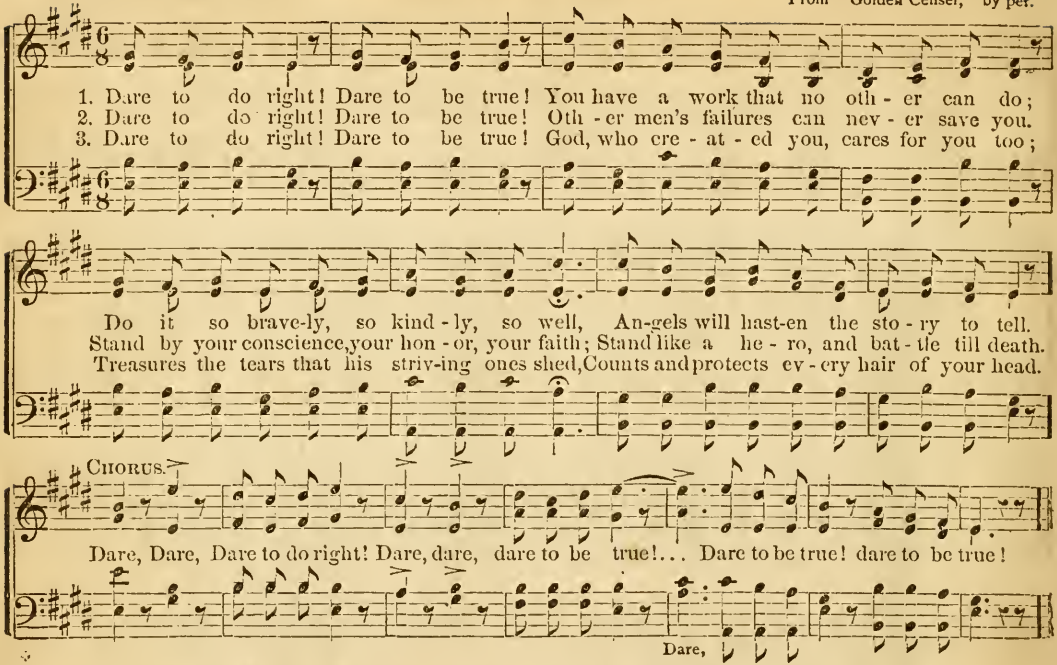
"And they went and told Jesus"

THEO. F. SEWARD.

From "Golden Censer," by per.

Rev. GEO. LANSING TAYLOR.

DARE TO DO RIGHT.

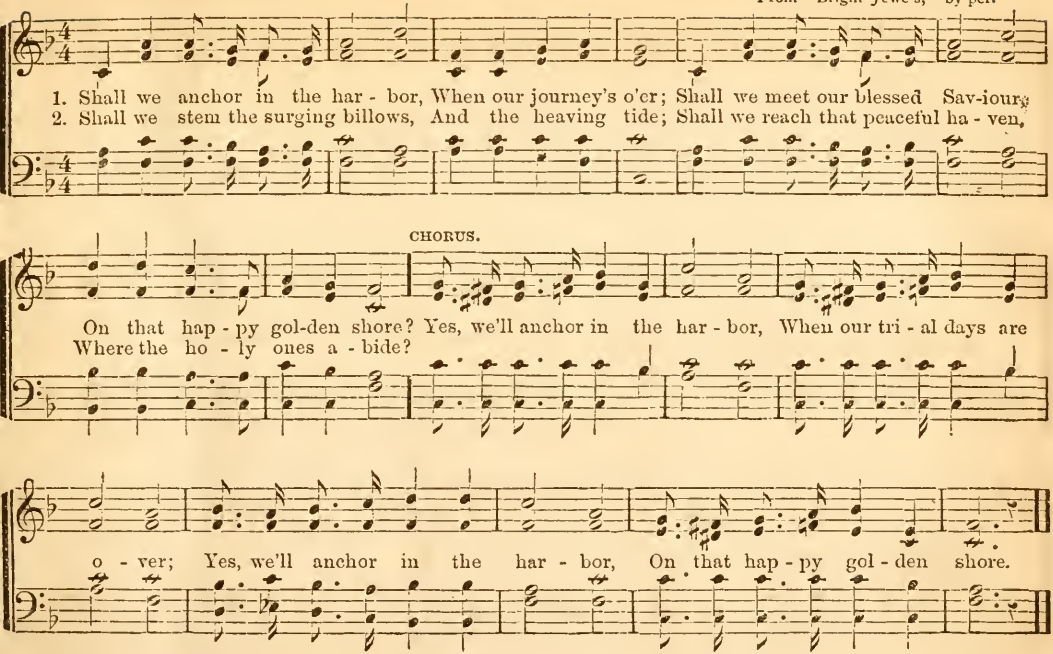
WM. B. BRADBURY.
From "Golden Censer," by per.



4 Dare to do right! dare to be true!
Keep the great judgment-seat always in view;
Look at your work as you'll look at it then—
Scanned by Jehovah, and angels, and men.
Dare to do right! &c.

5 Dare to do right! dare to be true!
Jesus, your Saviour, will carry you through;
City, and mansion, and throne all in sight,
Can you not dare to be true and do right?
Dare to do right! &c.

From "Bright Jewels," by per.

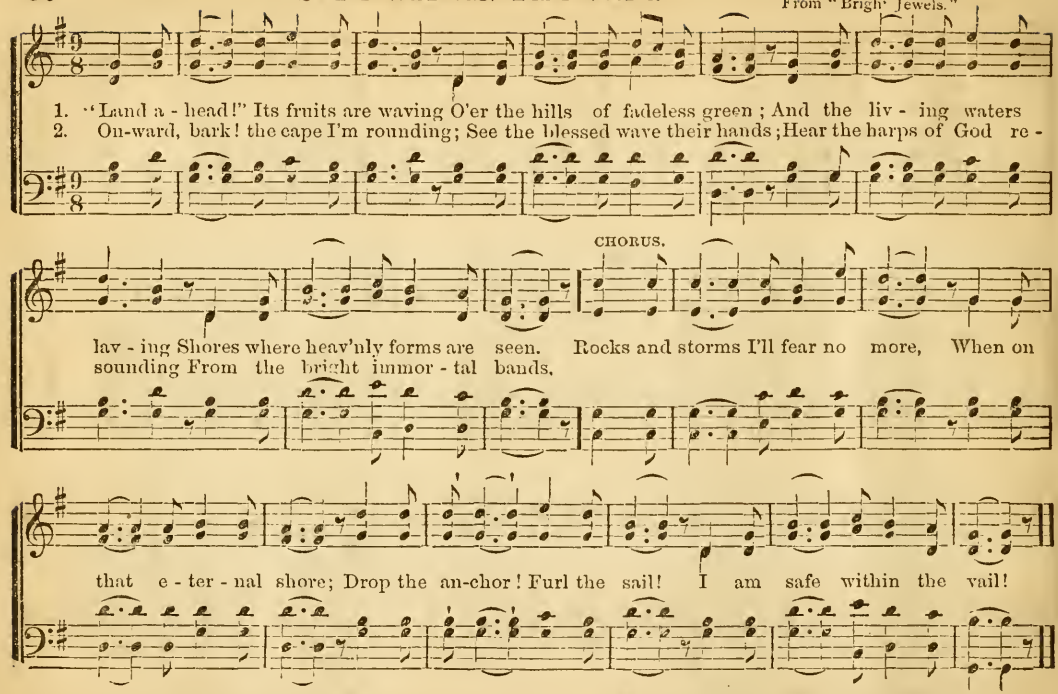


3 O, the skies are never clouded,
In that happy land;
And a splendor gleams upon us,
As we near the golden strand.—*Cho.*

4 We are sailing, we are sailing
To that golden shore,
And we'll anchor in the harbor,
Where we'll rest forever more.—*Cho.*

SAFE WITHIN THE VAIL.

JOHN. M. EVANS.
From "Brigh' Jewels."



3 There, let go the anchor, riding
On this calm and silv'ry bay;
Sea ward fast the tide is gliding,
Shores in sunlight stretch away.—*Cho.*

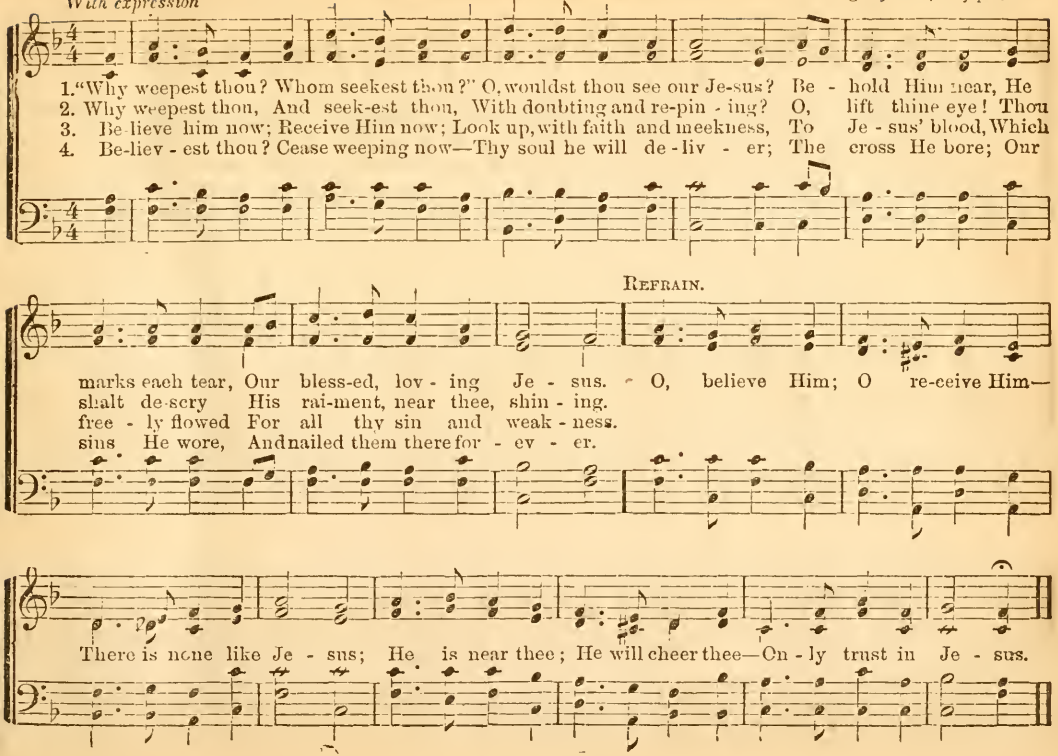
4 Now we're safe from all temptation,
All the storms of life are past;
Praise the Rock of our salvation,
We are safe at home at last!—*Cho.*

Mrs ANNIE S. HAWKS.

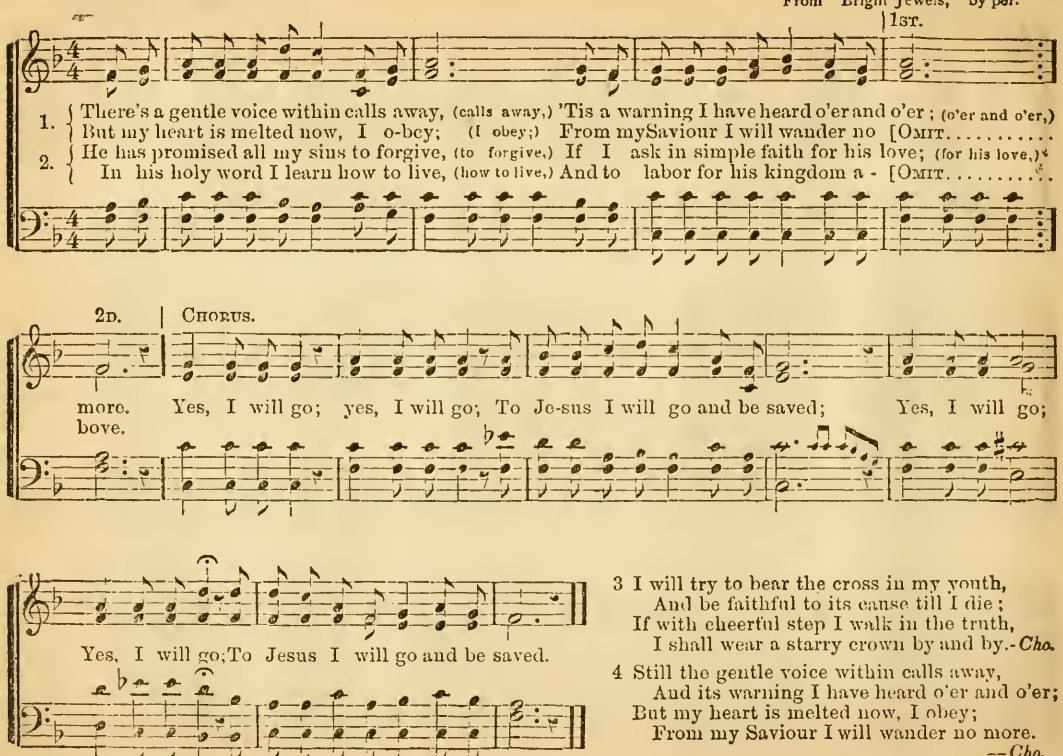
WHY WEEPEST THOU?

REV. R LOWRY.
From "Bright Jewels," by per.

With expression

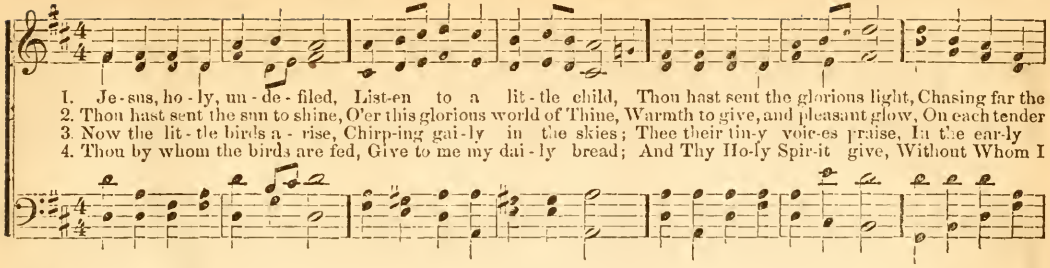


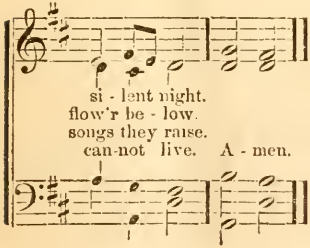
58 Words by FANNY VANALSTYNE. **TO JESUS I WILL GO.** W. H. DOANE. From "Bright Jewels," by per.



3 I will try to bear the cross in my youth,
And be faithful to its cause till I die;
If with cheerful step I walk in the truth,
I shall wear a starry crown by and by.—*Cho.*

4 Still the gentle voice within calls away,
And its warning I have heard o'er and o'er;
But my heart is melted now, I obey;
From my Saviour I will wander no more.
—*Cho.*





5.

Make me, Lord, obedient, mild,
As becomes a little child,
All day long, in every way,
Teach me what to do and say.

6.

Help me never to forget,
That in Thy great book is set,
All that children think and say,
For the awful Judgment Day.

7.

Let me never say a word
That will make Thee angry, Lord,
Help me so to live in love,
As Thine angels do above.

8.

Make me, Lord, in work and play,
Thine more truly every day,
And when Thou at last shalt come,
Take me to Thy heavenly home.

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER. L. M. Double.

1.

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known:
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer!

2.

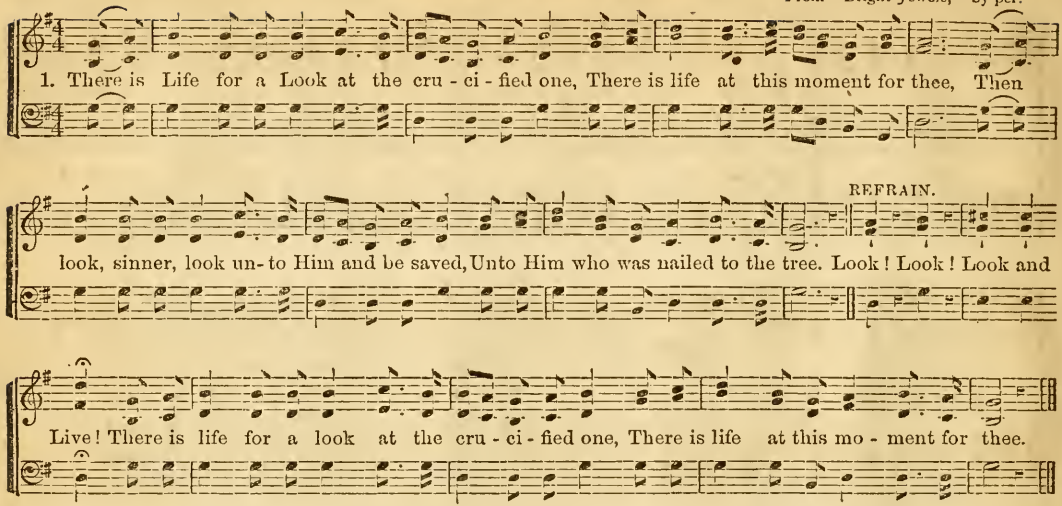
Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To Him whose truth and faithfulness,
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and seek His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!

3.

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share;
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!

THERE IS LIFE FOR A LOOK.

REV. E. G. TAYLOR.
From "Bright Jewels," by per.



2 Oh why was he there as the bearer of sin,
If on Jesus thy guilt was not laid?
Oh why, from his side, flowed the sin cleansing blood,
If his dying thy debt has not paid?
Look! Look! Look, &c.

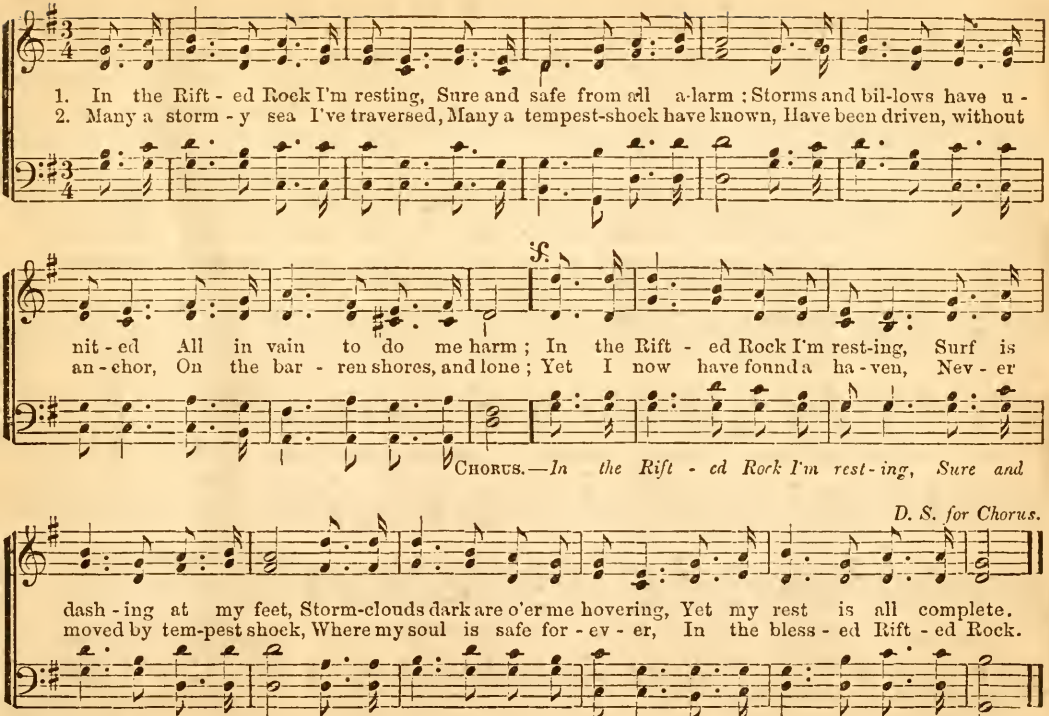
3 It is not thy tears of repentance, and prayers
But the *Blood* that atones for thy soul.
On him, then, who shed it, thou mayest at once,
Thy weight of iniquities roll,
Look! Look! Look, &c.

4 Then doubt not thy welcome, since God has declared
There remaineth no more to be done;
That once in the end of the world, he appeared,
And completed the work he begun.
Look! Look! Look, &c.

5 Then take with rejoicing from Jesus at once,
The life everlasting he gives,
And know, with assurance, thou never canst die,
Since Jesus thy righteousness lives.
Look! Look! Look, &c.

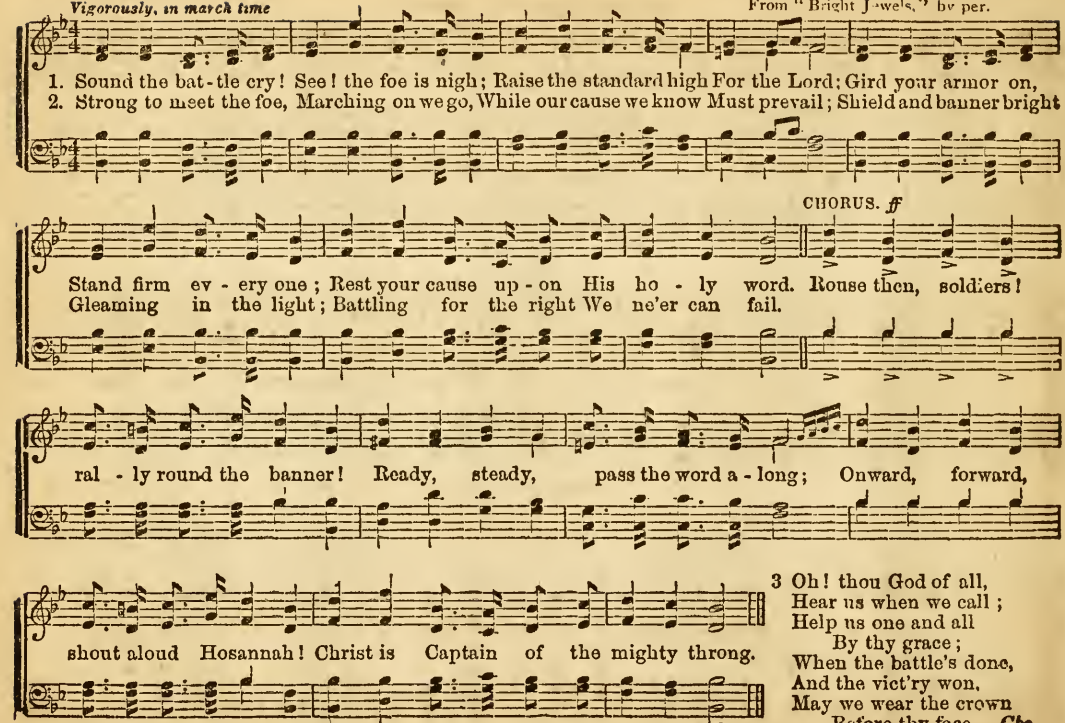
THE RIFTED ROCK.

From "Pure Gold," by per.

"He smote the rock."—Ps. 78: 20.

SOUND THE BATTLE CRY!

Words and Music by WM. F. SHERWIN.
From "Bright Jewels," by per.

Vigorously, in march time

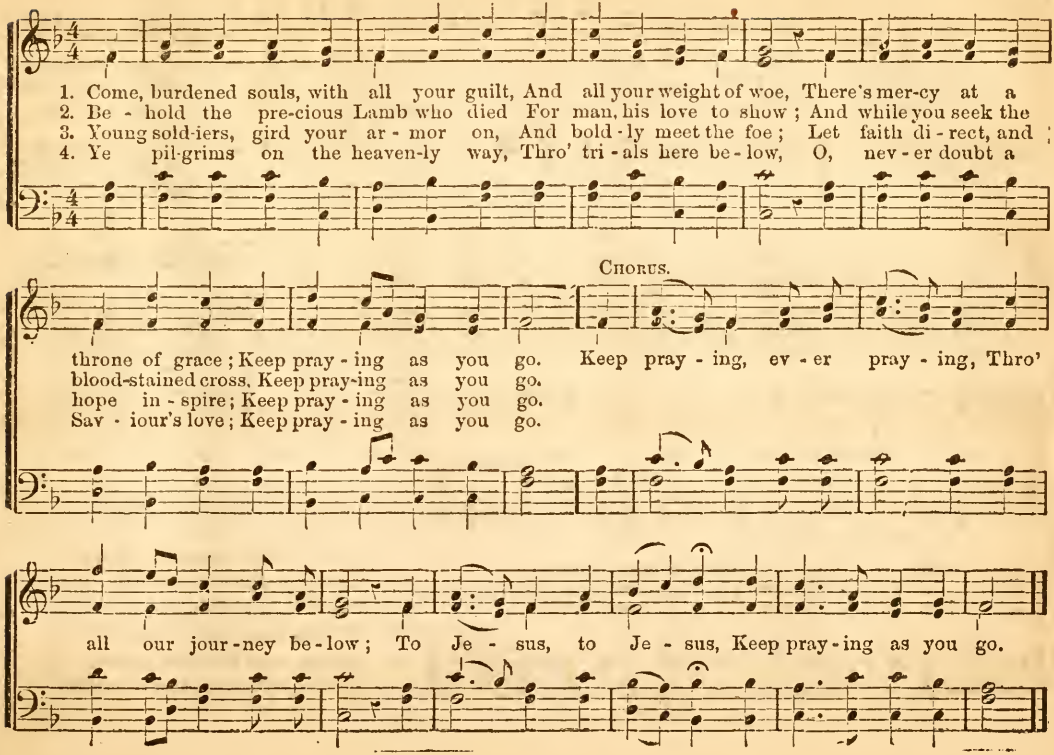


3 Oh! thou God of all,
Hear us when we call;
Help us one and all
By thy grace;
When the battle's done,
And the vict'ry won,
May we wear the crown
Before thy face. *Cho.*

KEEP PRAYING AS YOU GO.

W. H. DOANE.
From "Pure Gold," by per.

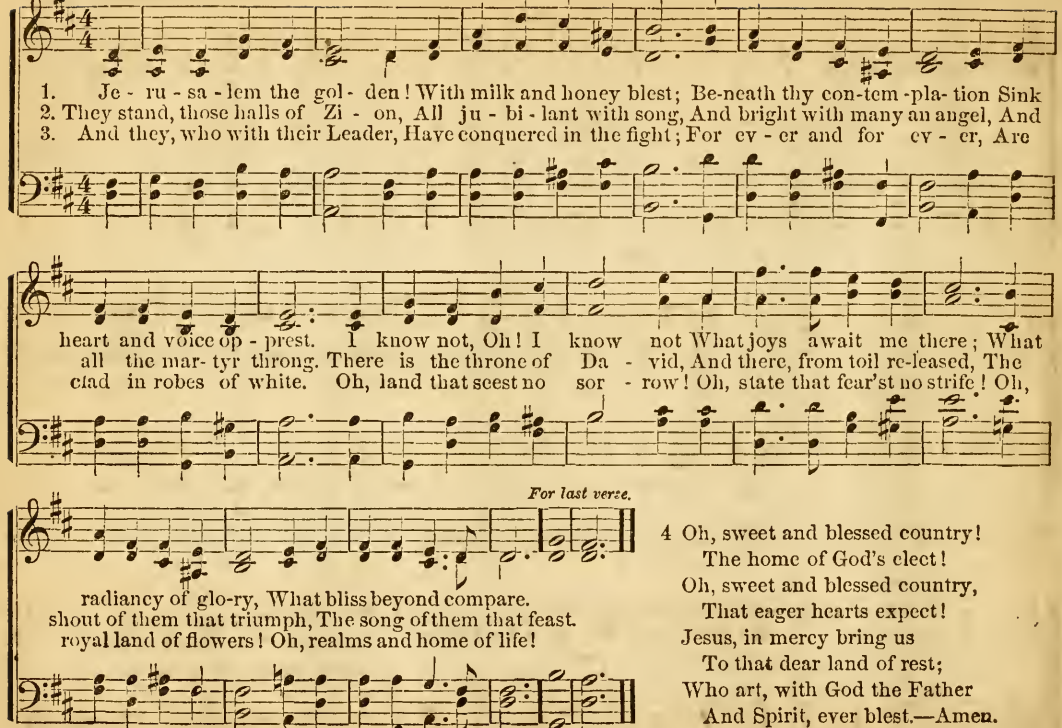
Words written for this work. "Pray without ceasing."—1st Thess. 5 : 17.



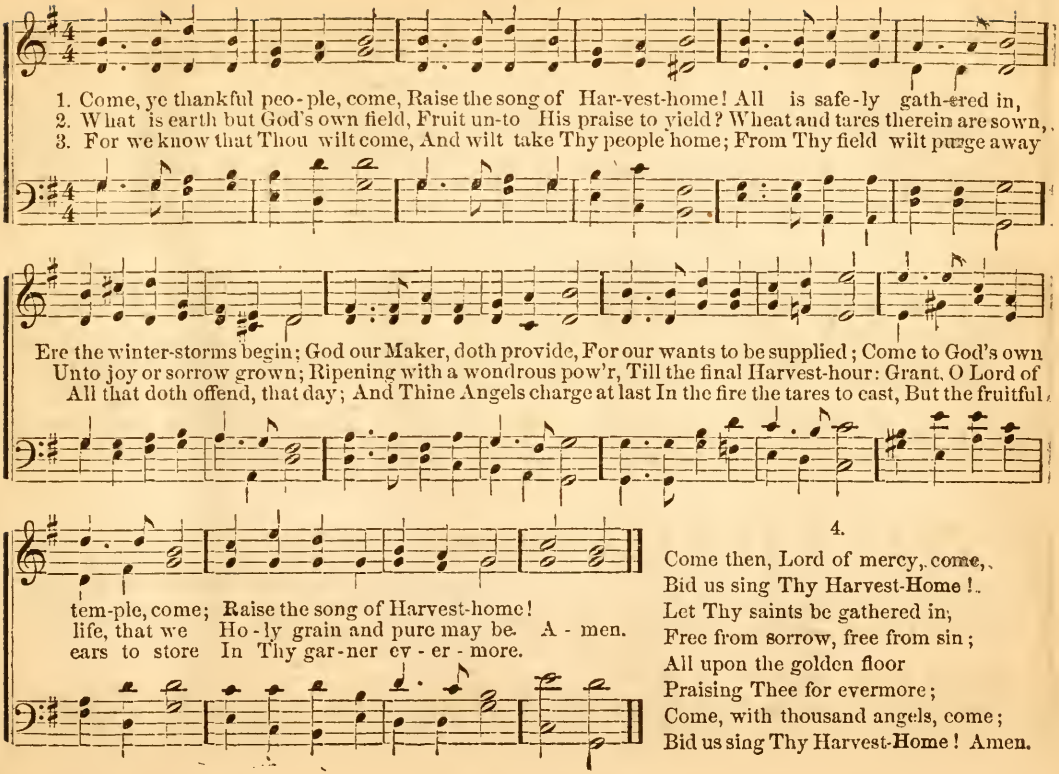
BERNARD. A.D. 1150.

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

Rev. H. L. JENNER.



4 Oh, sweet and blessed country!
The home of God's elect!
Oh, sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest.—Amen.



4.

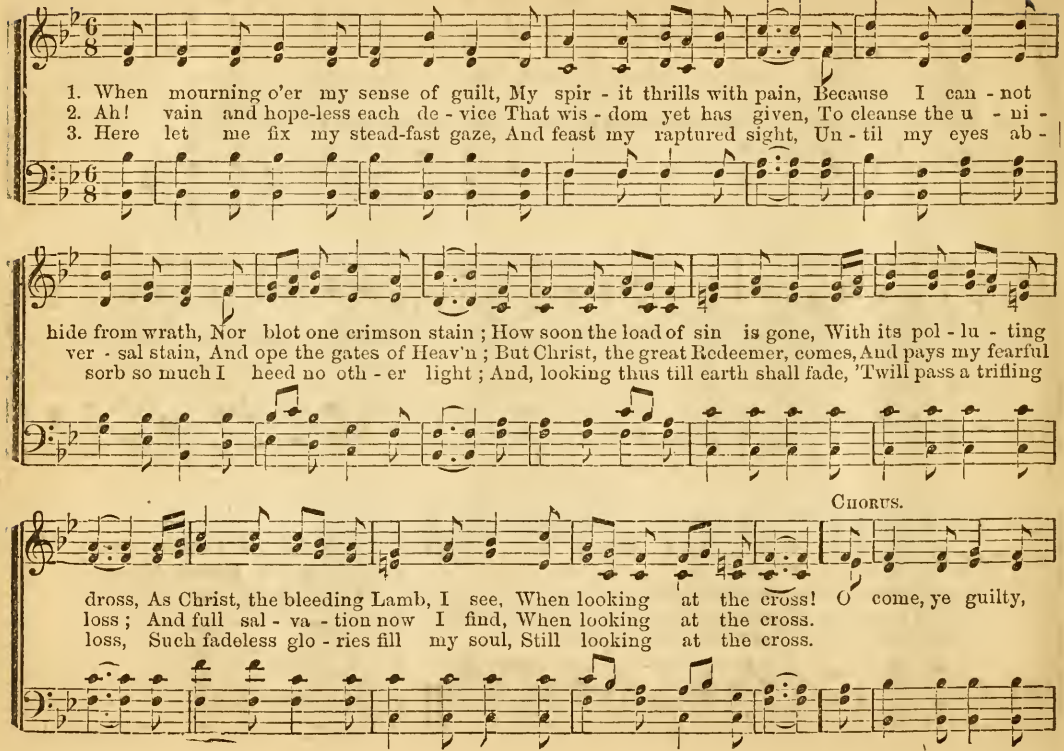
Come then, Lord of mercy, come,
Bid us sing Thy Harvest-Home!
Let Thy saints be gathered in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
All upon the golden floor
Praising Thee for evermore;
Come, with thousand angels, come;
Bid us sing Thy Harvest-Home! Amen.

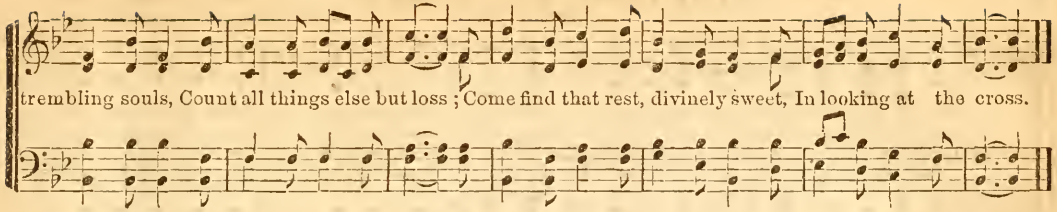
Words by Rev. SYDNEY DYER.

LOOKING AT THE CROSS.

REV. R. LOWRY.
From "Pure Gold," by per.

"Having made peace through the blood of his cross."—Col. 1: 20.



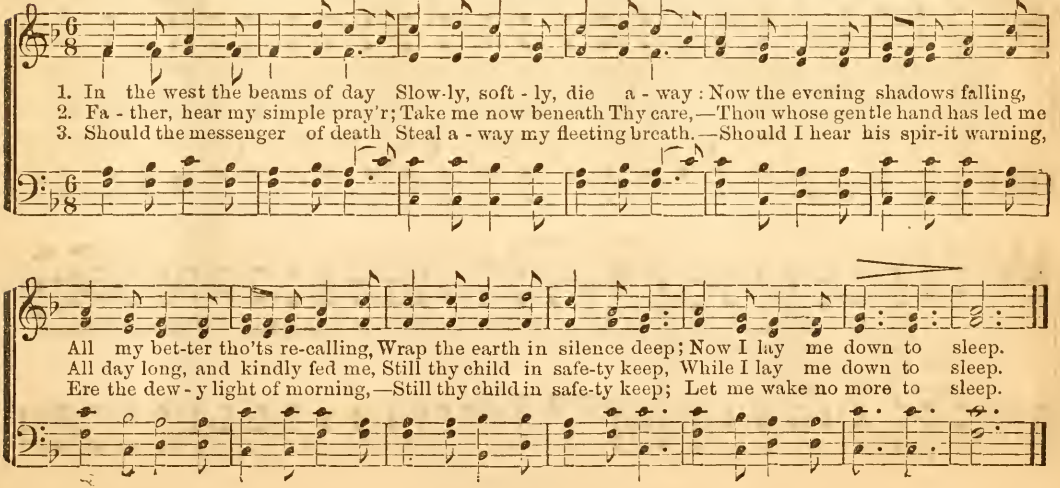


Words by FANNY CROSBY.

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.

T. J. COOK.
From "Pure Gold," by per.

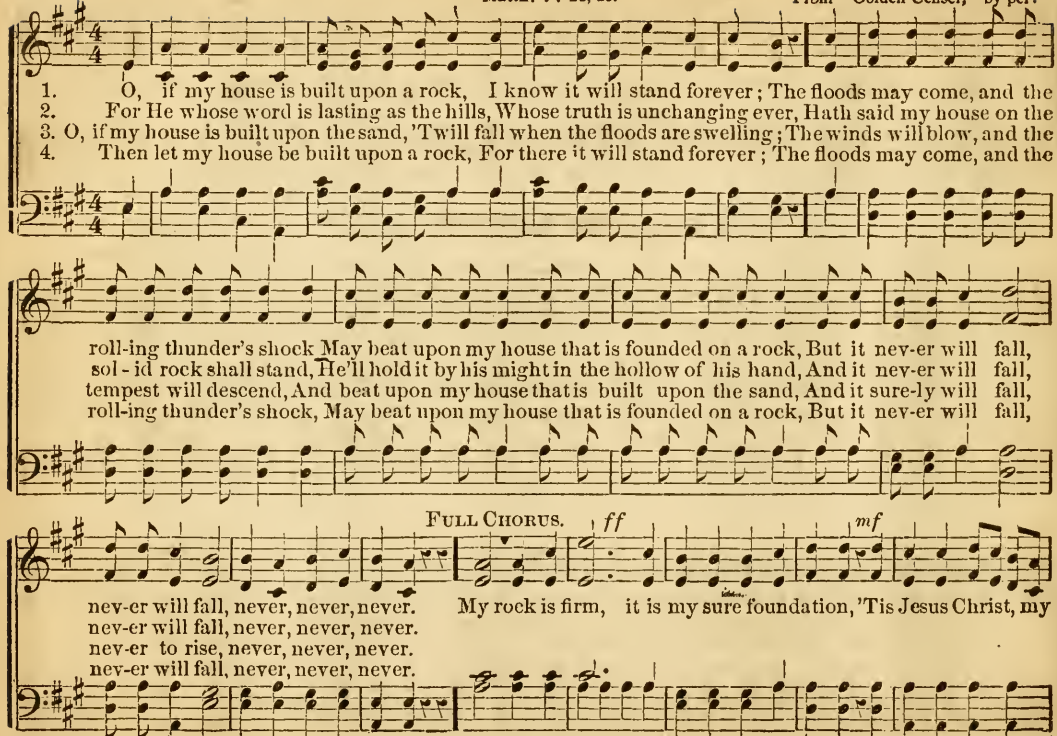
"I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep ; for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety."—Psalm 4 : 8.

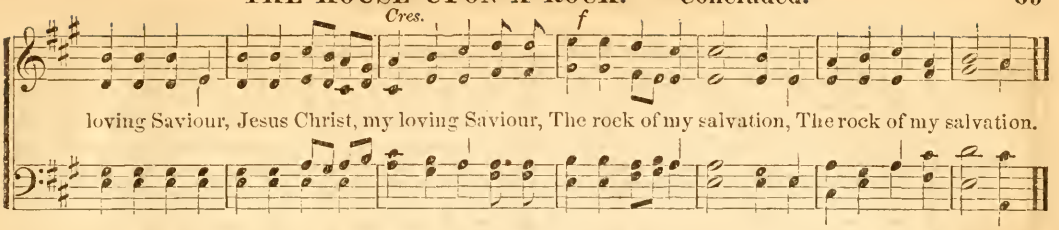


THE HOUSE UPON A ROCK.

Matth. 7 : 24, 25.

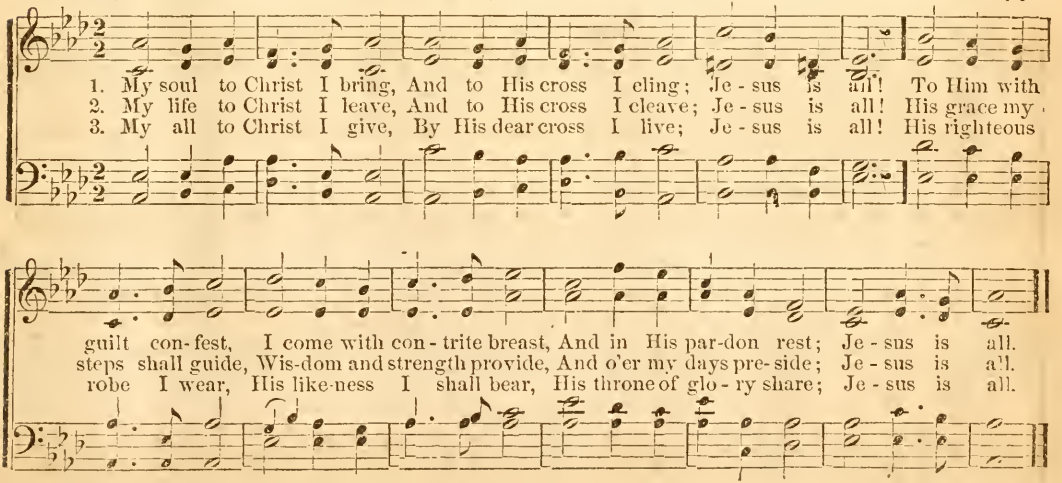
Wm. B. BRADBURY.
From "Golden Censer," by per.





JESUS IS ALL.

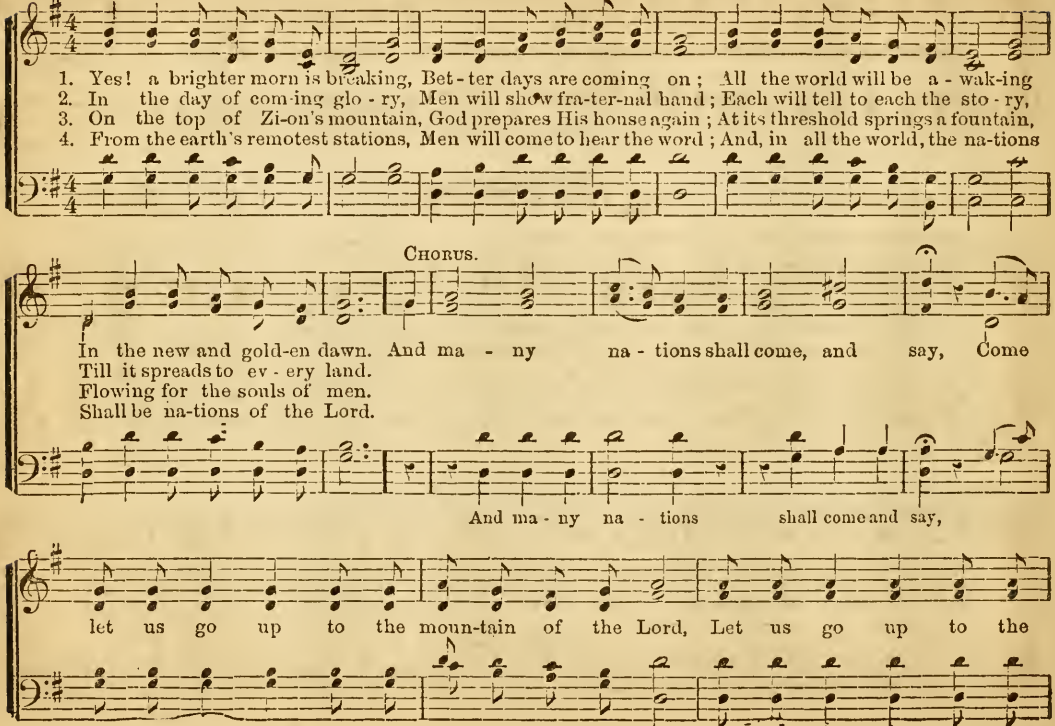
Words by Rev. S. WOLCOTT. D. D. "Christ is all, and in all."—Coll. 3: 11. WM. F. SHERWIN. From N. Y. Mus. Gazette. By per.

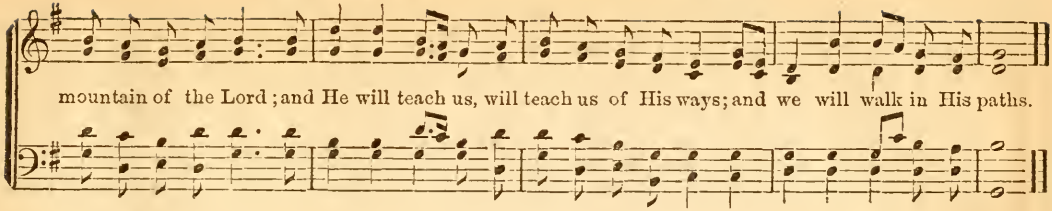


MOUNTAIN OF THE LORD.

REV. R. LOWRY.
From "Pure Gold," by per.

"But in the last days it shall come to pass, that the mountain of the house of the Lord shall be established in the top of the mountains, and it shall be exalted above the hills; and people shall flow unto it."—Micah. 4 : 1.



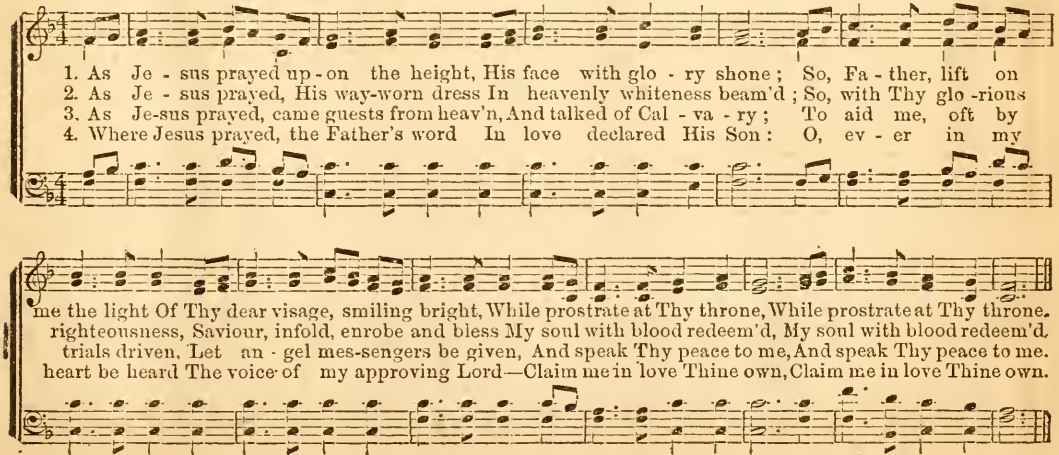


AS JESUS PRAYED.

Rev. S. D. PHELPS, D.D.

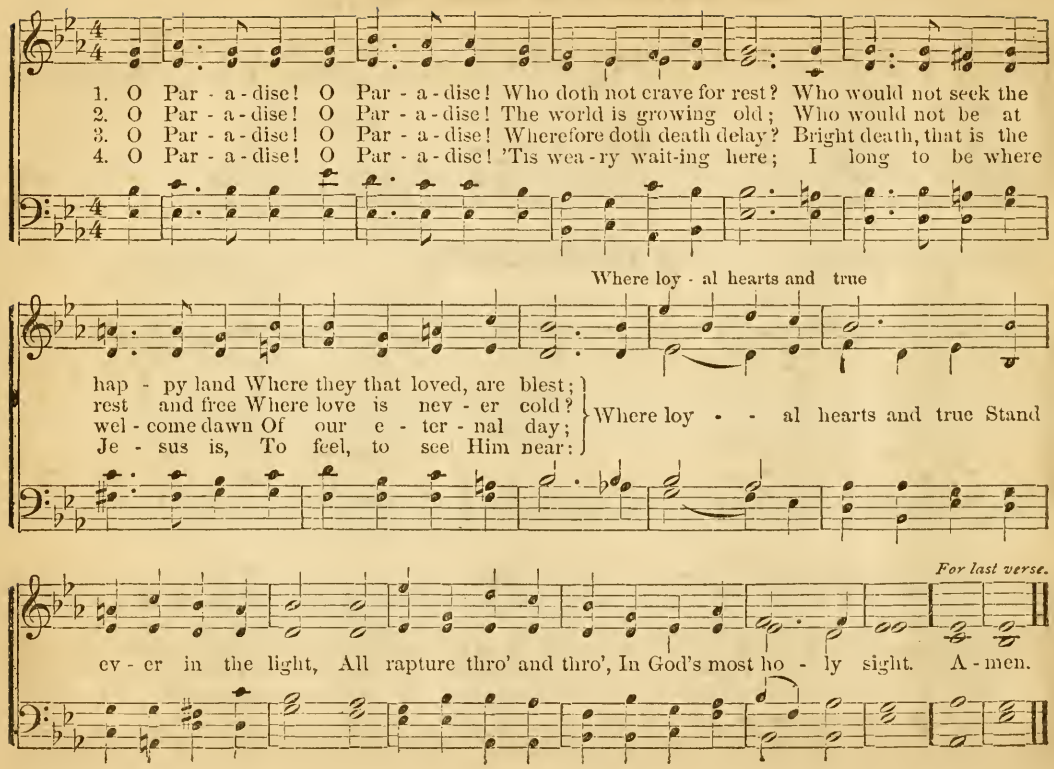
Rev. R. LOWRY.
From "Pure Gold," by per.

"And as he prayed, the fashion of his countenance was altered, and his raiment was white and glistering."—Luke 9 : 29.

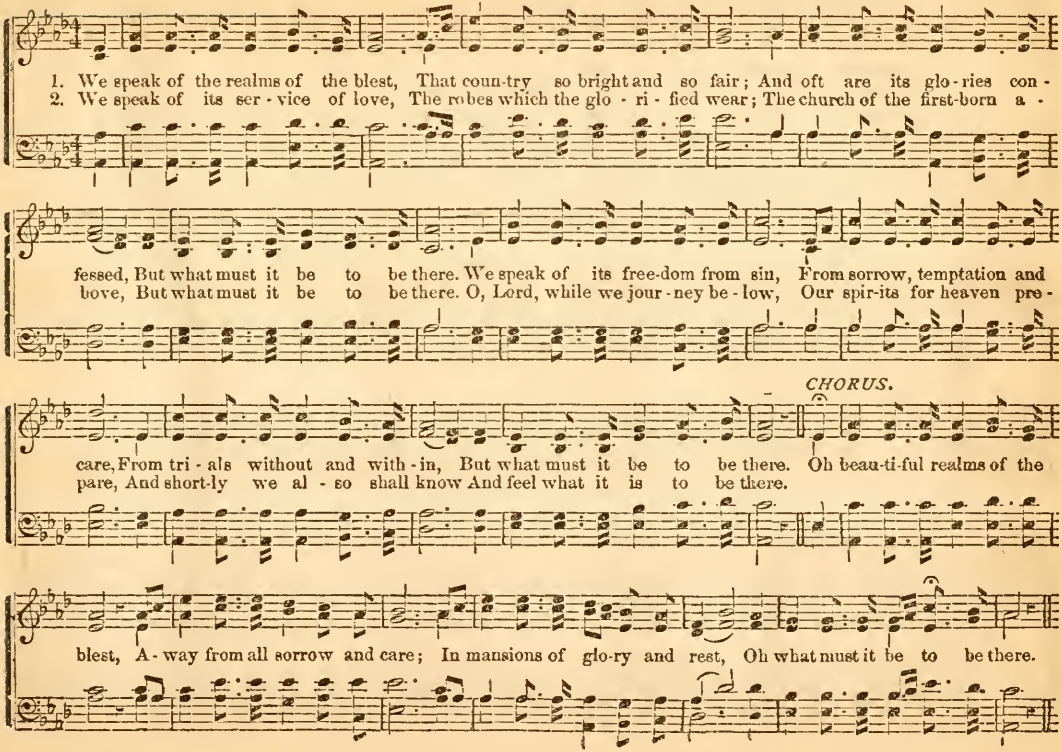


O PARADISE!

J. BARNBY.

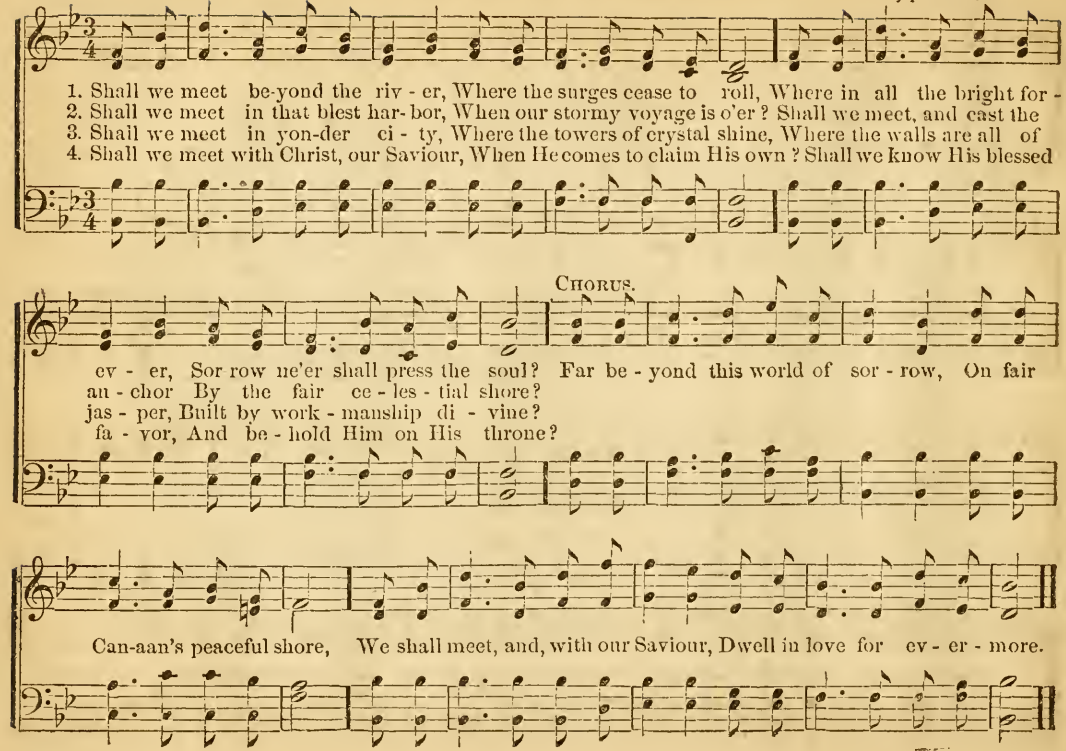


From "N.Y. Mus. Gazette," by per.



PEACEFUL SHORE.

E. ROBERTS.
By permission.

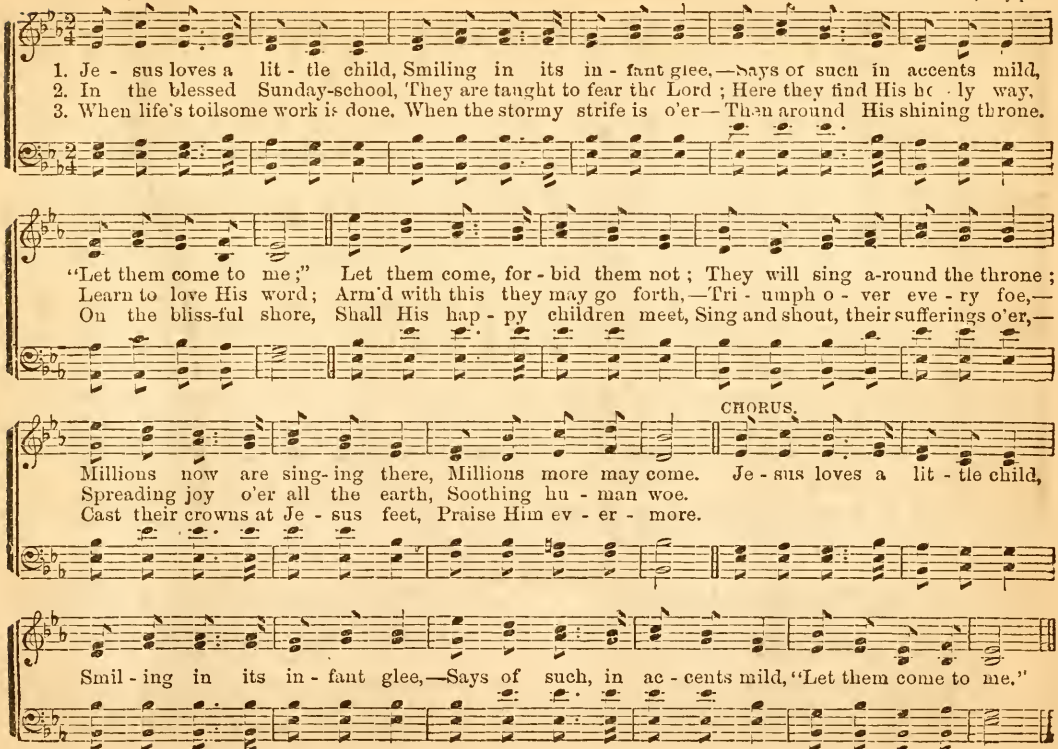


JESUS LOVES A LITTLE CHILD.

Words by W. BENNETT.

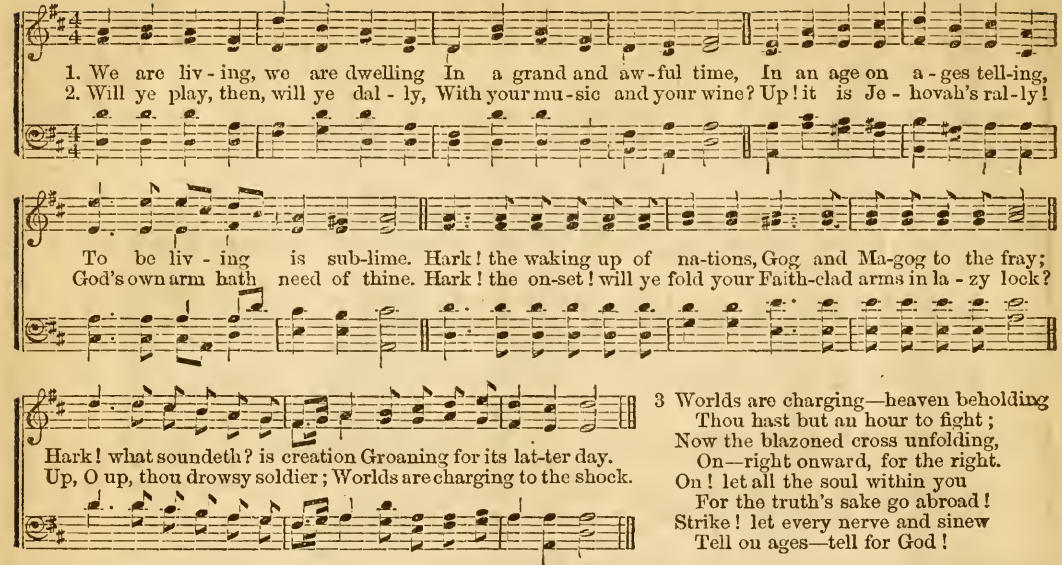
W. F. SHERWIN.

From "N. Y. Mus. Gazette," by per.



LATTER DAY. 8s & 7s.

From "Plymouth Coll." by per.



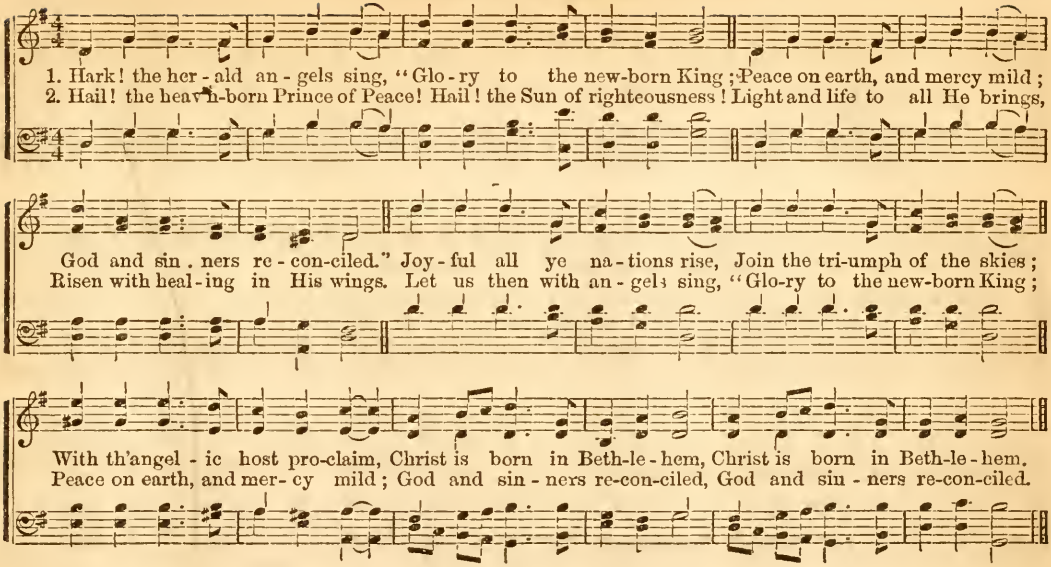
3 Worlds are charging—heaven beholding
Thou hast but an hour to fight;
Now the blazoned cross unfolding,
On—right onward, for the right.
On! let all the soul within you
For the truth's sake go abroad!
Strike! let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages—tell for God!

SECOND HYMN.

1 Onward, Christian, though the region
Where thou art be drear and lone;
God hath set a guardian legion
Very near thee,—press thou on!

2 Listen, Christian, their Hosanna
Rolleth o'er thee,—"God is love,"
Write upon thy red-cross banner,
"Upward ever,—heaven's above."

3 By the thorn-road and none other,
Is the mount of vision won;
Tread it without shrinking, brother,
Jesus trod it,—press thou on!

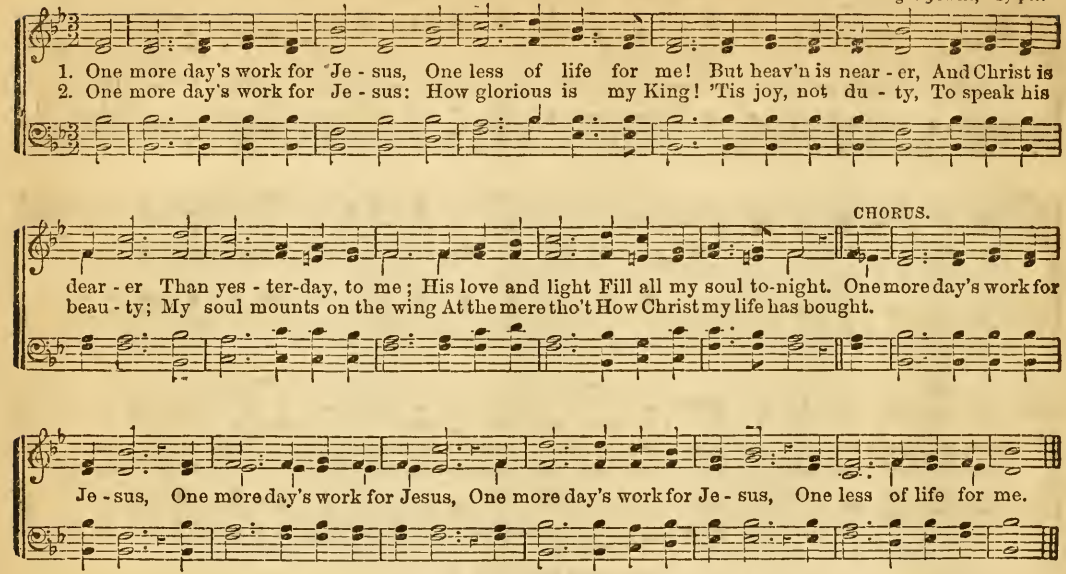
4 By thy trustful, calm endeavor,
Guiding, cheering, like the sun,
Earth-bound hearts thou shalt deliver,
For their sake, O press thou on!

SECOND HYMN. 8s & 7s.

1. Crown His head with endless blessing
Who, in God the Father's name,
With compassion never ceasing,
Comes, salvation to proclaim.
Lo, Jehovah, we adore Thee—
Thee, our Saviour—Thee, our God;
From Thy throne let beams of glory
Shine through all the world abroad.

2. Jesus Thee our Saviour hailing,
Thee our God in praise we own;
Highest honors, never failing,
Rise eternal round Thy throne.
Now, ye saints, His power confessing,
In your grateful strains adore;
For his mercy, never ceasing,
Flows, and flows for evermore.

ONE MORE DAY'S WORK FOR JESUS.

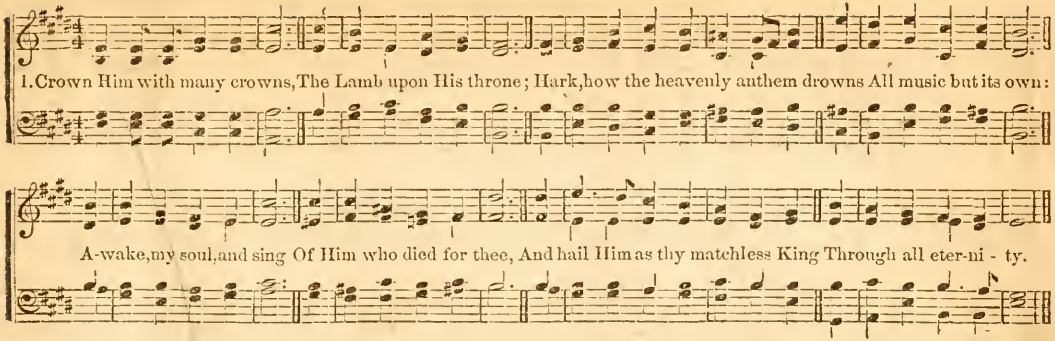
REV. R. LOWRY.
From "Bright Jewels," by per.



3 One more day's work for Jesus;
How sweet the work has been,
To tell the story,
To show the glory,
Where Christ's flock enter in!
How it did shine
In this poor heart of mine!
One more, &c.

4 One more day's work for Jesus—
O, yes, a weary day;
But heaven shines clearer
And rest comes nearer,
At each step of the way;
And Christ in all—
Before his face I fall.
One more, &c.

5 O, blessed work for Jesus!
O, rest at Jesus' feet!
There toil seems pleasure,
My wants are treasure,
And pain for Him is sweet.
Lord, if I may,
I'll serve another day!
One more, &c.



2 Crown Him the Lord of love:
Behold His hands and side,
Rich Wounds yet visible above
In beauty glorified:
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so bright.

3 Crown Him the Lord of peace:
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
And all be prayer and praise:
His reign shall know no end,
And round His pierced feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

4 Crown Him the Lord of years,
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime.
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For Thou hast died for me;
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL ARMY. 27 Trio.

1 O, do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your Friend,
O, do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your Friend.
He will give you grace to conquer,
He will give you grace to conquer,
And keep you to the end.

CHO.—I am glad I'm in this army,
Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army,
Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army,
And I'll battle for the school.

2 Fight on, ye little soldiers,
The battle you shall win;
Fight on, ye little soldiers,
The battle you shall win.
For the Saviour is your Captain,
For the Saviour is your Captain,
And He has vanquished sin.—*Cho.*

3 And when the conflict's over,
Before him you shall stand;
And when the conflict's over,
Before him you shall stand.
You shall sing His praise for ever,
You shall sing His praise for ever,
In Canaan's happy land.

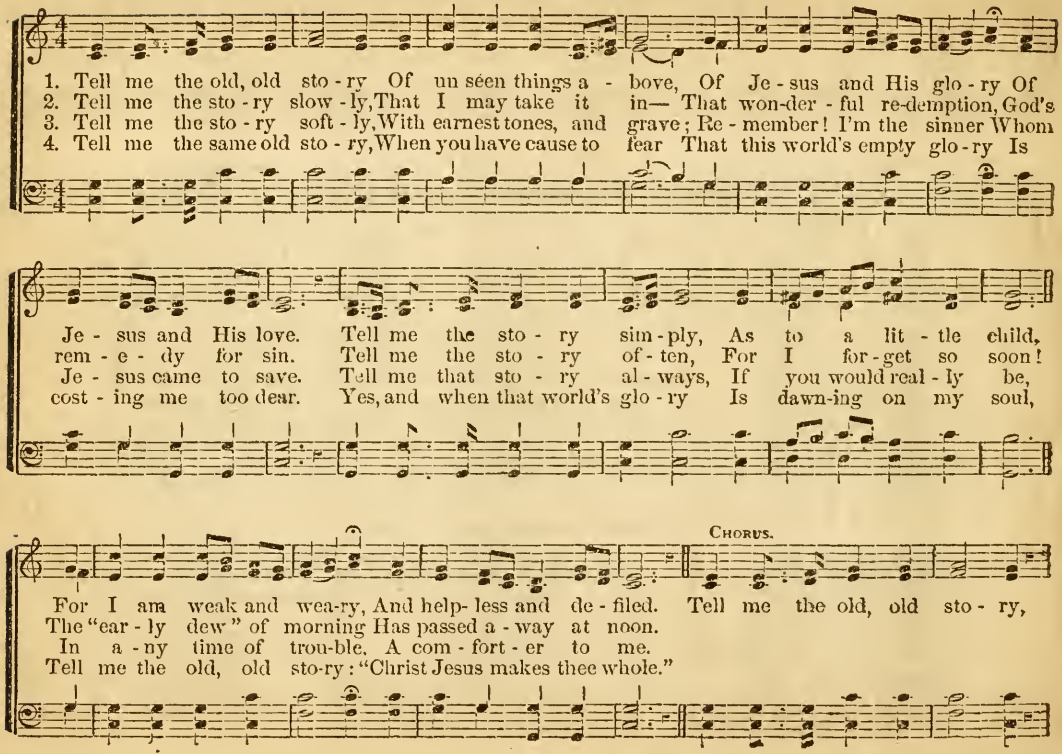
Cho.—I am glad, &c.

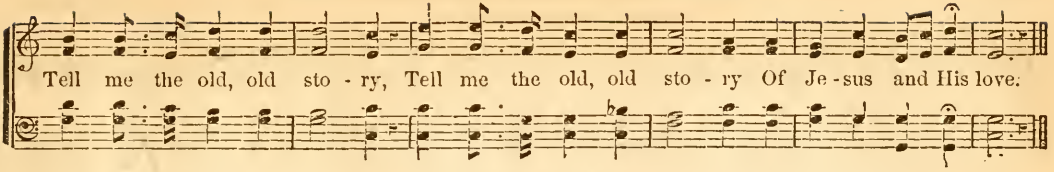
THE OLD, OLD STORY.

W. H. DOANE.

From "Songs of Devotion," by per.

"Who loved me, and gave Himself for me."—Gal. 2: 20.



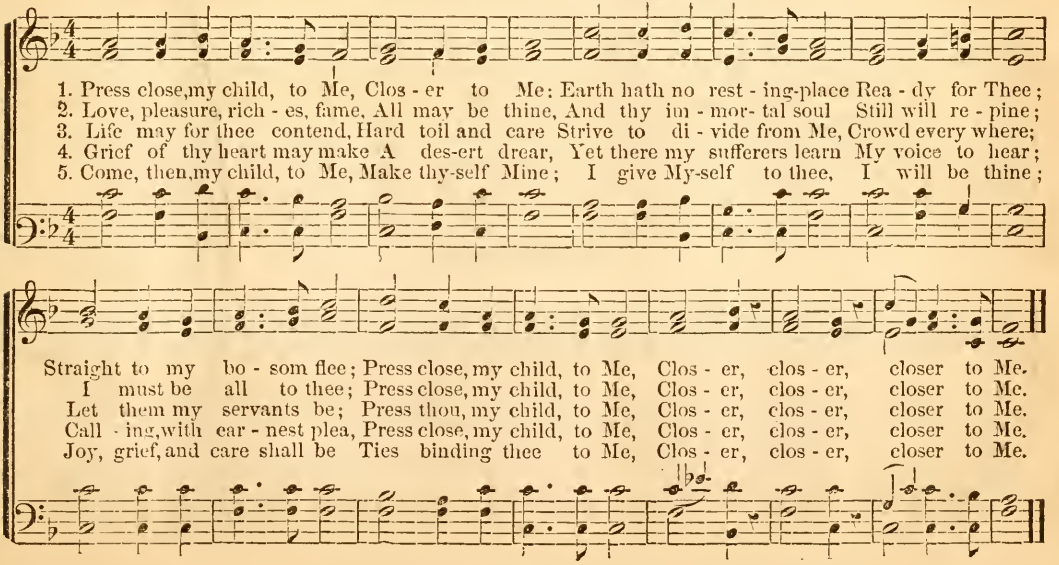


MRS. E. PRENTISS.

CLOSER TO ME.

REV. R. LOWRY.
From "Pure Gold," by per.

"It is good for me to draw near to God."—Ps. 73 : 28.

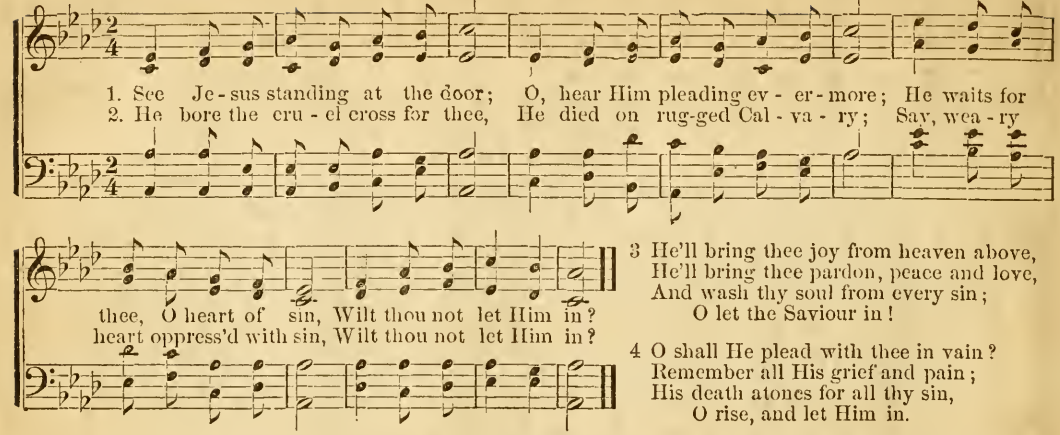


WAITING SAVIOUR.

Words by W. BENNETT.

"Behold, I stand at the door."—Rev. 3: 20.

WM. F. SHERWIN.
From "Pure Gold." By per.

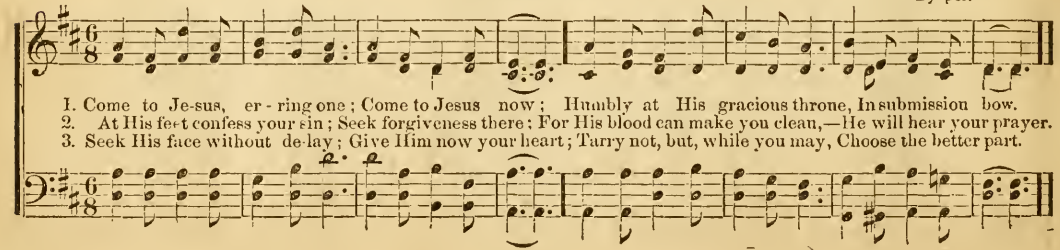


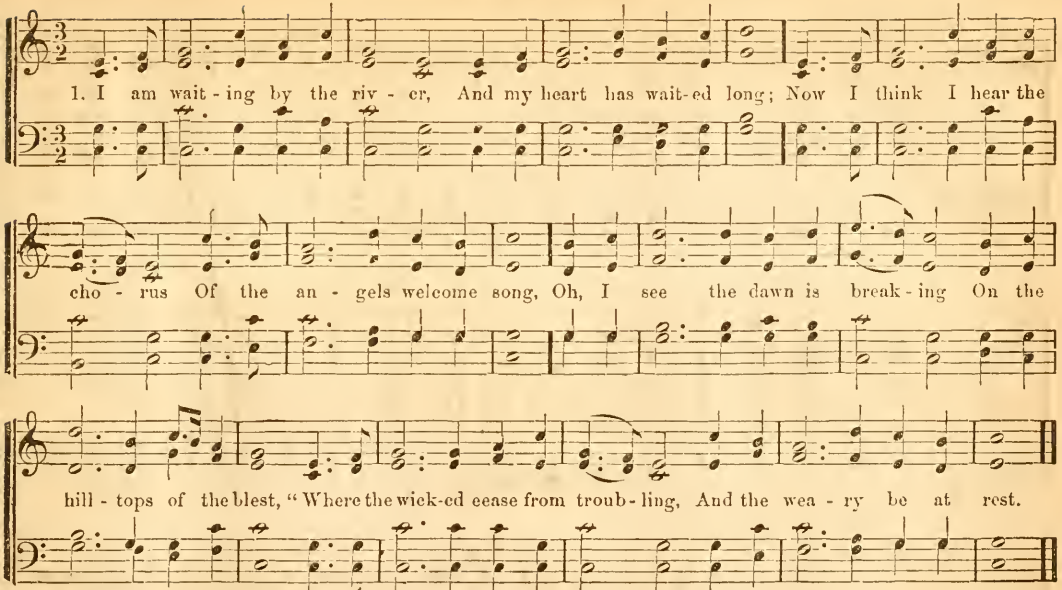
3 He'll bring thee joy from heaven above,
He'll bring thee pardon, peace and love,
And wash thy soul from every sin;
O let the Saviour in!

4 O shall He plead with thee in vain?
Remember all His grief and pain;
His death atones for all thy sin,
O rise, and let Him in.

SUBMISSION.

H. N. WHITNEY.
By per.





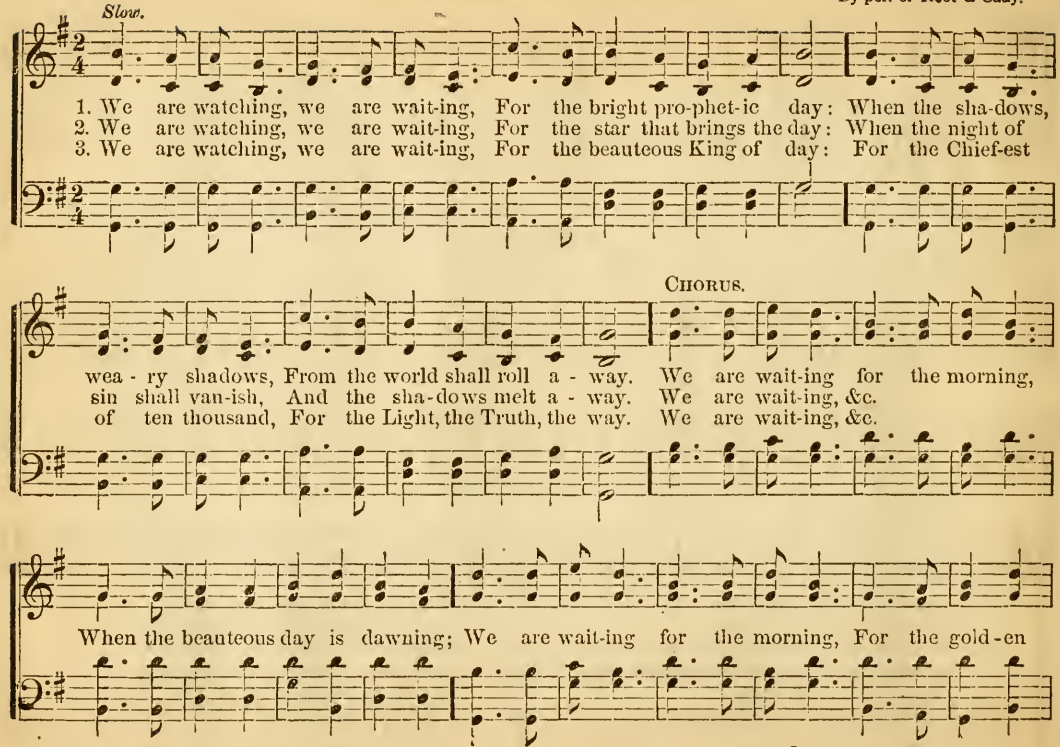
2 Far away beyond the shadows
Of this weary vale of tears,
There the tide of bliss is sweeping
Through the bright and changeless years,
O! I long to be with Jesus,
In the mansions of the blest,
"Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary be at rest."

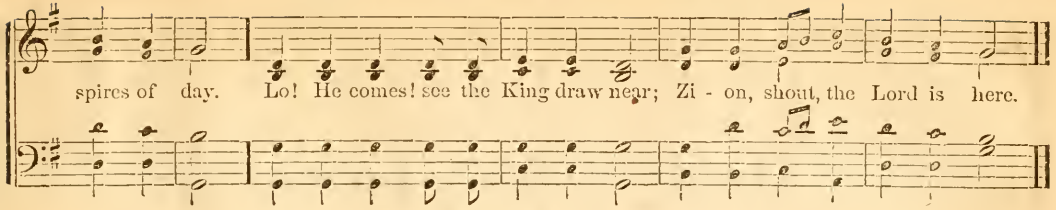
3 They are launching on the river,
From the calm and quiet shore,
And they soon will bear my spirit
Where the weary sigh no more;
For the tide is swiftly flowing,
And I long to greet the blest,
"Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary be at rest."

THE BEAUTEOUS DAY.

GEO. F. ROOT.
By per. of Root & Cady.

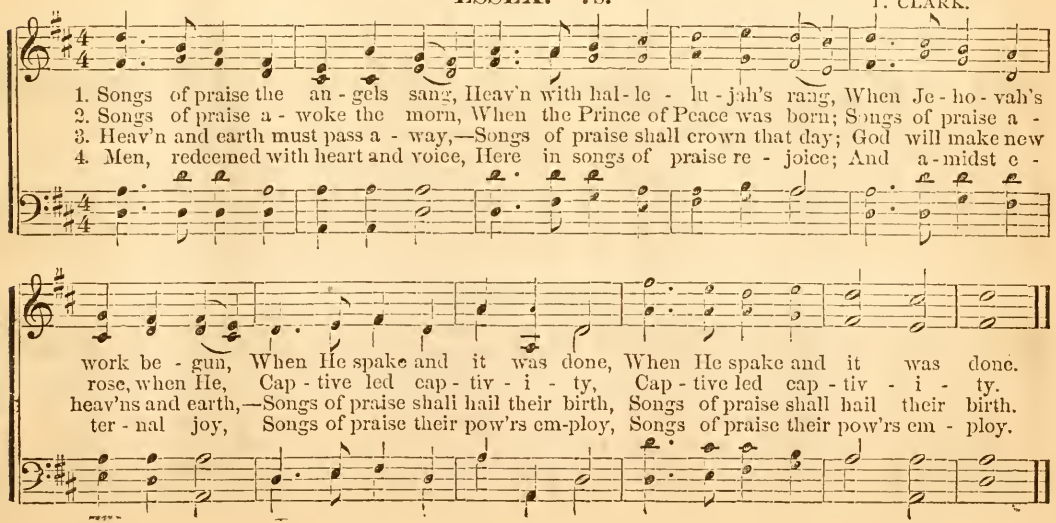
Slow.





ESSEX. 7s.

T. CLARK.



MERCY'S FREE!

From WEBER.

FINE.

1. By faith I view my Sav-iour dy - ing, On the tree, On the tree; To ev-ery na-tion He is
2. Did Christ when I was sin pur-su - ing, Pit - y me? Pit - y me? And did He snatch my soul from
3. Je - sus my wea-ry soul re-fresh-es; Mer-cy's free! Mercy's free! And ev-ery moment Christ is
4. Long as I live, I'll still be cry - ing Mercy's free! Mercy's free! And this shall be my theme when

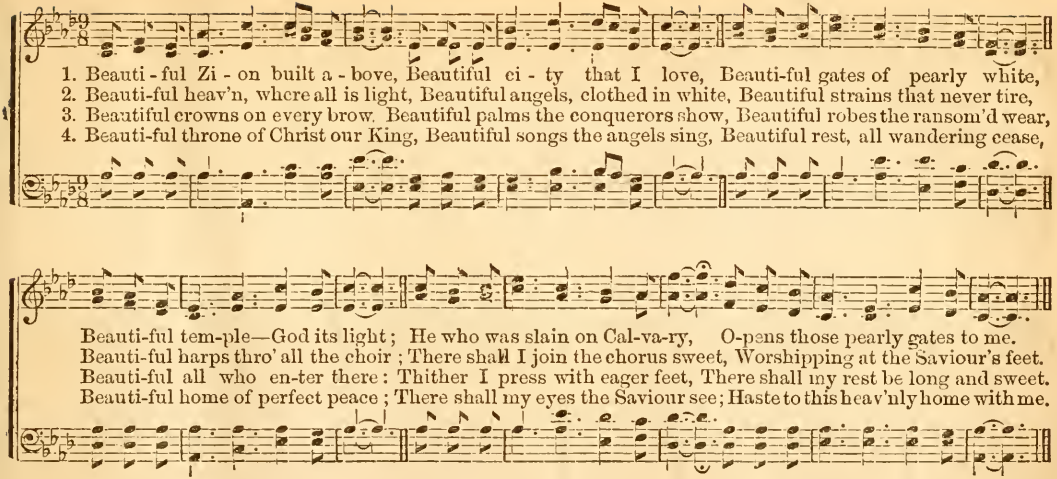
1. D. C. *Hark! hark! what precious words I hear,* *Mer - cy's free,* *Mer-cy's free!*
2. *And now my hap-py soul can sing,* *Mer - cy's free,* *Mer-cy's free!*
3. *All may en - joy the Sav-iour's love,* *Mer - cy's free,* *Mer-cy's free!*
4. *I'll sing, while endless a - ges last,* *Mer - cy's free,* *Mer-cy's free!*

D. C.

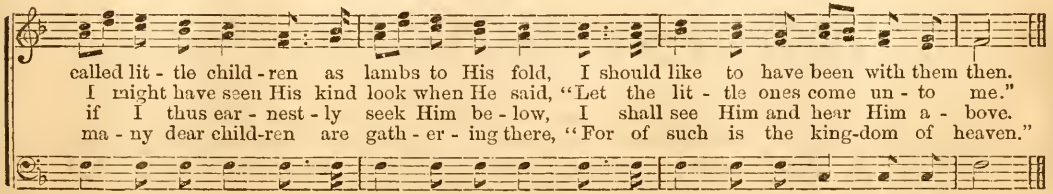
cry-ing, Look to me, Look to me. He bids the guilty now draw near, Repent, believe, dismiss their fear.
ru - in? Can it be? Can it be? Oh, yes! He did sal-vation bring: He is my Prophet, Priest, and King;
pre-cious Un-to me, Un-to me. None can describe the bliss I prove, While thro' this wilderness I rove,
dying, Mercy's free, Mercy's free! And when the vale of death I've pass'd, When lodg'd above the stormy blast,

SWEET STORY.

1. I think, when I read that sweet sto-ry of old, When Je - sus was here a-mong men, How He
2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,— His arms had been thrown around me, And that
3. Yet still to His foot-stool in pray'r I may go, And ask for a share in His love; And
4. In that beauti-ful place He has gone to prepare, For all who are washed and forgiven; And



SWEET STORY. Concluded.

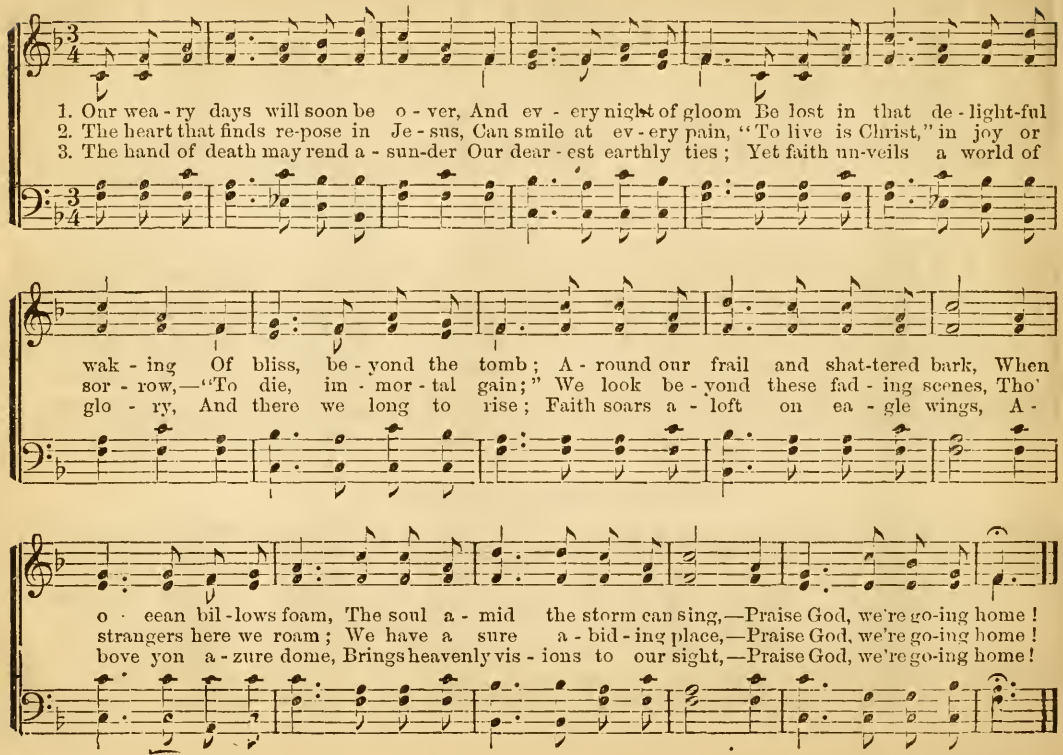


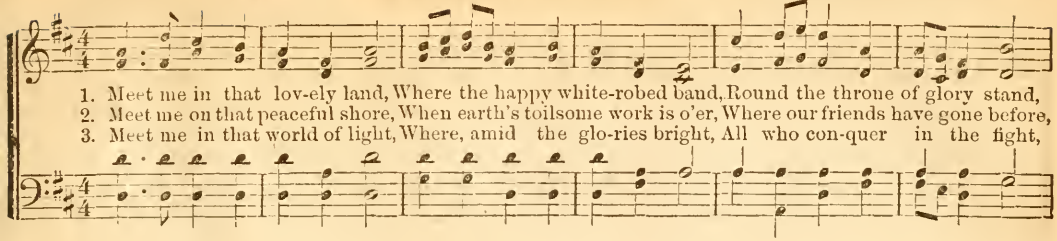
Words by FANNY CROSBY.

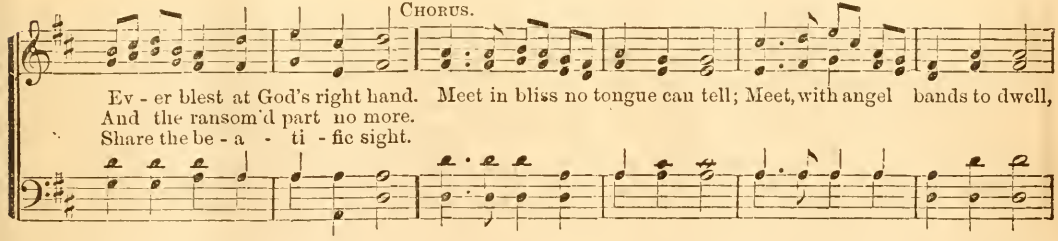
WE'RE GOING HOME.

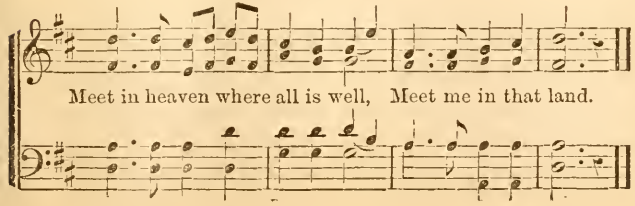
WM. B. BRADBURY.
From "Pure Gold," by per.

"To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."—Phil. 1: 21.









4 Meet me in that world of cheer,
Where is seen no falling tear,
Where no clouds of night appear,
Where the sky is ever clear.—*Cho.*

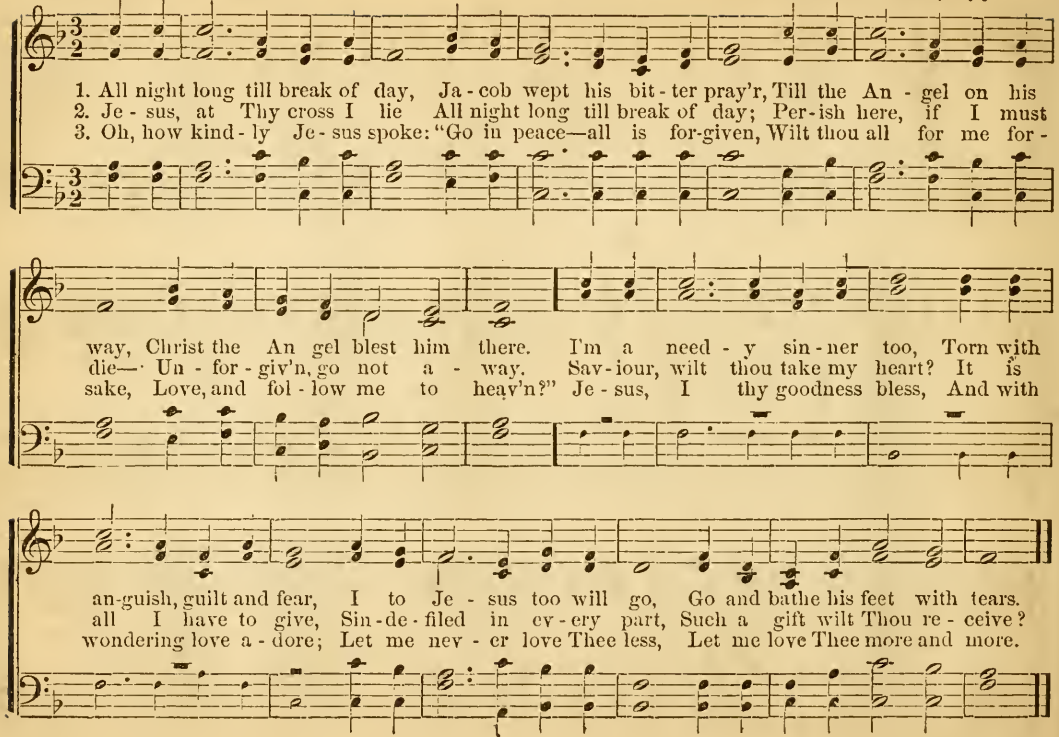
5 Gentle Spirit, heavenly Dove,
Guide us to that realm above,
Where the saints forever prove
All the fulness of thy love.—*Cho.*

Words by A. DICKINSON.

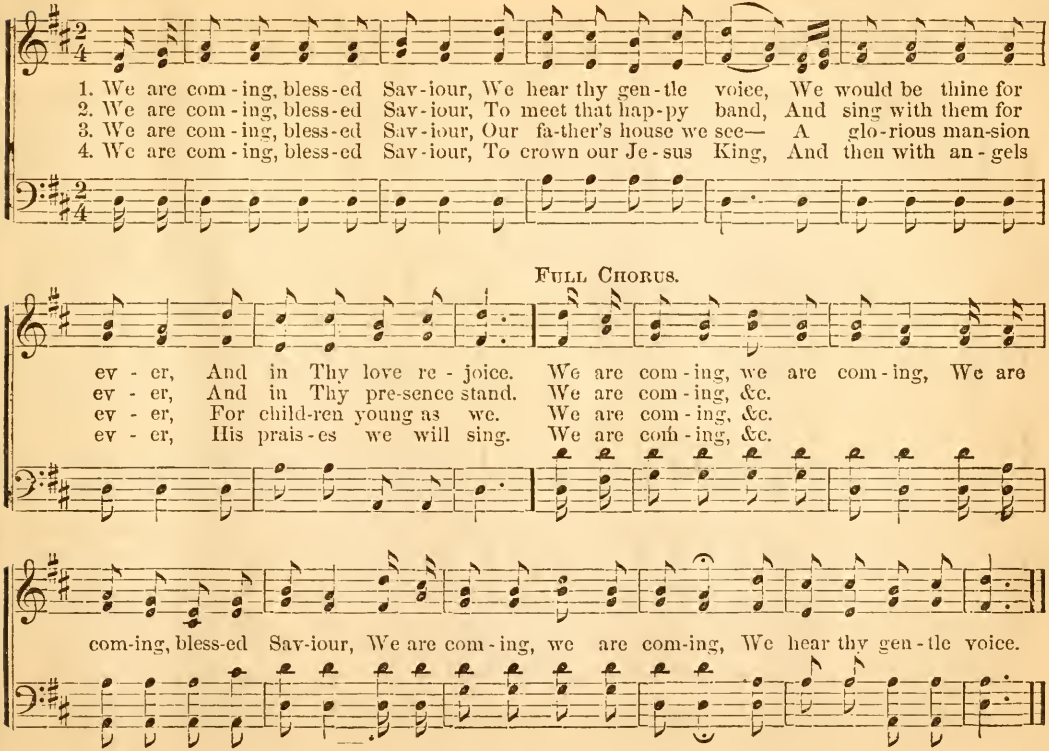
JACOB'S PRAYER.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

From "Fresh Laurels," by per.



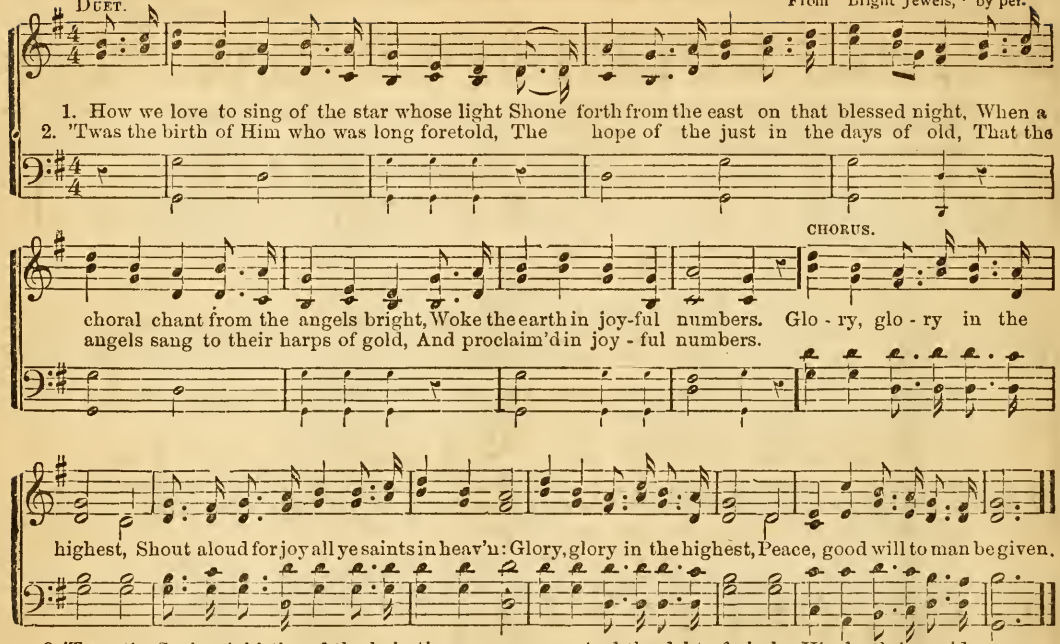
Words by Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER. From "Golden Censer," by per.



FANNY CROSBY.

SHOUT ALOUD FOR JOY.

CHESTER G ALLEN.
From "Bright Jewels," by per.



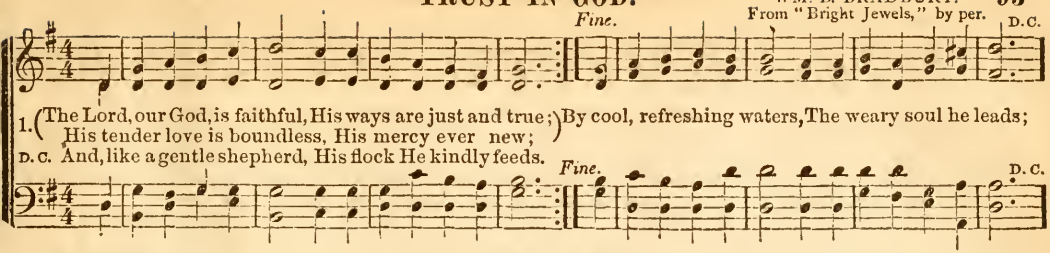
3 'Twas the Saviour's birth and the holy time,
That spoke to the world in a voice sublime;
And it called the nations of every clime,
To exalt His name and praise Him. *Cho.*

4 To redeem the lost from His fold that stray'd,
The crown of His kingdom aside He laid;
And the debt of sin by His death he paid,
From the grave he rose victorious. *Cho*

5 Still we love to sing of the star whose light
Shone forth from the east on that blessed night,
When a choral chant from the angels bright,
Woke the earth in joyful numbers. *Cho.*

TRUST IN GOD.

WM. B. BRADBURY.
From "Bright Jewels," by per.

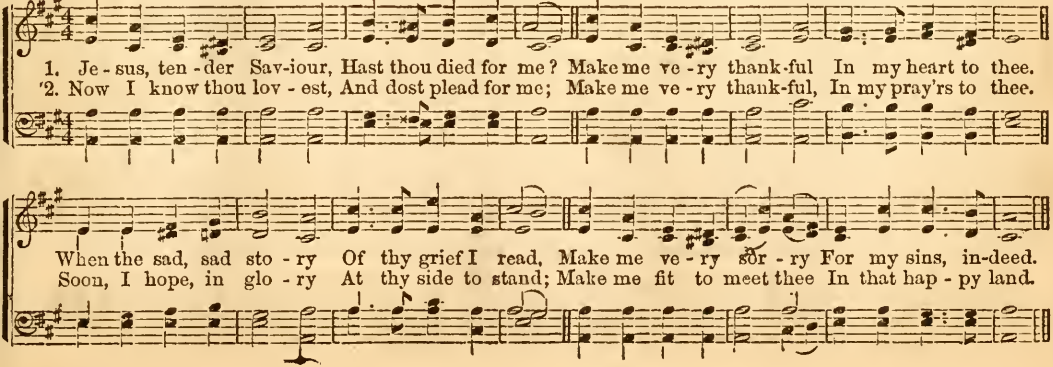


2 We'll praise Him for his goodness,
And trust Him for his grace;
He will not always chide us,
Nor hide his smiling face;
For while in deep contrition
Our hearts to Him return,
He gives the cheerful promise,
To comfort those that mourn.

3 We'll trust for every blessing
Our Father, and our Guide;
We'll trust Him in our weakness,
Still walking by His side;
We'll trust Him on the billow;
We'll trust Him on the shore;
And, through eternal ages,
We'll trust Him ever more.

LUELLA.

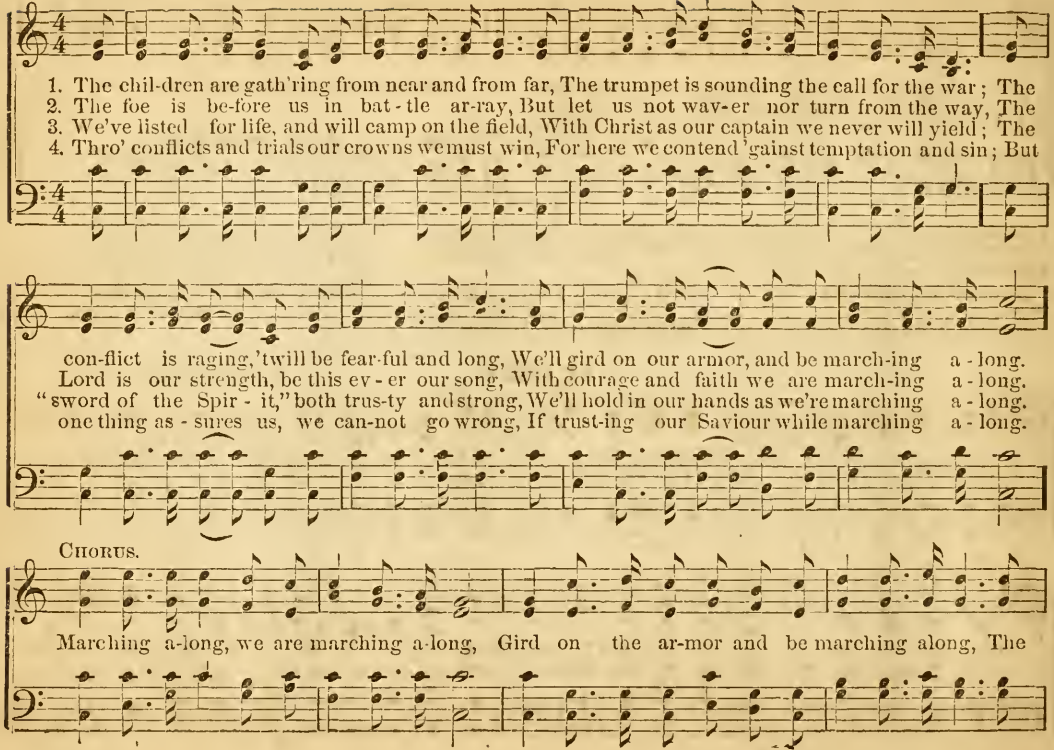
H. N. WHITNEY. By per.

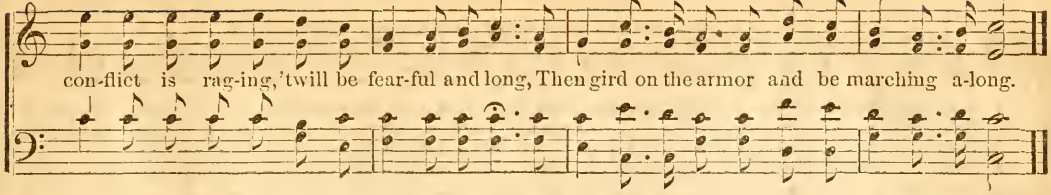


MARCHING ALONG.

Words by R. P. CLARK.

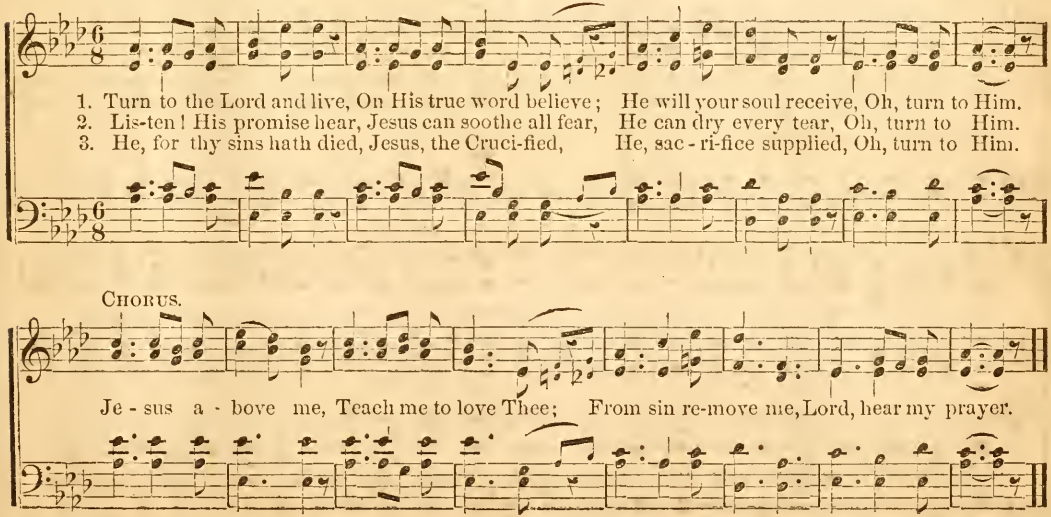
WM. B. BRADBURY.
From "Golden Chain." By permission.





WALBRIDGE.

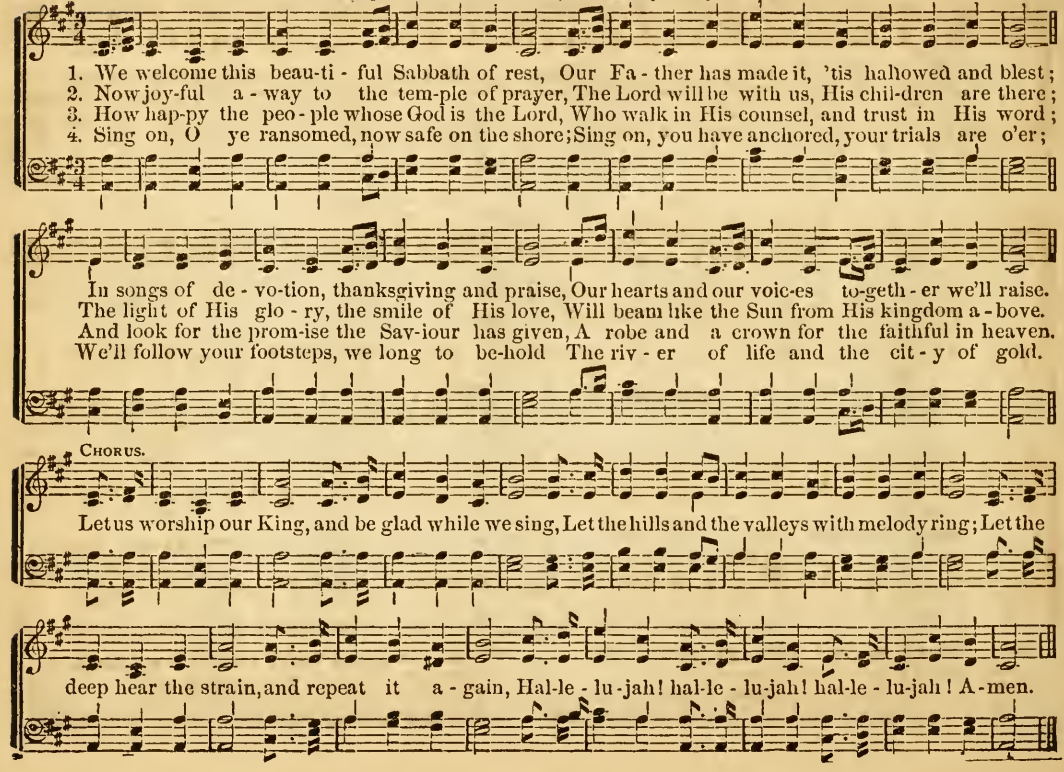
Words by W. C. W. Arr. from NANNIE.



Words by FANNY CROSBY.

SABBATH WELCOME.

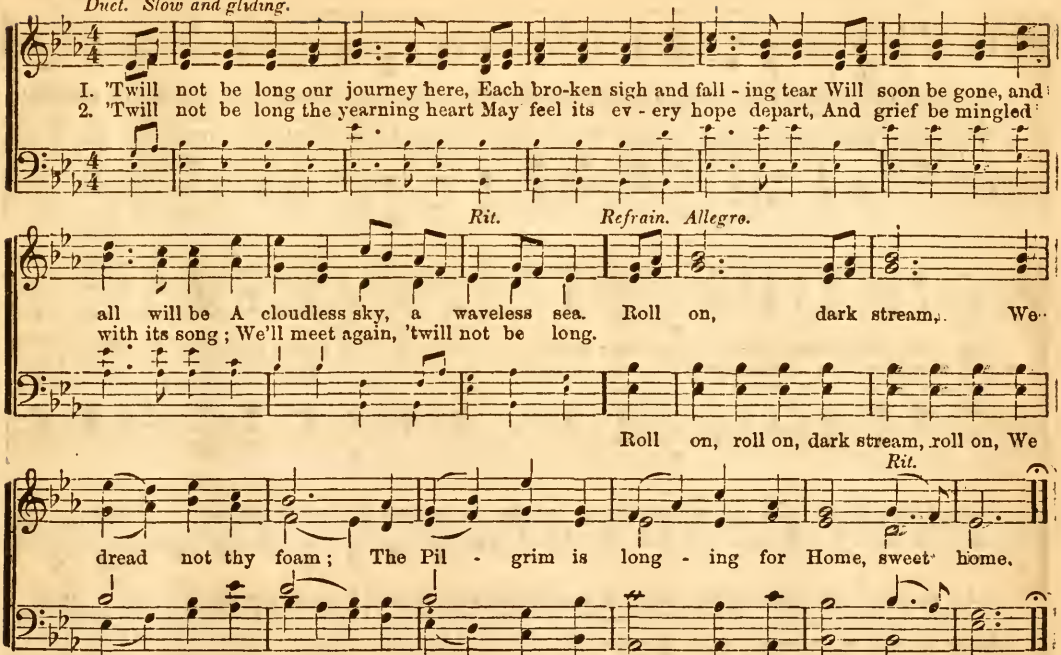
CHESTER G. ALLEN.
From "Pure Gold," by per.

"Ye shall keep the Sabbath therefore; for it is holy unto you."—Ex. 31: 14.

'TWILL NOT BE LONG.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.
From "Bright Jewels," by pet

Duet. Slow and gliding.



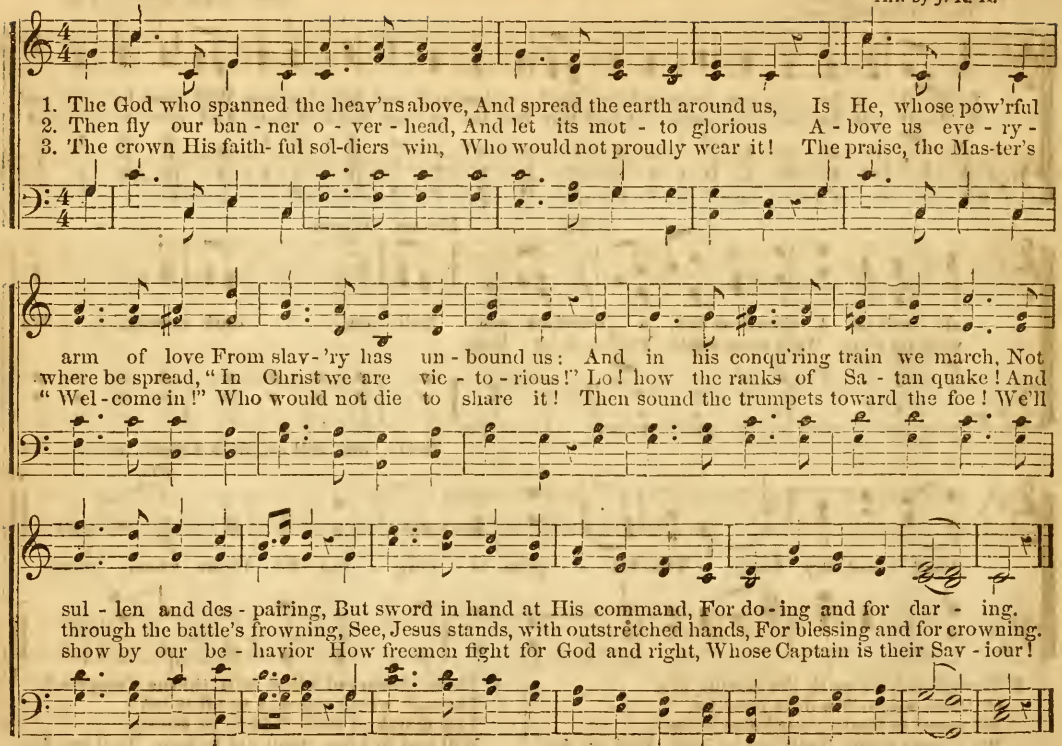
3 Though sad we mark the closing eye,
Of those we lov'din days gone by,
Yet sweet in death their latest song—
We'll meet again, 'twill not be long. Roll on, &c.

4 These checkered wilds, with thorns o'erspread,
Through which our way so oft is led—
This march of time, if faith be strong,
Will end in bliss, 'twill not be long. Roll on, &c.

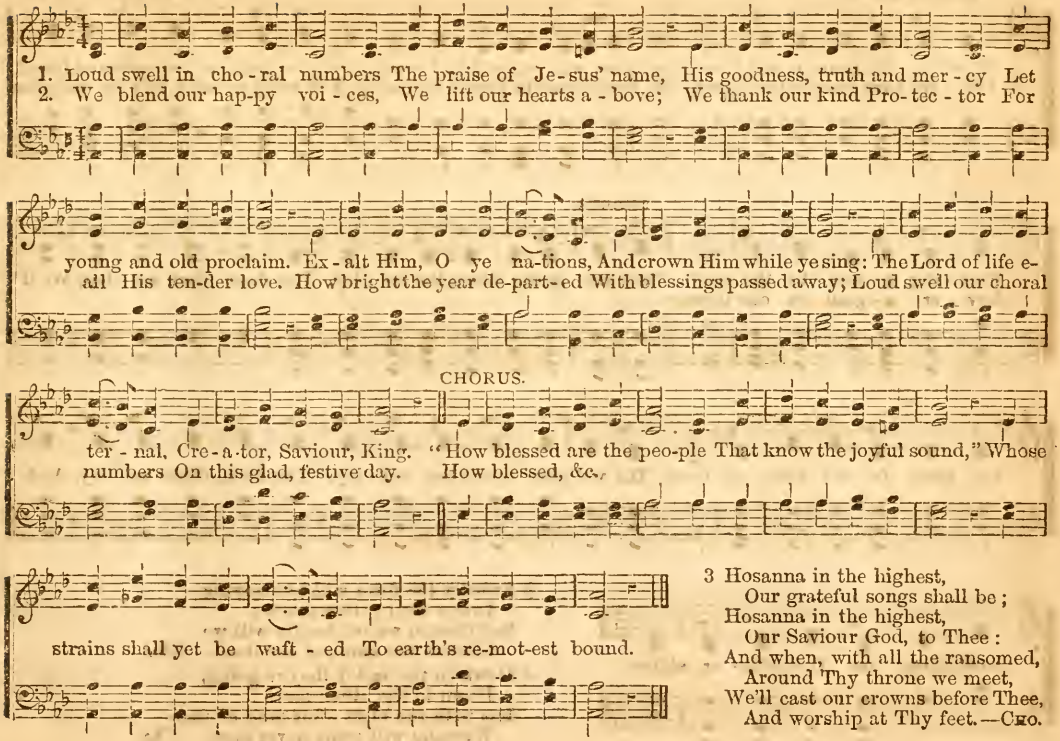
Words by R. W. RAYMOND.

BATTLE SONG.

From the German.
Arr. by J. R. H.



FANNY CROSBY. CHESTER G. ALLEN.

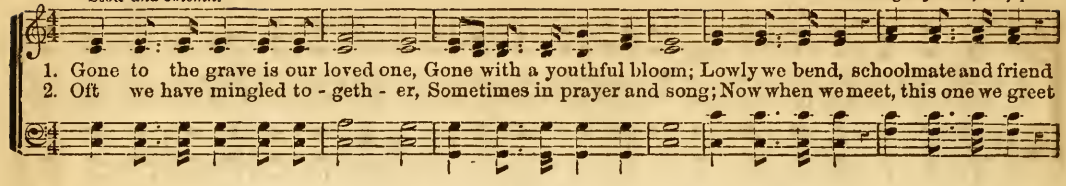


3 Hosanna in the highest,
Our grateful songs shall be;
Hosanna in the highest,
Our Saviour God, to Thee:
And when, with all the ransomed,
Around Thy throne we meet,
We'll cast our crowns before Thee,
And worship at Thy feet.—Cho.

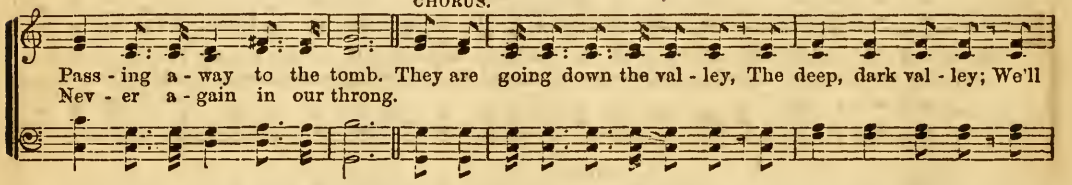
THEY ARE GOING DOWN THE VALLEY.

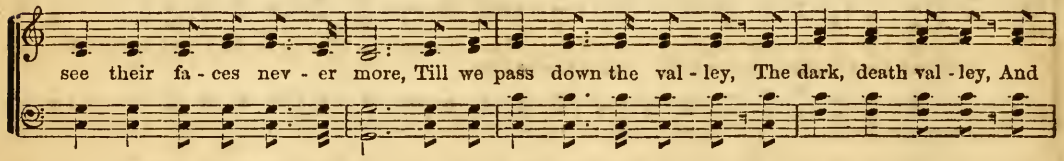
REV. R. LOWRY.
From "Bright Jewels," by per.

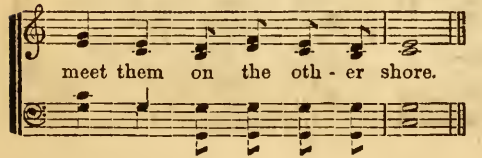
Slow and solemn.



CHORUS.



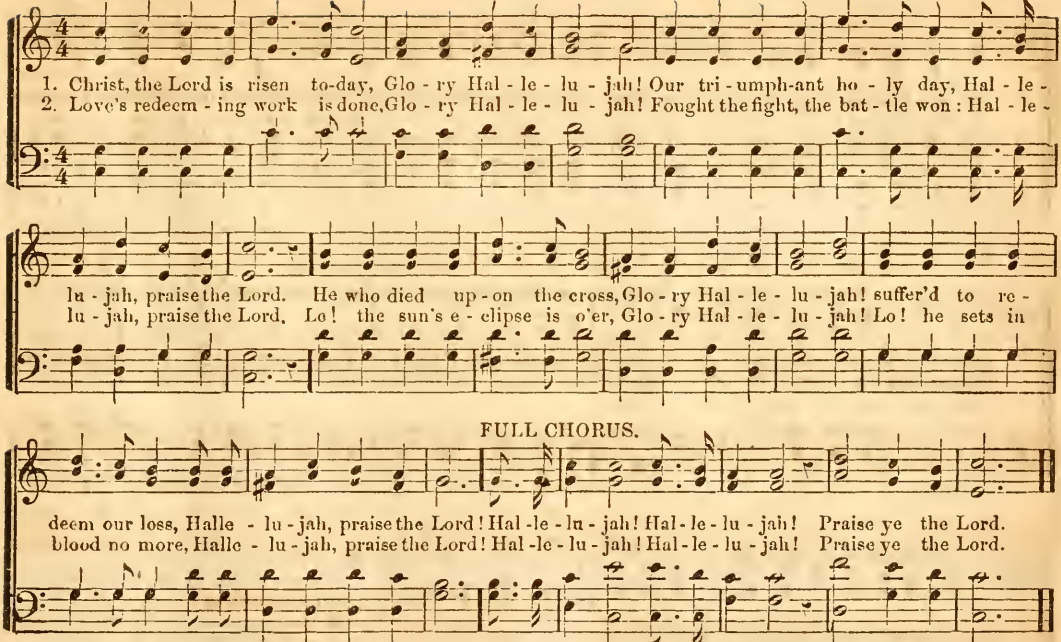




3 Sweetly the form will be sleeping,
Under the cypress shade;
Sad though we be, fondly will we
Cherish the name of the dead. *Cho.*

4 Down in the valley they're going,
Down to the other shore;
But with the blest—fair land of rest—
Weeping will come never more. *Cho.*

From "Fresh Laurels," by per.

Spirited, but not to fast.

3 Vain the stone, the wateh, the seal,—
Christ has burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ hath open'd Paradise.

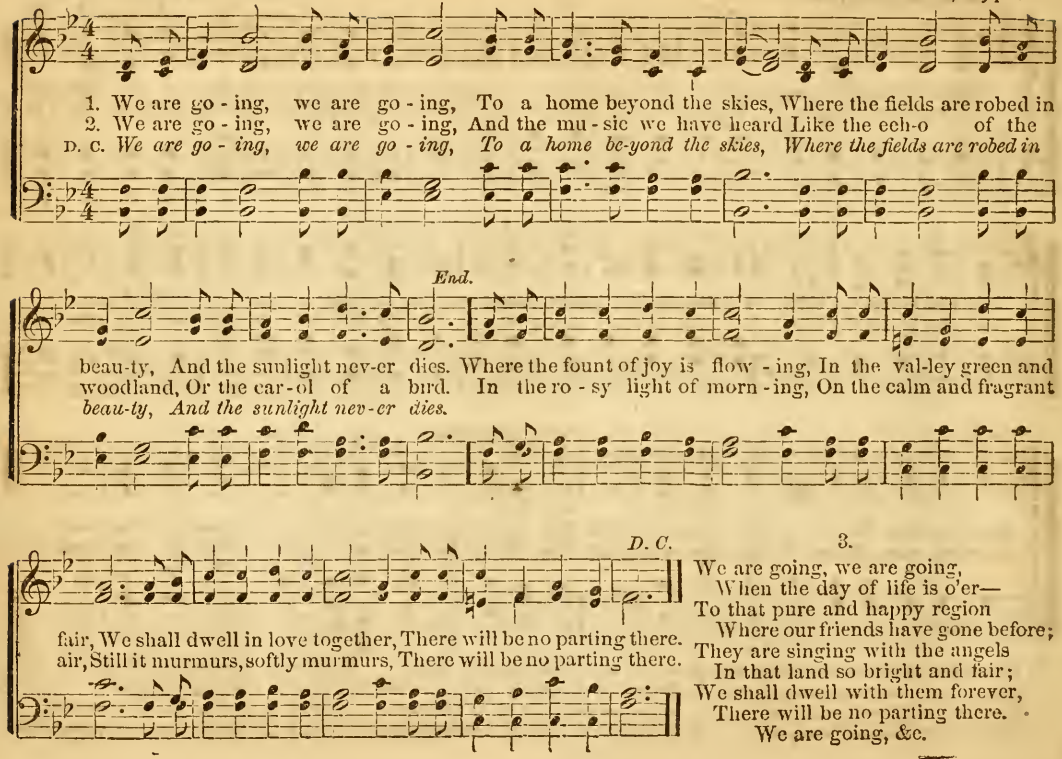
4 Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once he died our souls to save;
Where's thy viet'ry, boasting grave!

5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Follow our exalted head;
Made like him, like him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

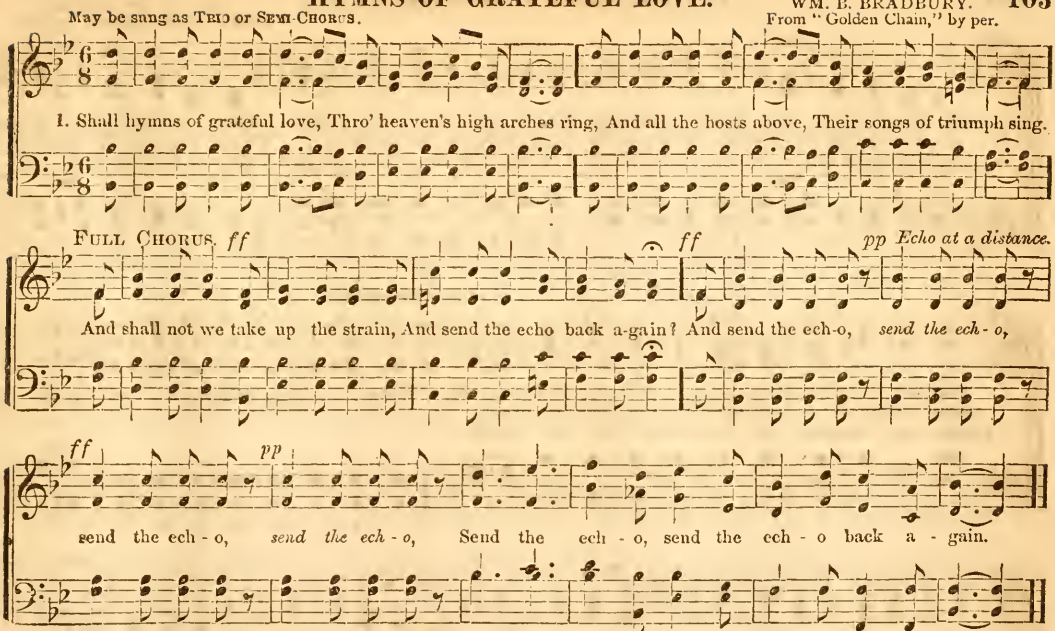
BRIGHT HOME ABOVE.

WM. B. BRADBURY.
From "Golden Censer," by per.



3.

We are going, we are going,
When the day of life is o'er—
To that pure and happy region
Where our friends have gone before;
They are singing with the angels
In that land so bright and fair;
We shall dwell with them forever,
There will be no parting there.
We are going, &c.



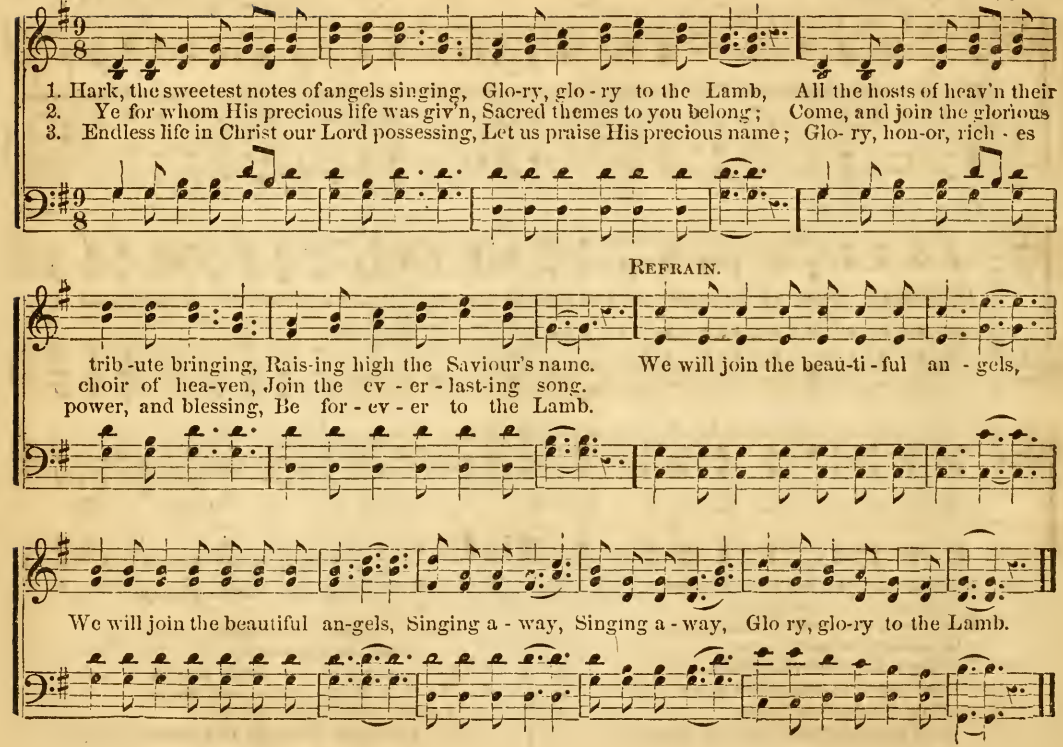
2 Shall every ransomed tribe
Of Adam's scattered race,
To Christ all powers ascribe,
Who saved them by his grace.—*Cho.*

3 Shall they adore the Lord,
Who bought them with His blood,
And all the love record,
That led them home to God.—*Cho.*

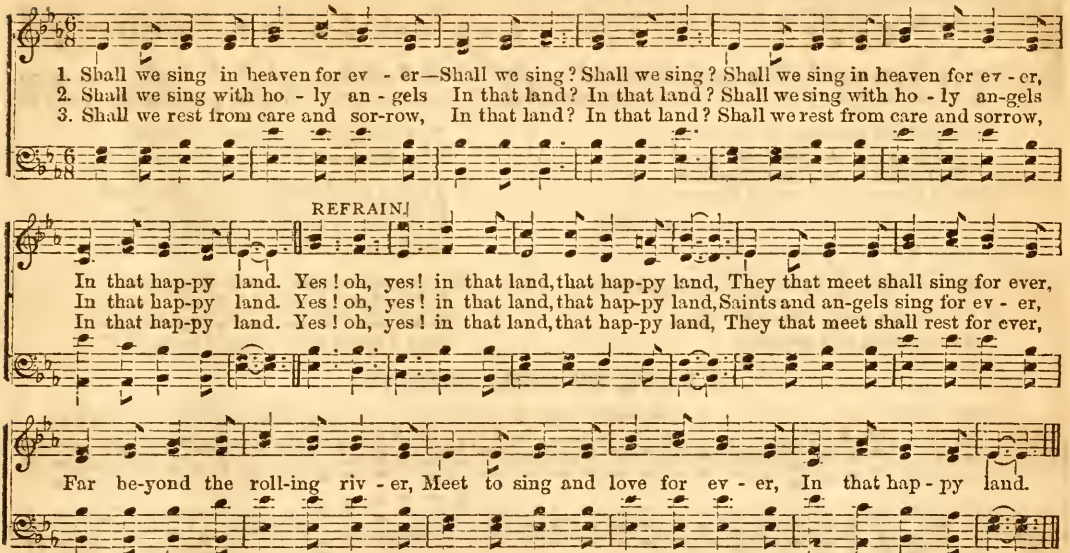
4 Then spread the joyful sound,
The Saviour's love proclaim,
And publish all around,
Salvation through His name.—*Cho.*

GLORY, GLORY TO THE LAMB.

WM. B. BRADBURY.
"From "Golden Censer." By per.



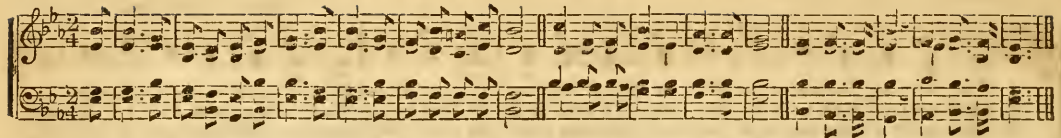
SHALL WE SING IN HEAVEN?

WM. B. BRADBURY.
From "Golden Chain," by per.

4 Shall we meet our dear, lost children
In that land? In that land?
Shall we meet our dear, lost children
In that happy land?
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
Children meet and sing for ever
Far beyond the rolling river,
Meet to sing and love for ever,
In that happy land.

5 Shall we know our blessed Saviour
In that land? In that land?
Shall we know our blessed Saviour
In that happy land?
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
We shall know our blessed Saviour,
Far beyond the rolling river,
Love and serve him there for ever,
In that happy land

MAY I COME IN?

WM. F. SHERWIN. By per.



1 Behold me standing at the door,
And hear me pleading ever-more
With gentle voice above the din,
"May I come in?" "May I come in?"

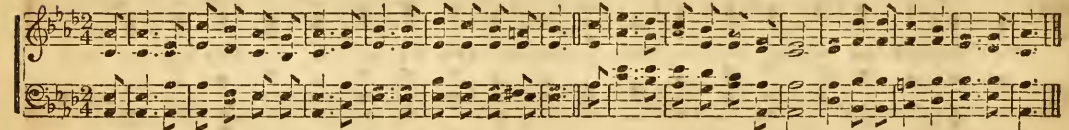
2 I fought for thee with death's dark wave,
I burst the dungeons of the grave;
I would my rightful guerdon win—
"May I come in?" "May I come in?"

3 I wore the cruel thorns for thee;
I listen long and patiently
To hear thy footsteps from within,
"May I come in?" "May I come in?"

4 There's surely room within thy breast
For one more loving than the rest;
More loving far than earthly kin—
"May I come in?" "May I come in?"

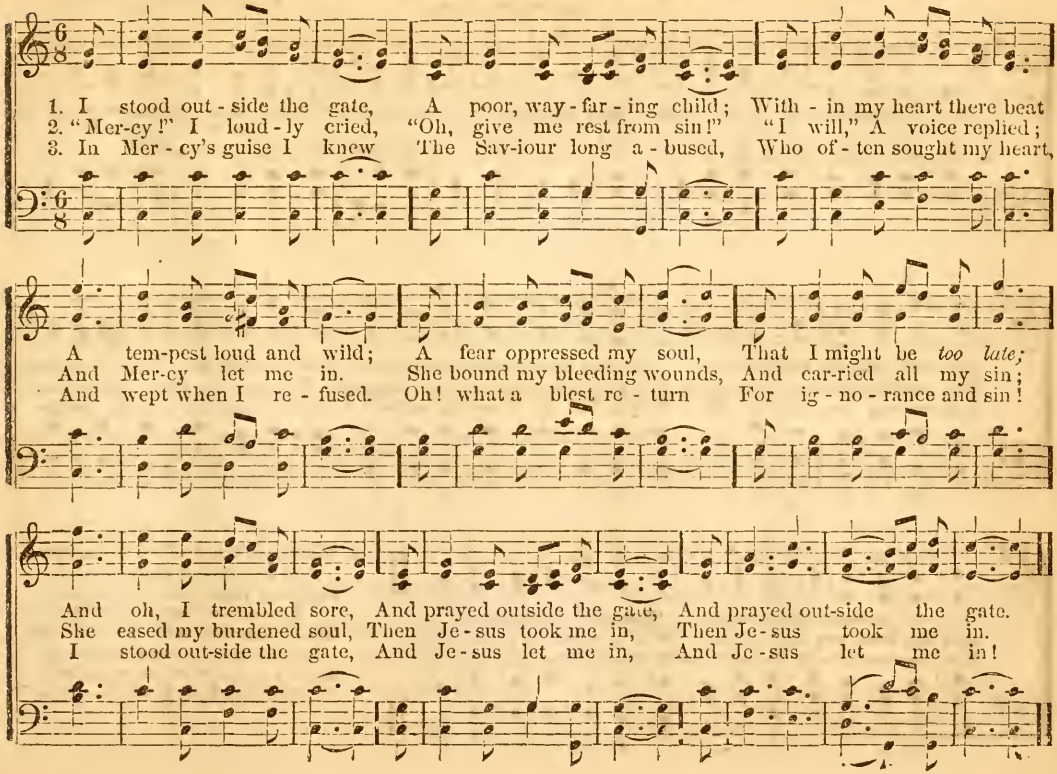
5 I would not have thee beat in vain
My Father's door, and plead in pain
When Heaven and all its joys begin—
"May I come in?" "May I come in?"

O LAMB OF GOD, COME IN!

By permission. (Answer to "MAY I COME IN?") Words and Music by WM. F. SHERWIN.

1 O Heavenly Guest, thy call I hear,
Thy pleadings move my soul within;
My heart is open now to Thee;
O Lamb of God, come in, come in.

2 Here let thy dwelling ever be,
And far remove my every sin;
Thrice welcome to my longing soul!
Thou Best of Friends, come in, come in.

3 Supreme o'er all my being rule,
That earth no more my love may win;
Abide with me till life depart;
O Blessed One, come in, come, in.

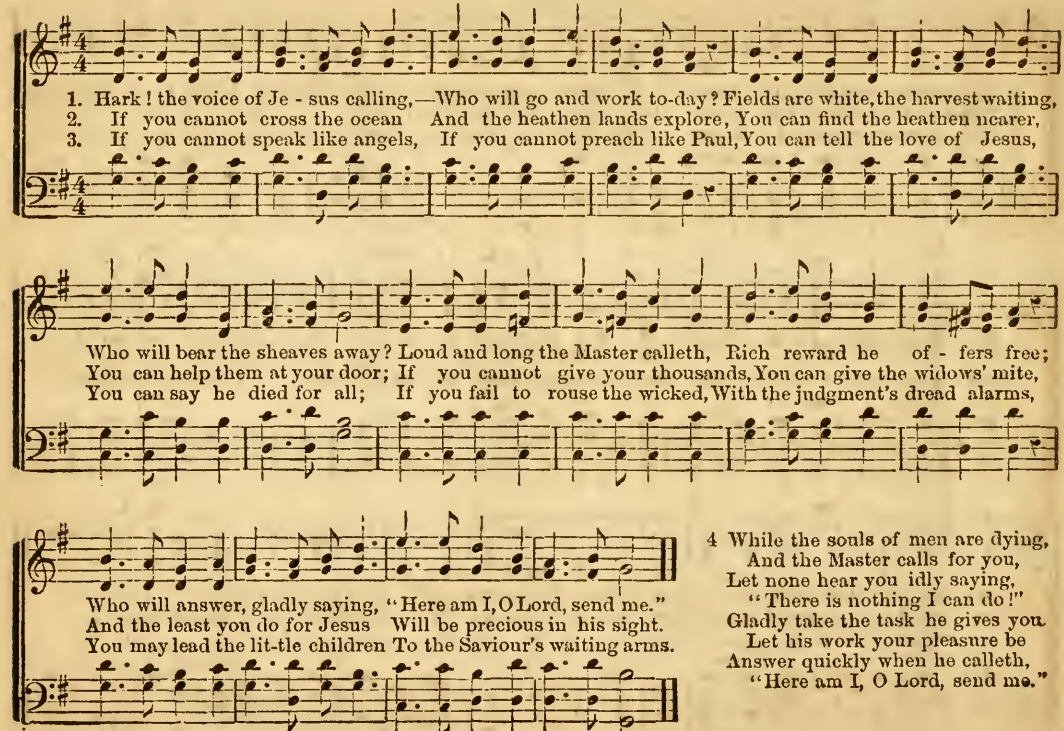
4 Help me to love thee more and more;
Now let the work of grace begin;
My strength, my hope, my Saviour dear,
Thou ALL IN ALL, come in, come in.

1. I stood out - side the gate, A poor, way - far - ing child; With - in my heart there beat
2. "Mer-cy!" I loud - ly cried, "Oh, give me rest from sin!" "I will," A voice replied;
3. In Mer - cy's guise I knew The Sav-iour long a - bused, Who of - ten sought my heart,
A tem-pest loud and wild; A fear oppressed my soul, That I might be *too late;*
And Mer-cy let me in. She bound my bleeding wounds, And car-ried all my sin;
And wept when I re - fused. Oh! what a blest re - turn For ig - no - rance and sin!
And oh, I trembled sore, And prayed outside the gate, And prayed out-side the gate.
She eased my burdened soul, Then Je - sus took me in, Then Je - sus took me in.
I stood out-side the gate, And Je - sus let me in, And Je - sus let me in!

Words by V. A.

HARK! THE VOICE OF JESUS.

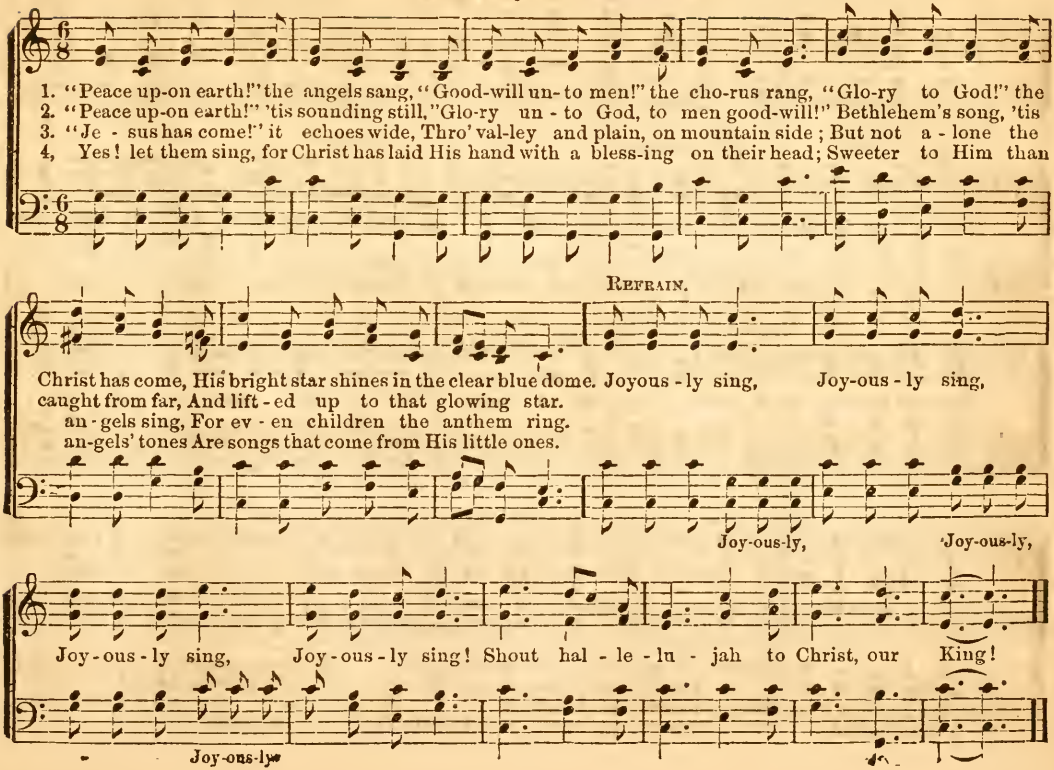
MISSION SONG.

P. P. VAN ARSDALE.
From "Bright Jewels," by per.



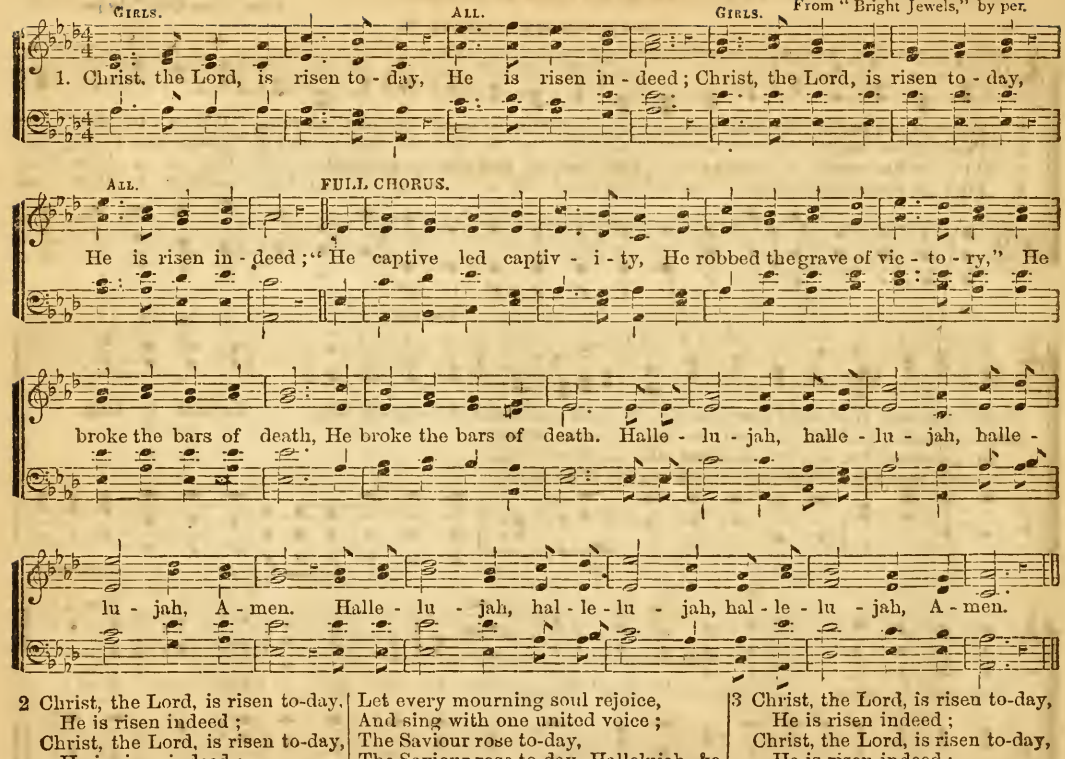
4 While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you,
Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do!"
Gladly take the task he gives you.
Let his work your pleasure be
Answer quickly when he calleth,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."

"Peace be unto you."—Luke 24 : 36.



EASTER ANTHEM.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.
From "Bright Jewels," by per.



2 Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,
He is risen indeed;
Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,
He is risen indeed;
Let every mourning soul rejoice,
And sing with one united voice;
The Saviour rose to-day,
The Saviour rose to-day. Hallelujah, &c.

3 Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,
He is risen indeed;
Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,
He is risen indeed;

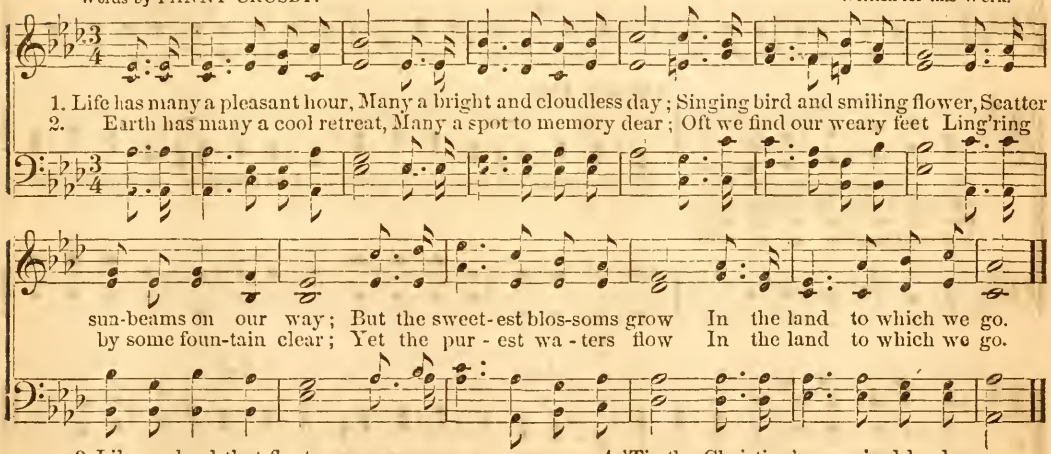
The great and glorious work is done,
Free grace to all through Christ, the Son;
Hosanna to His name,
Hosanna to His name. Hallelujah, &c.

4 Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,
He is risen indeed;
Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,
He is risen indeed;
Let all that fill the earth and sea,
Break forth in tuneful melody,
And swell the mighty song,
And swell the mighty song. Hallelujah. &c.

THE LAND TO WHICH WE GO.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

WM. F. SHERWIN.
Written for this Work.

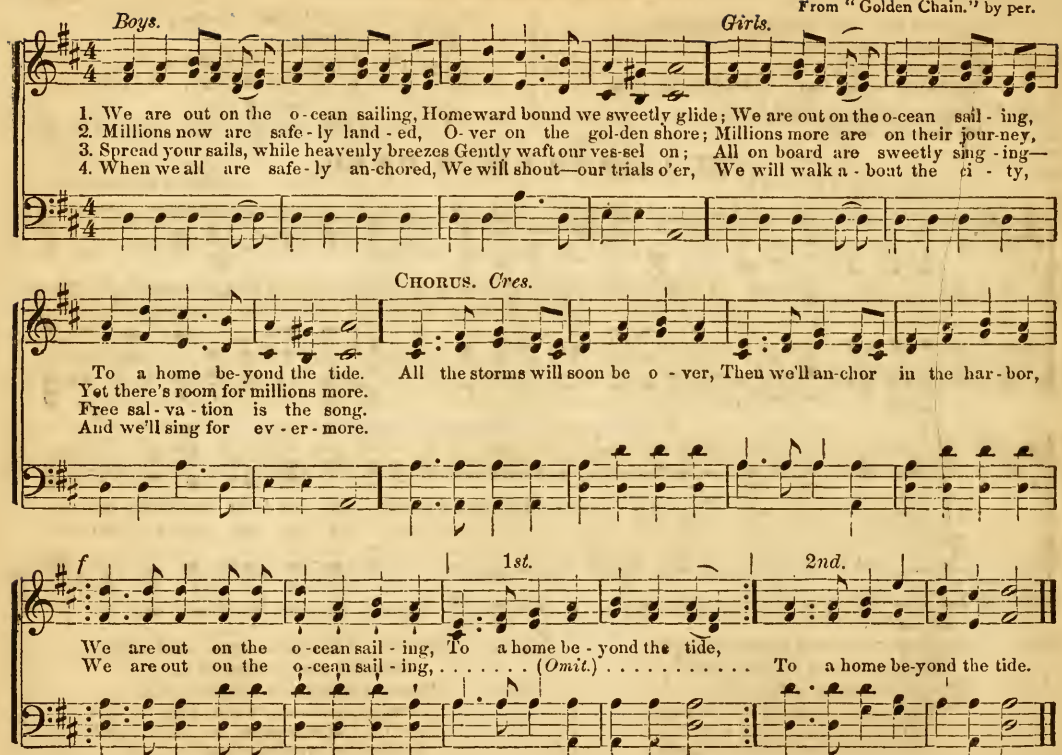


3 Like a cloud that floats away,
Like the early morning dew,
Here the fairest things decay;
There, are pleasures ever new.
Only joy the heart will know
In the land to which we go.

4 'Tis the Christian's promised land;
There is everlasting day;
There a Saviour's loving hand
Wipes the mourner's tears away;
Oh! the rapture we shall know
In the land to which we go.

THE GOLDEN SHORE.

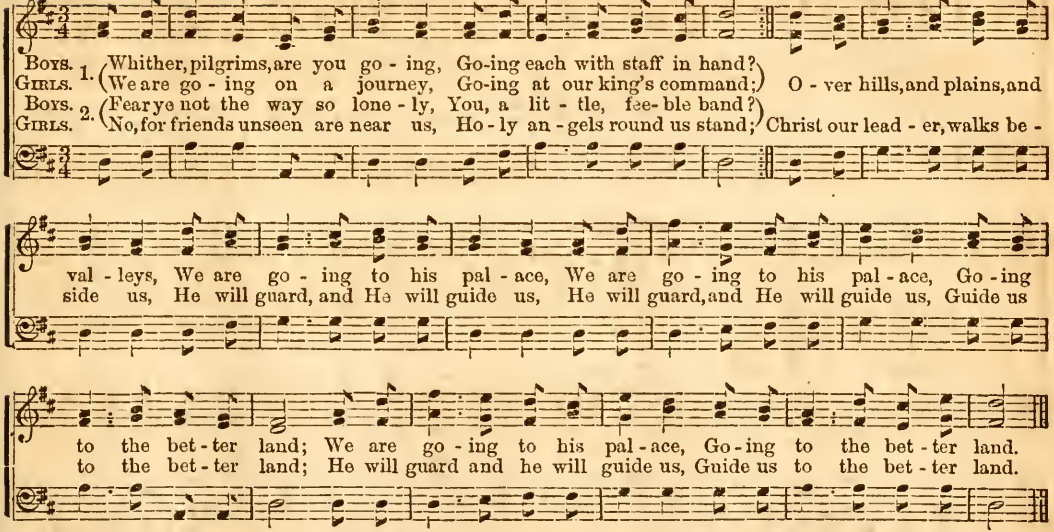
WM. B. BRADBURY.
From "Golden Chain," by per.



From the "Golden Chain," by per.

"But now they desire a better country, that is an heavenly."—*Paul.*

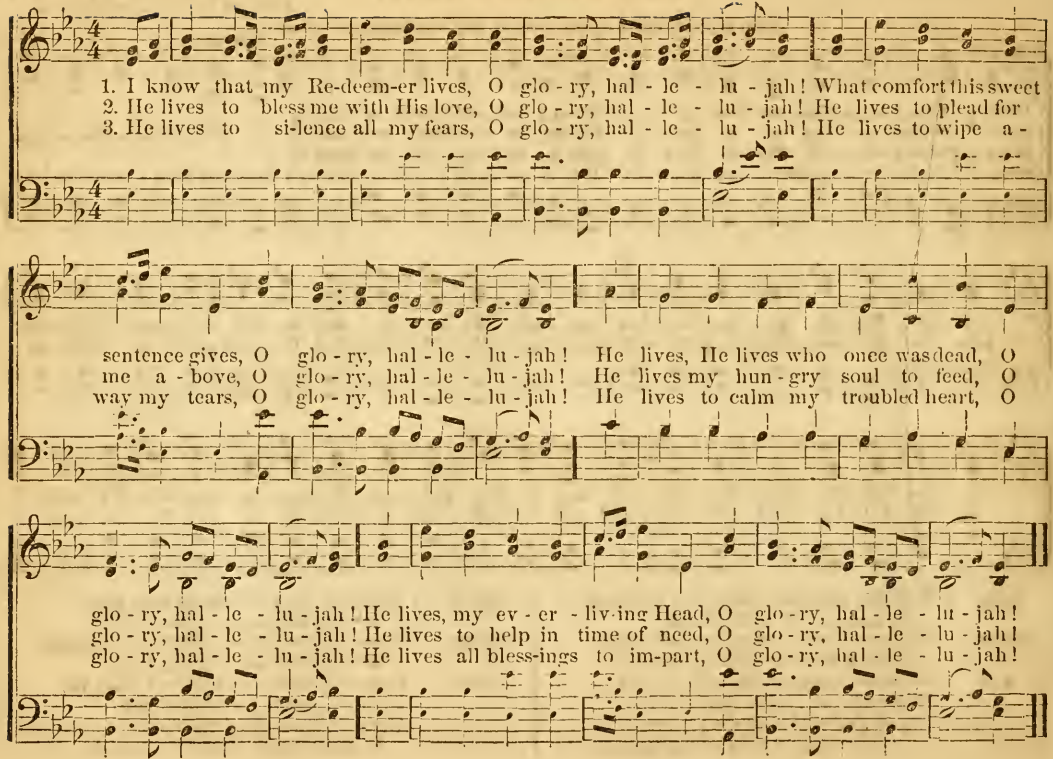
CHORUS.



Boys. 3 Tell me, pilgrims, what you hope for
In that far-off, better land?
Girls. Spotless robes and crowns of glory
From a Saviour's loving hand;
All. We shall drink of life's clear river
We shall dwell with God forever,
We shall dwell with God forever
In that bright, that better land.

Boys. 4 Pilgrims, may we travel with you
To that bright and better land?
Girls. Come and welcome, come and welcome,
Welcome to our pilgrim band.
All. Come, O come! and do not leave us,
Christ is waiting to receive us,
Christ is waiting to receive us,
In that bright, that better land.

BALMY DEW.

Arr. by Rev. CHAS. BEECHER

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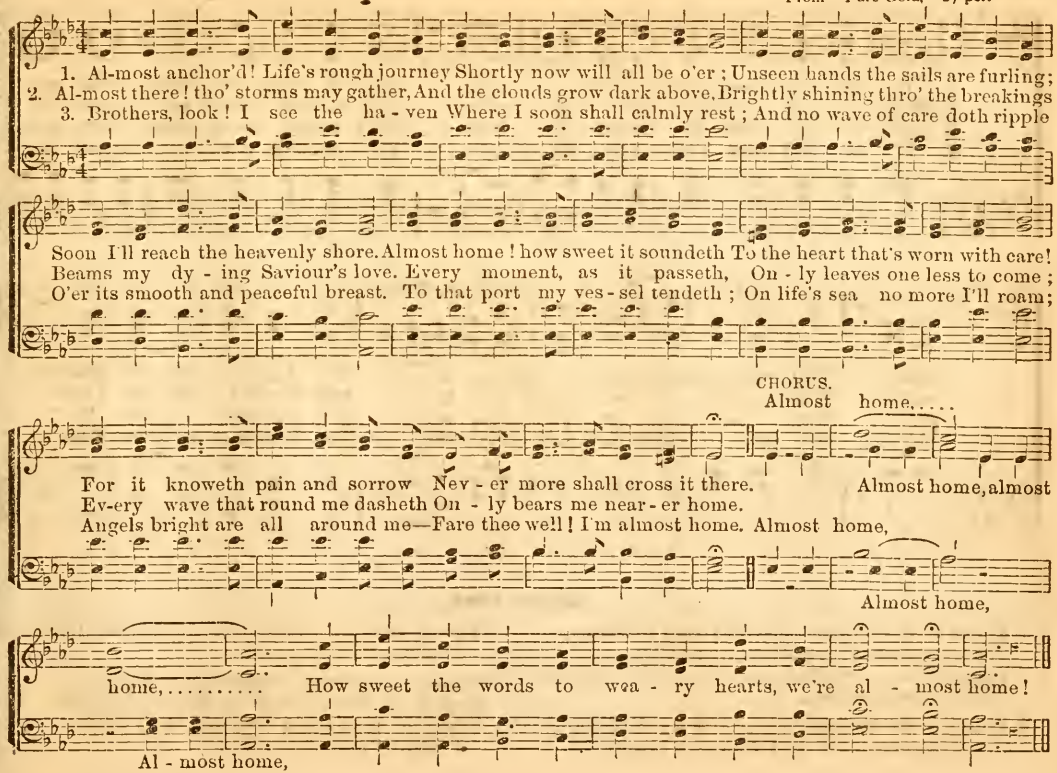
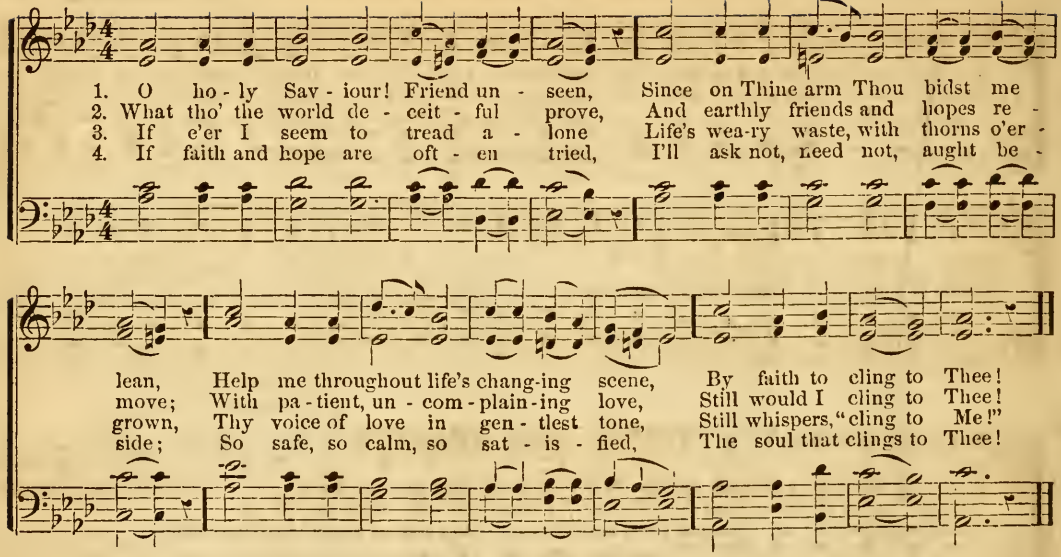



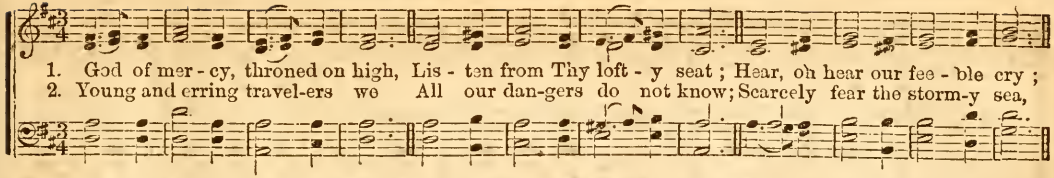
SECOND HYMN.

1 Praise ye the Father! for His loving kindness,
Tenderly cares He for His erring children,
Praise Him, ye angels, praise Him in the heavens,
Praise ye Jehovah!

2 Praise ye the Saviour! great is His compassion,
Graciously cares He for His chosen people;
Young men and maidens, ye old men and children,
Praise ye the Saviour!

3 Praise ye the Spirit! comforter of Israel,
Sent of the Father, and the Son to bless us;
Praise ye the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Praise ye the Triune God!

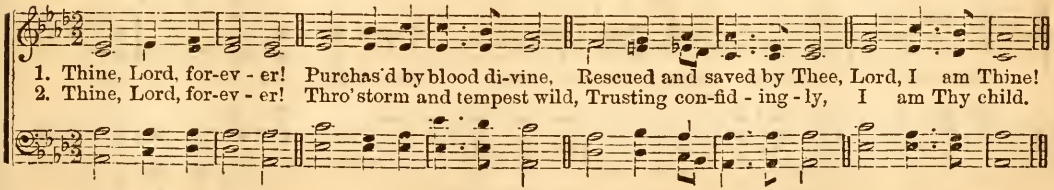
GOD OF MERCY, THRONED ON HIGH. From "Cantica Sacra."



3 Jesus, Lover of the young,
Cleanse us with Thy Blood divine
Ere the tide of sin grow strong,
Save us, keep us, make us Thine.

4 Saviour, give us faith, and pour
Hope and Love on every soul,-
Hope, till time shall be no more ;
Love, while endless ages roll. Amen.

THINE, LORD, FOREVER!

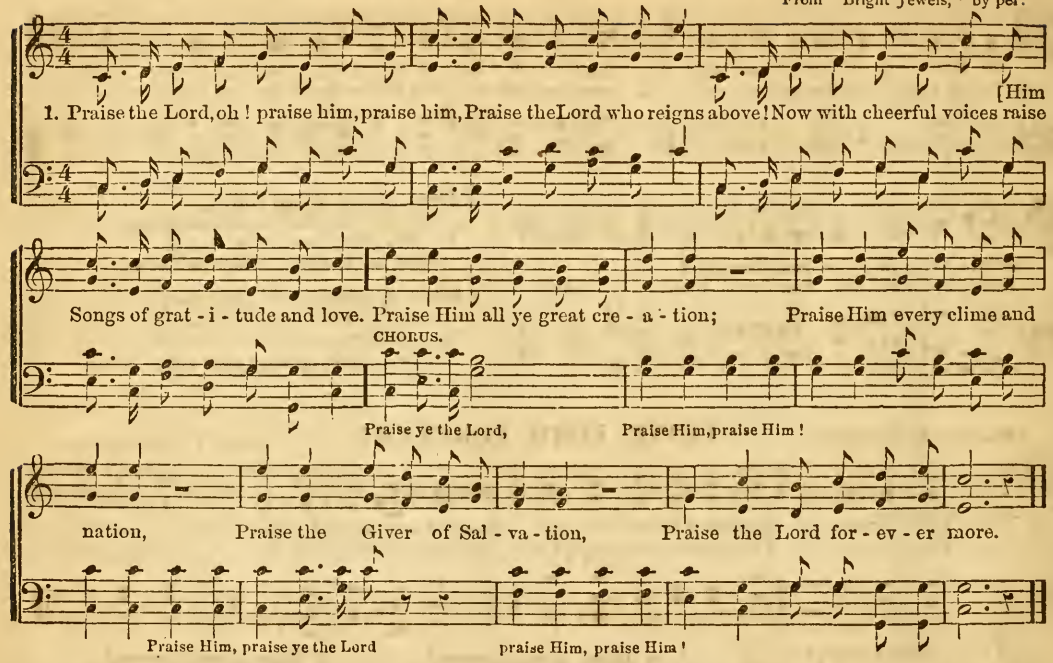
Words by W. BENNETT. HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.

3 Thine, Lord, forever!
Cheered by Thy precious word,
Thro' darkness, doubts, and fears,
Thine, thine, O Lord!

4 Thine, Lord, forever!
Tho' death shall lay me low,
E'en in that dreadful hour
Thine, Lord, I know!

5 Thine, Lord, forever!
When safe before Thy throne
I stand, forevermore
Thine, thine alone!

PRAISE THE LORD. (Anthem.)

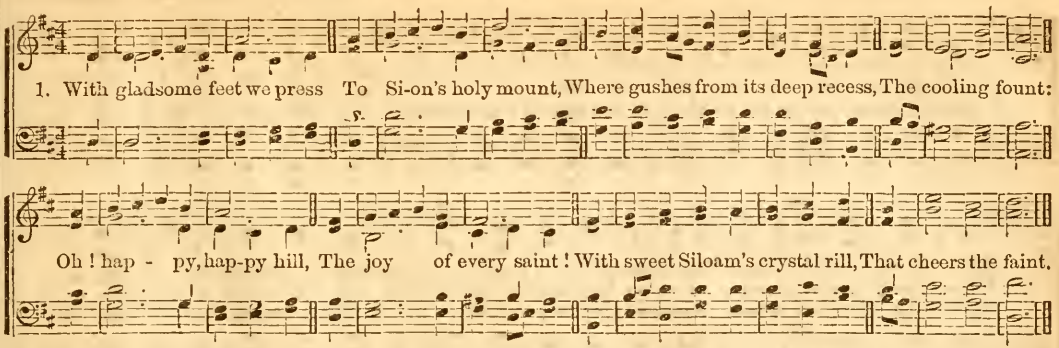
WM. B. BRADBURY.
From "Bright Jewels," by per.



2 Praise the Lord of life and glory,
Praise the Lord of truth and grace;
Tell to all His wond'rous story·
Bid them early seek his face.—*Cho.*

3 Praise the Lord with loud hosannas,
Praise Him with the mighty throng:
Write His name upon your banners,
Be His praise your battle song!

4 Praise the Giver of Salvation,
Praise him every clime and tongue;
Heav'n and earth, and all creation
Shout aloud in joyful song!—*Cho.*



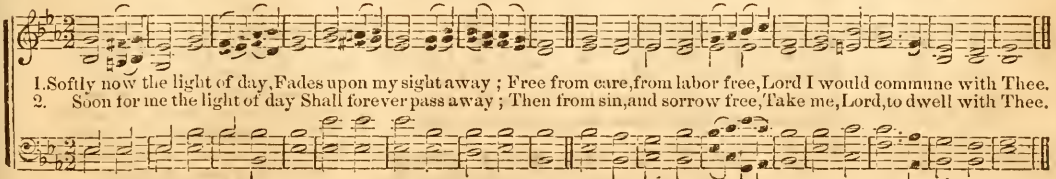
2 Great City, blest of God!
Jerusalem the free!
With ceaseless step the path be trod
That leads to Thee!
The martyr's bleeding feet,
The saints with woundless breast,
Alike have sought Thy golden seat
To win their rest.

3 There, calming all alarms,
Thy Cross of Love is traced,
Outstretching salutary arms,
To bless the waste;
The sinner there can plead
In ever listening Ears;
On hope and Thee, can sweetly feed,
And dry his tears.

4 So this our festal day
Celestial joy shall raise,
While lips and hearts, conjoined, essay
To hymn Thy praise!
The very stones shall ring,
Resound each holy wall, [Spring,
With Thee, Thyself the Rock, the
Our Heaven, our All!

HOLLY. 7s.

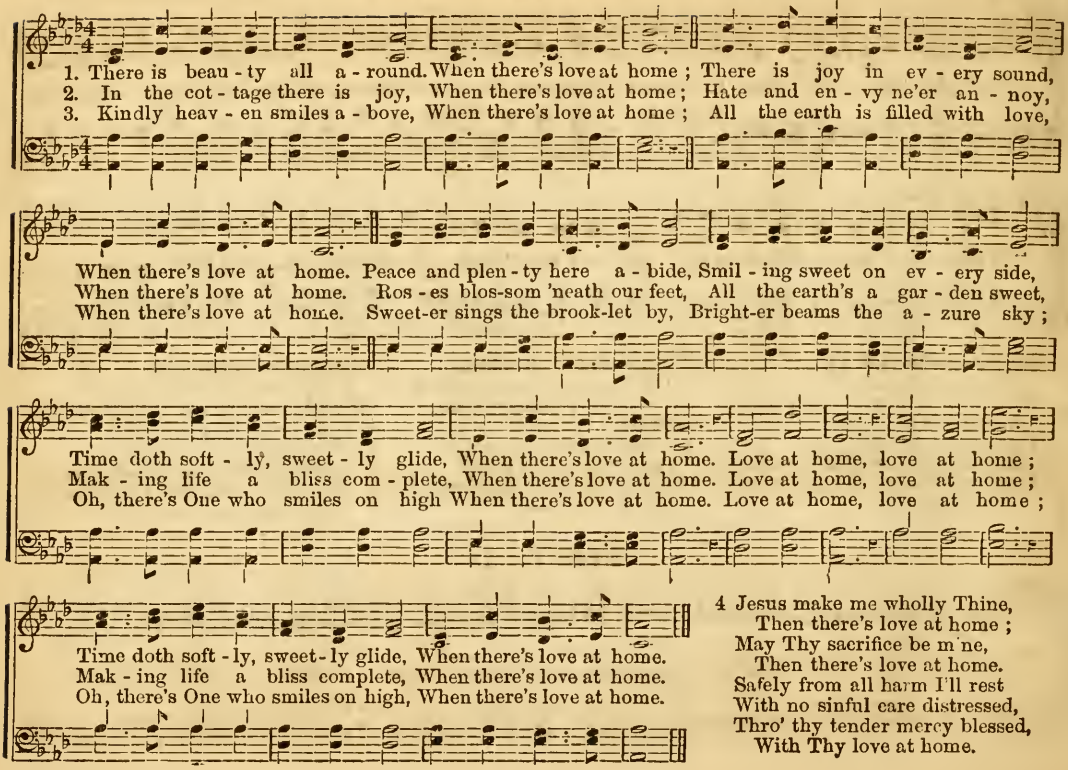
GEO. HEWS.



By permission.

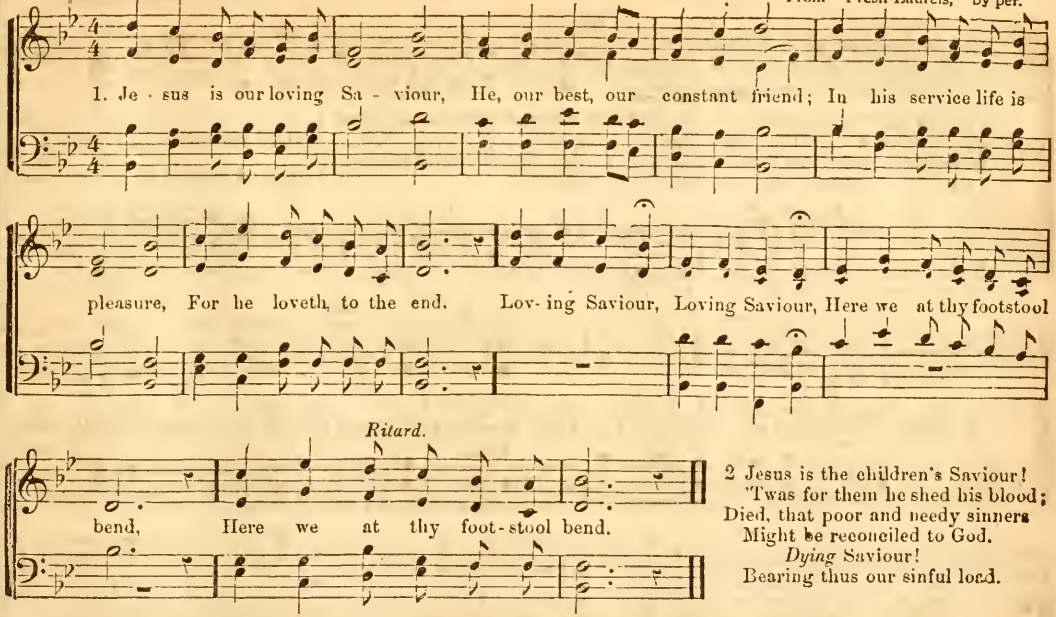
LOVE AT HOME.

Words and Music by J. H. McNAUGHTON.



4 Jesus make me wholly Thine,
Then there's love at home ;
May Thy sacrifice be mine
Then there's love at home.
Safely from all harm I'll rest
With no sinful care distressed,
Thro' thy tender mercy blessed,
With Thy love at home.

THE CHILDREN'S SAVIOUR.

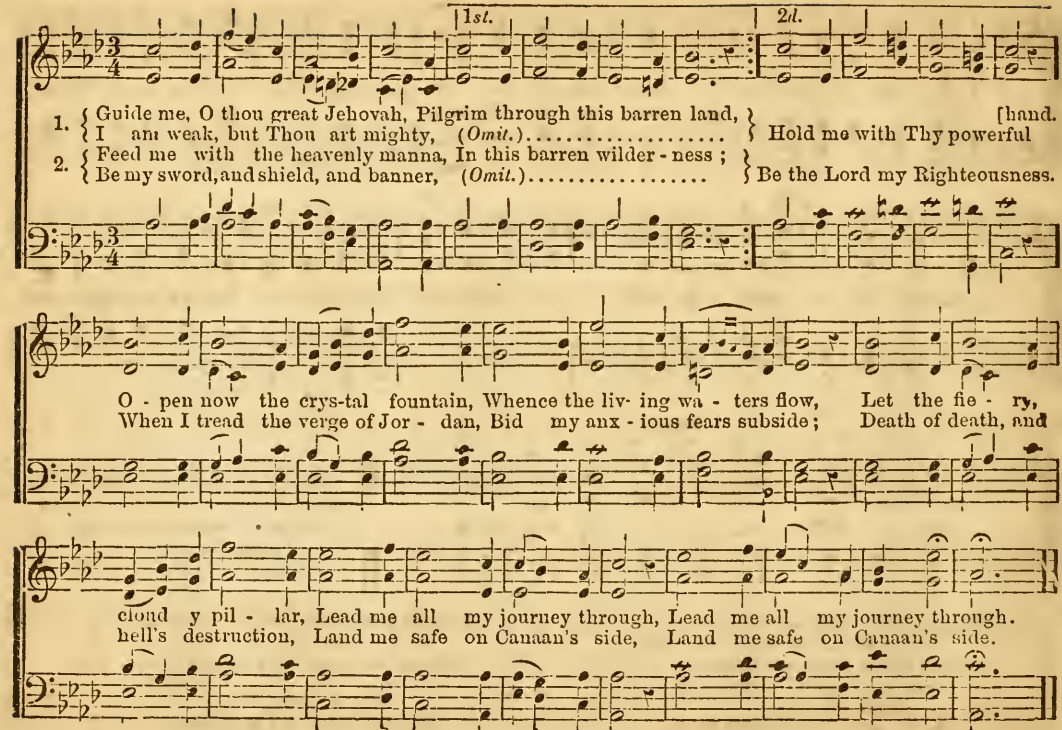
Words by R. P. CLARK. WM. B. BRADBURY. From "Fresh Laurels," by per.

2 Jesus is the children's Saviour!
'Twas for them he shed his blood;
Died, that poor and needy sinners
Might be reconciled to God.
Dying Saviour!
Bearing thus our sinful load.

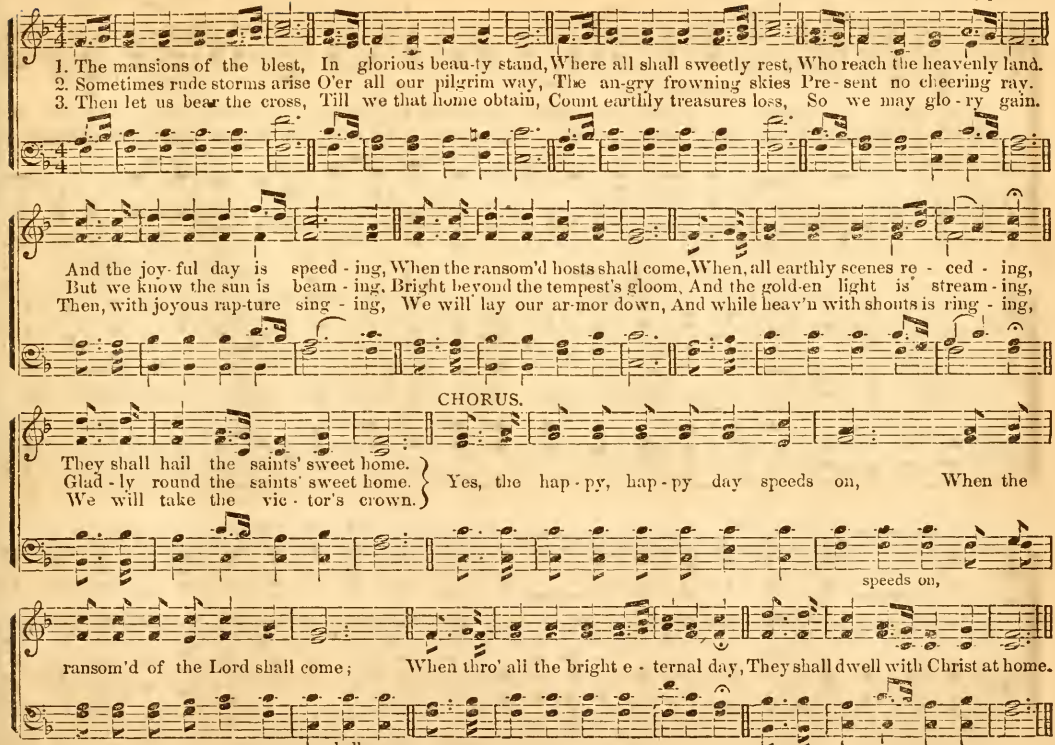
3 Jesus is the children's Saviour!
"Suffer them," he says, "to come,"
If they seek his face and favor.
They shall share his Heavenly Home,
Risen Saviour!
Never more from thee to roam.

4 Loving, Suffering, Dying Saviour!
Risen, *Glorious* on thy throne,
Haste the day when every idol
Shall by truth be overthrown.
And the kingdoms
Of the earth, to Thee belong.

GUIDANCE. 8s & 6s.

Arr. from Flotow.



From "N. Y. Mus. Gazette," by per.

WORDS BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

MY HOME IS THERE.

WM. B. BRADBURY.
From "Fresh Laurels," by per.

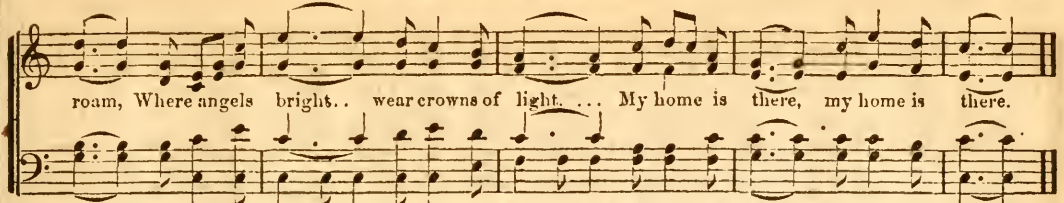
1. A - bove the waves of earth - ly strife, Above the ills.. and cares of life, Where all is
2. Where liv - ing foun - tains sweet - ly flow. Where buds and flowers im - mortal grow, Where trees their

CHORUS.

peace - ful, bright, and fair; My home is there, My home is there. My beau-ti - ful
fruits ee - les - tial bear; My home is there, My home is there. My beau-ti - ful

My

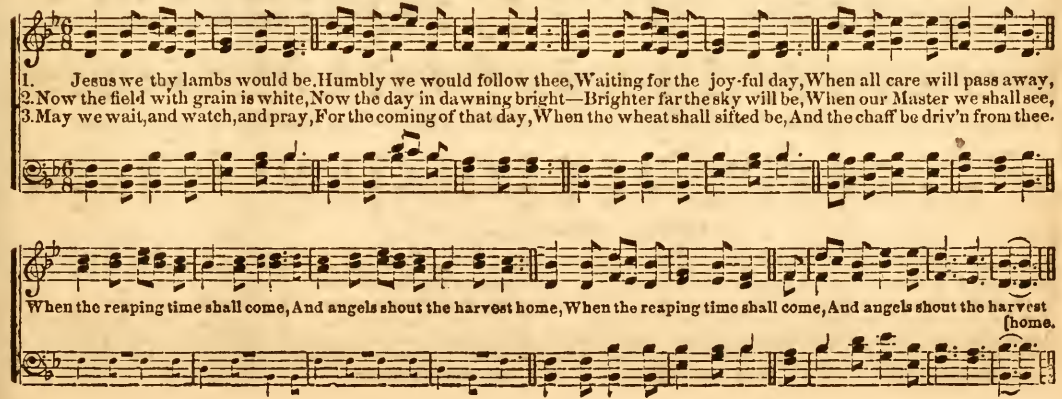
home,..... My beau - ti - ful home,.... In the land where the glo - ri - fied ev - er shall

beau-ti - ful home,.... My beau-ti-ful home, In the land where the glo - ri - fied ev er shall

3 Away from sorrow, doubt and pain,
Away from worldly loss and gain,
From all temptation, tears and care;
My home is there, my home is there. *Cho.*

4 Beyond the bright and pearly gates,
Where Jesus, loving Saviour, waits,
Where all is peaceful, bright, and fair;
My home is there, my home is there. *Cho.*

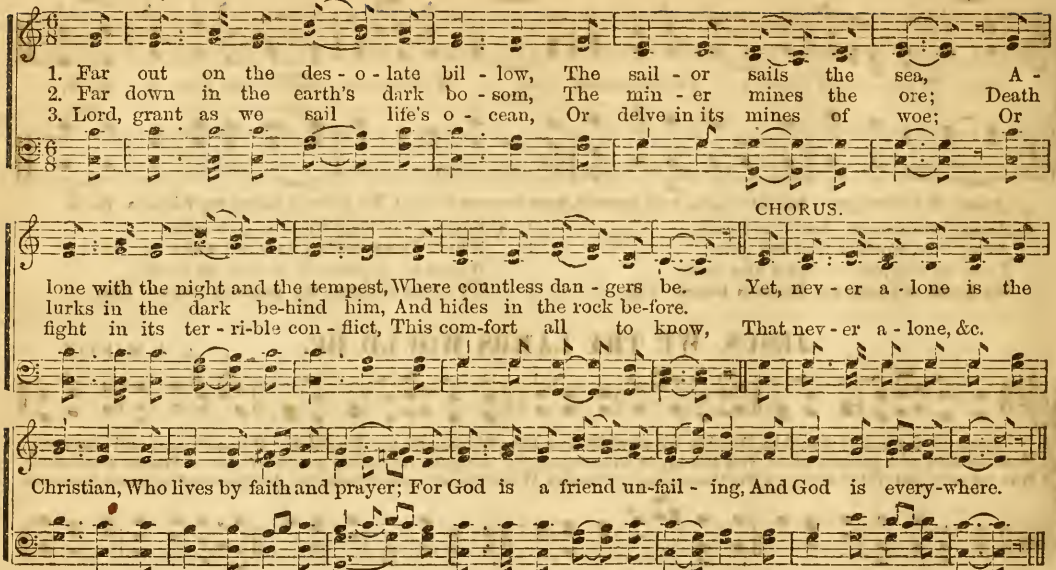
JESUS, WE THY LAMBS WOULD BE.

C. A. MARVIN.



NEVER ALONE.

Words by R. W. RAYMOND. F. SILCHER.



AMERICA. (National Hymn.) 103 Trio. REV. S. F. SMITH. 1831.

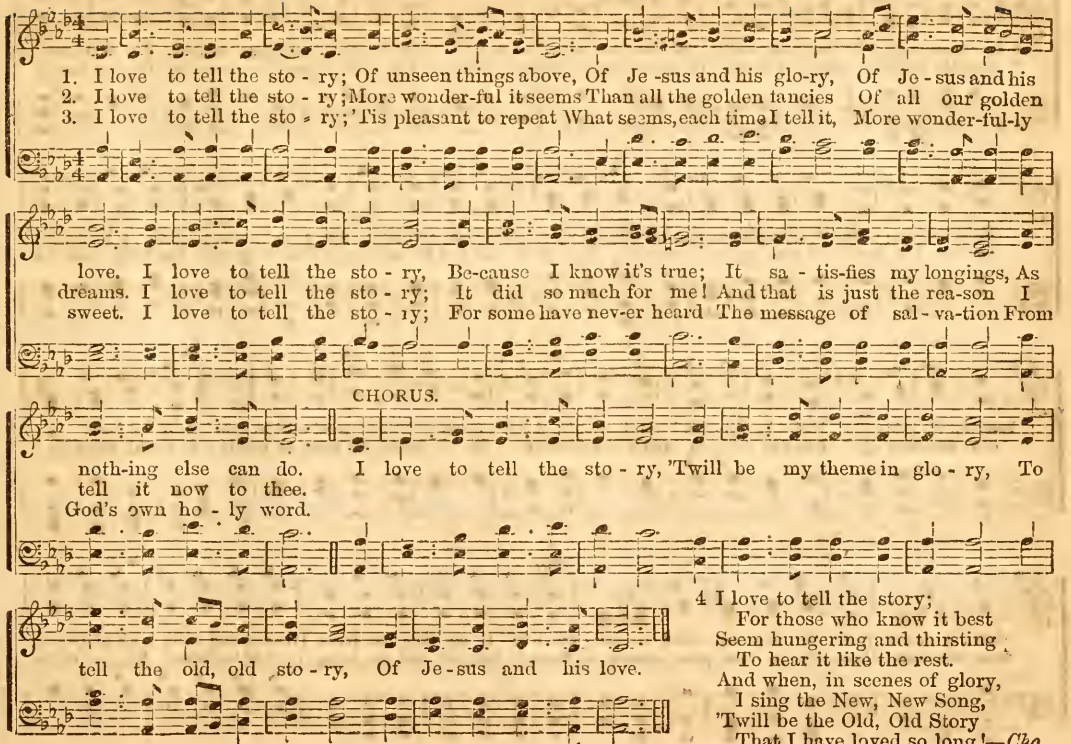
1.
My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From ev'ry mountain side
Let freedom ring.

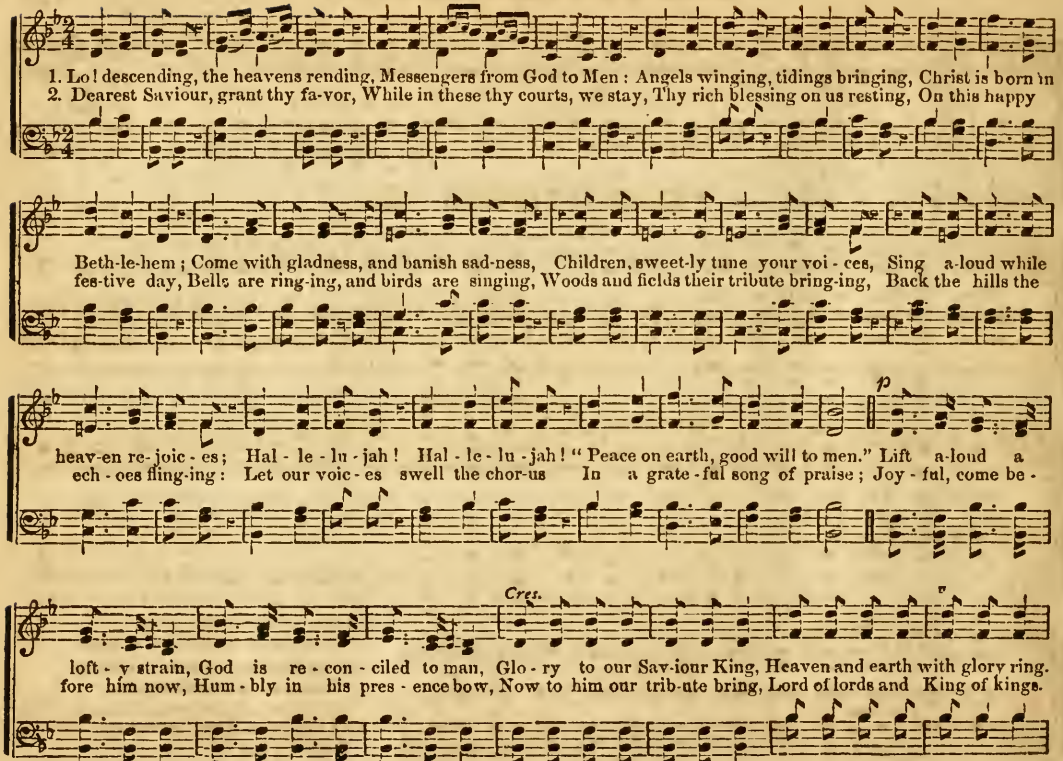
2.
My native country! thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

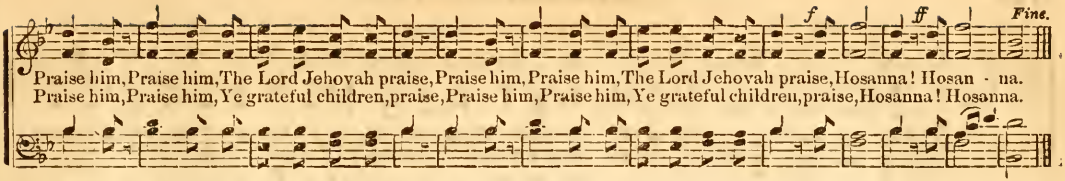
3.
Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4.
Our father's God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

By permission.

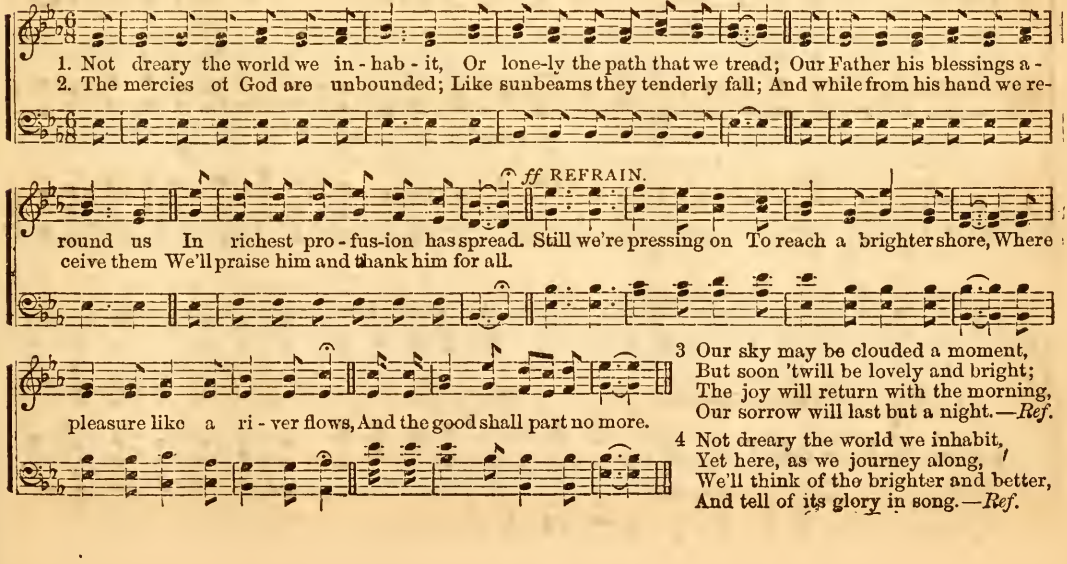


4 I love to tell the story;
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the New, New Song,
'Twill be the Old, Old Story
That I have loved so long!—*Cho.*

1. Lo! descending, the heavens rending, Messengers from God to Men: Angels winging, tidings bringing, Christ is born in
2. Dearest Saviour, grant thy fa-vor, While in these thy courts, we stay, Thy rich blessing on us resting, On this happy
Beth-le-hem; Come with gladness, and banish sad-ness, Children, sweet-ly tune your voi-ces, Sing a-loud while
fes-tive day, Bells are ring-ing, and birds are singing, Woods and fields their tribute bring-ing, Back the hills the
heav-en re-joic-es; Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! "Peace on earth, good will to men." Lift a-loud a
ech-oes fling-ing: Let our voic-es swell the chor-us In a grate-ful song of praise; Joy-ful, come be-
p
Cres.
f
loft-y strain, God is re-con-ciled to man, Glo-ry to our Sav-iour King, Heaven and earth with glory ring.
fore him now, Hum-bly in his pres-ence bow, Now to him our trib-ute bring, Lord of lords and King of kings.



STILL PRESSING ON.

Words by FANNY C. Music by WM. B. BRADBURY. By per.

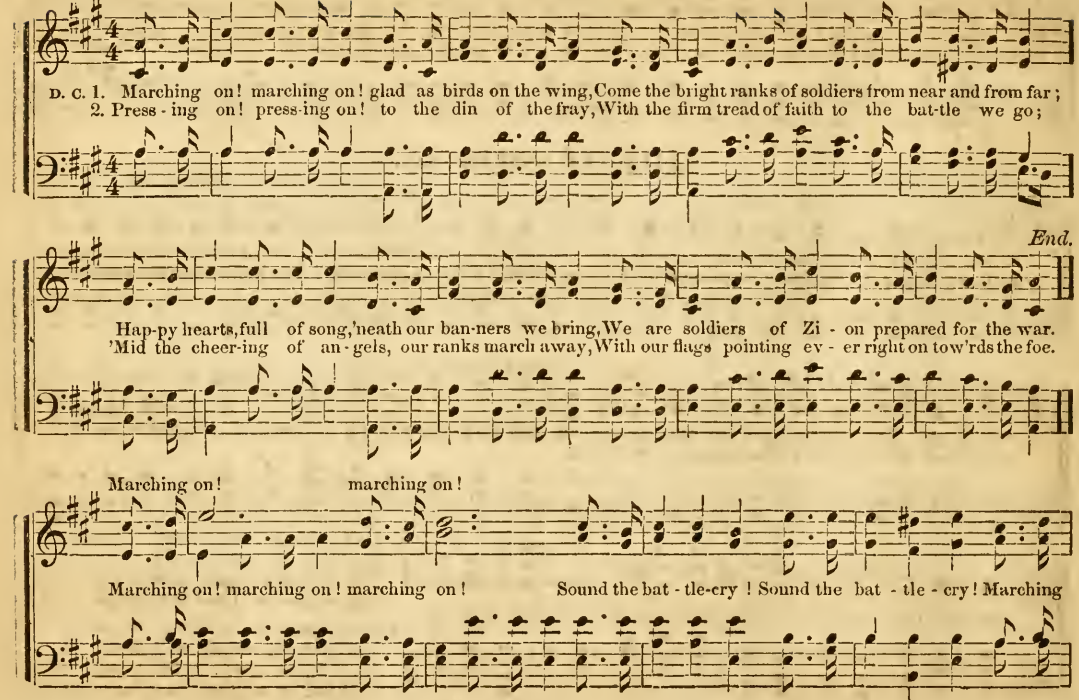


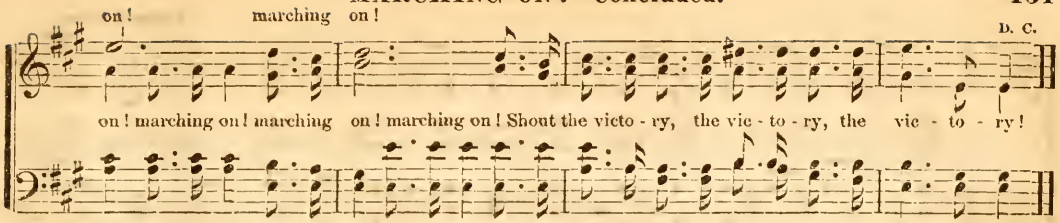
3 Our sky may be clouded a moment,
But soon 'twill be lovely and bright;
The joy will return with the morning,
Our sorrow will last but a night.—*Ref.*

4 Not dreary the world we inhabit,
Yet here, as we journey along,
We'll think of the brighter and better,
And tell of its glory in song.—*Ref.*

"MARCHING ON!"

Words by Rev. R. LOWRY. SUNDAY SCHOOL BATTLE SONG. WM. B. BRADBURY. From "Golden Censor," by per.





3.

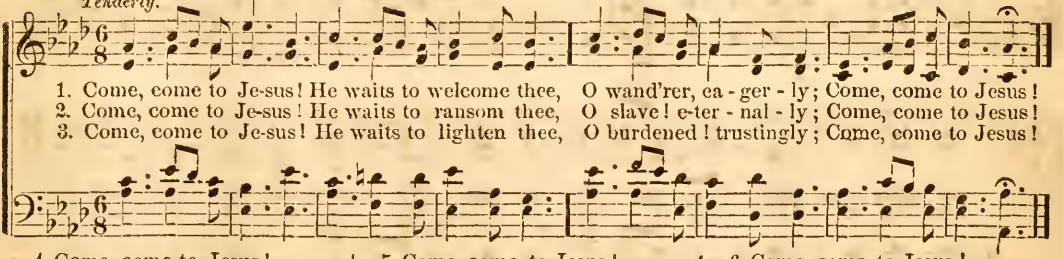
Fighting on! fighting on! in the midst of the strife,
At the call of our Captain, we draw ev'ry sword;
We are battling for God, we are struggling for life,
Let us strike ev'ry rebel that fights 'gainst the Lord.
Cho.—Marching on, &c.

4.

Singing on! singing on! from the battle we come,
Ev'ry flag bears a wreath, ev'ry soldier renown;
Heav'nly angels are waiting to welcome us home,
And the Saviour will give us a robe and a crown.
Cho.—Marching on, &c.

COME, COME TO JESUS!

Words by Rev. GEO. B. PECK. HUBERT P. MAIN. By per.



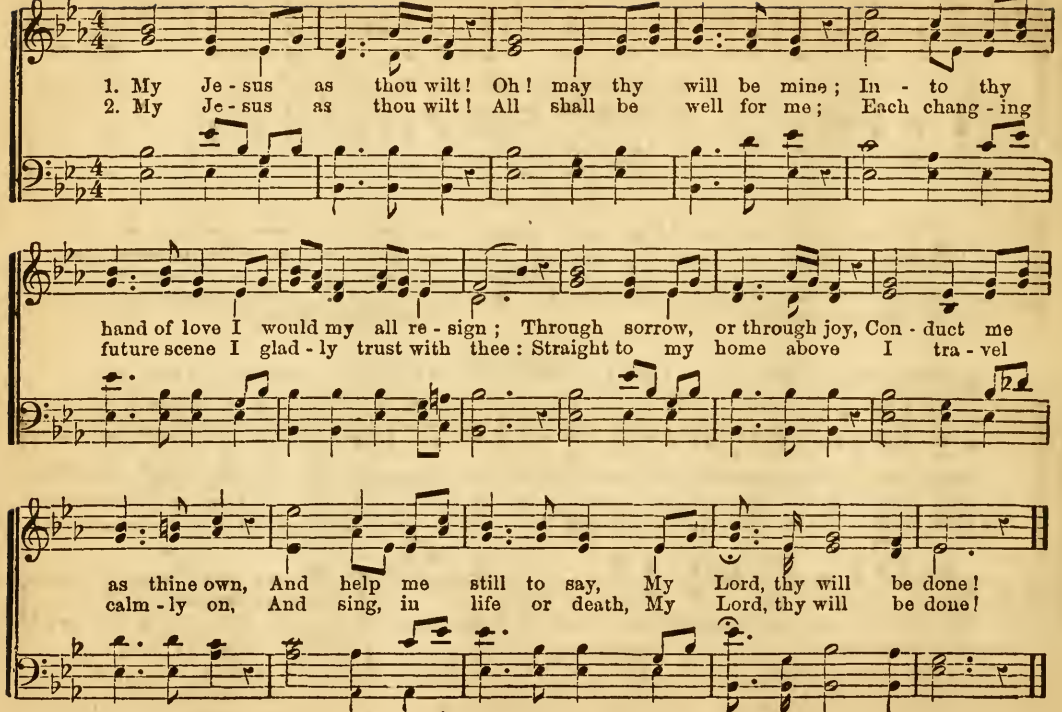
4 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to give to thee,
O blind! a vision free;
Come, come to Jesus!

5 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to shelter thee,
O weary! blessedly;
Come, come to Jesus!

6 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to carry thee,
O lamb! so lovingly,
Come, come to Jesus!

JEWETT. 6s.

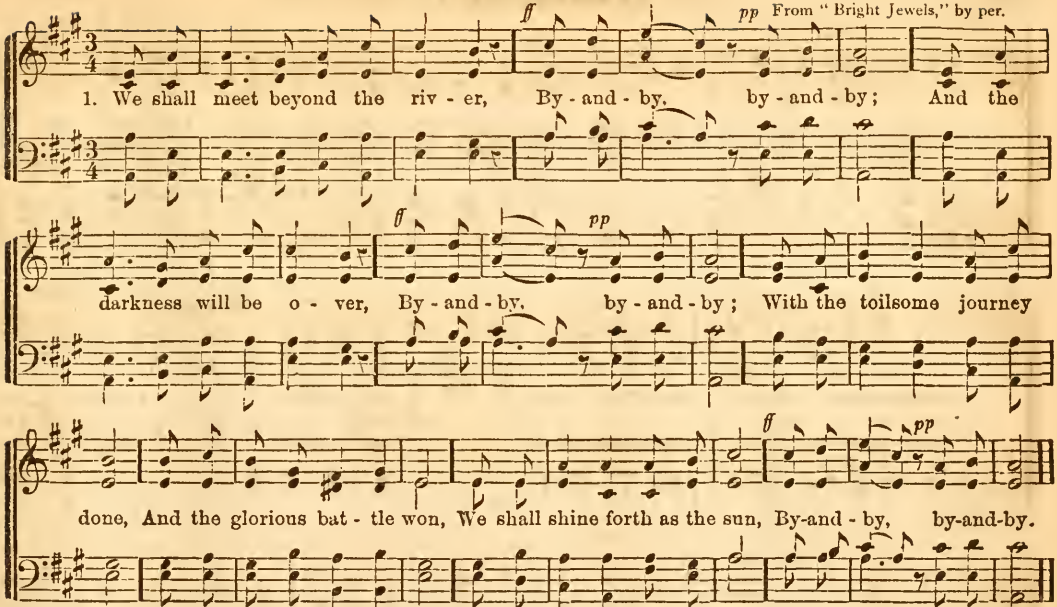
From Weber.



WE SHALL MEET.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

From "Bright Jewels," by per.

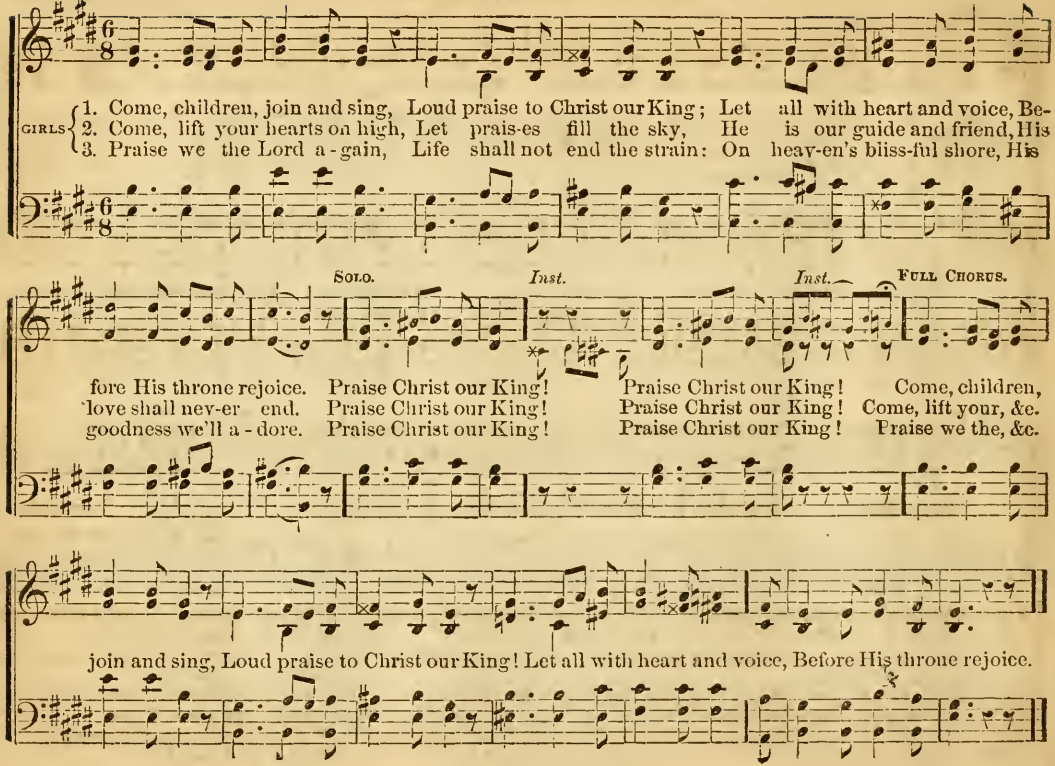
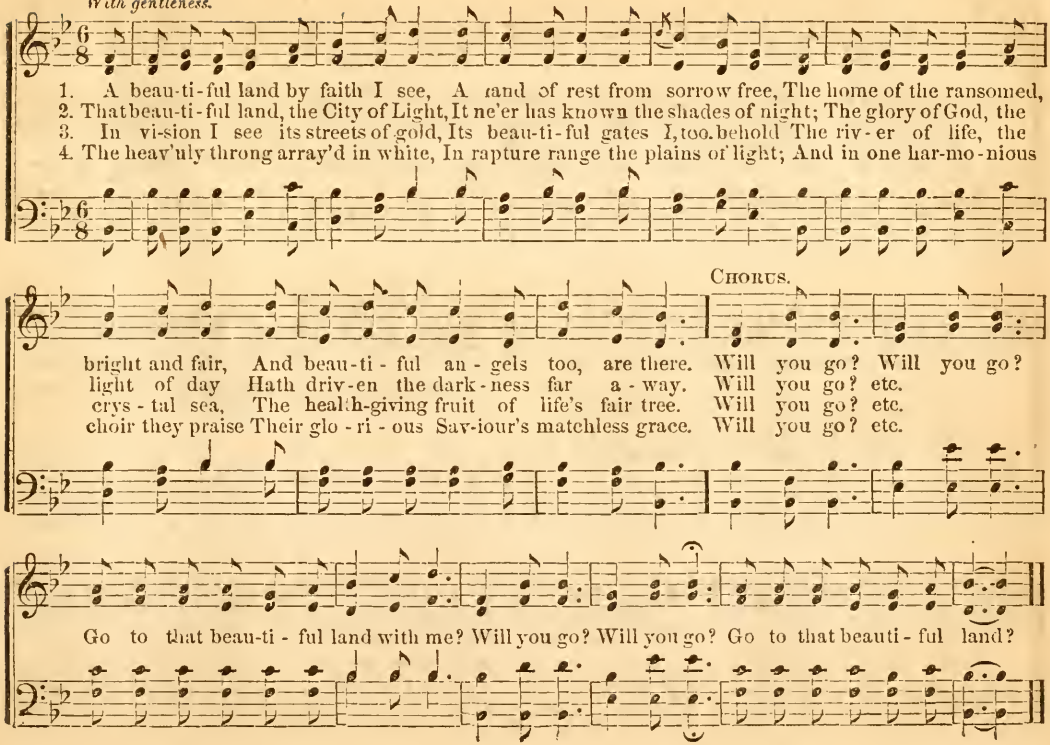


2 Done with all of earth's delusion,
By-and-by, by-and-by;
War, and strife, and sin's confusion,
By-and-by, by-and-by.
We shall rest our pilgrim feet
On the shores where loved ones meet.
There to dwell in bliss complete,
By-and-by, by-and-by.

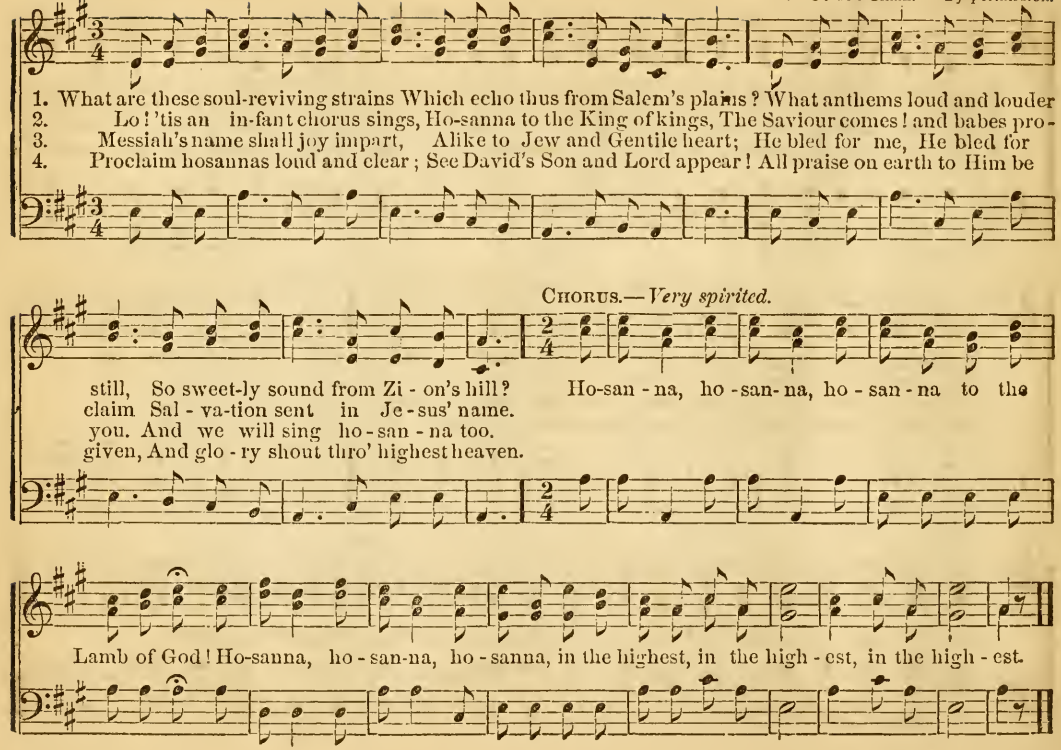
3 We shall see and be like Jesus,
By-and by, by-and-by;
He a crown of life will give us,
By-and-by, by-and-by.
And the angels who fulfil
All the mandates of his will,
Shall attend and love us still,
By-and-by, by-and-by.

4 When with robes of snowy whiteness,
By-and-by, by-and-by;
And with crowns of dazzling brightness,
By-and by, by-and-by—
There our storms and perils passed,
And with glory ours at last,
We'll possess the kingdom vast,
By-and-by, by-and-by.

COME, CHILDREN, JOIN AND SING.

From ROSSINI.

From "Golden Chain," by per.

ZION'S HILL.

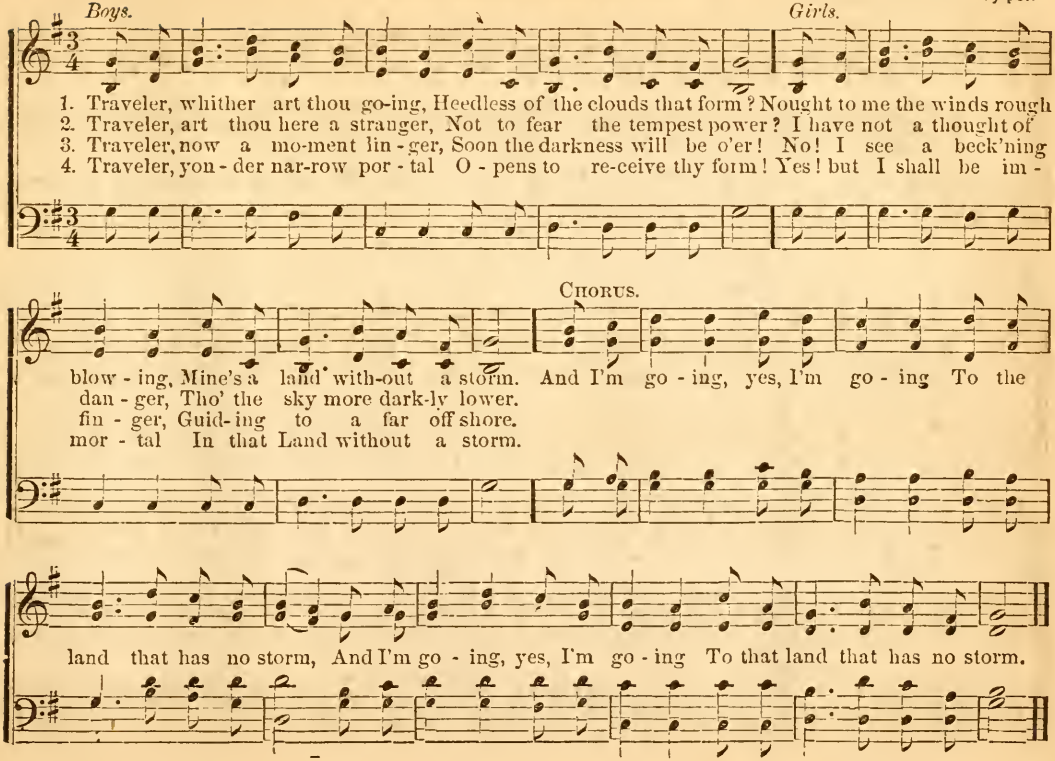
WM. B. BRADBURY.
From "Golden Chain." By permission.



A LAND WITHOUT A STORM.

DIALOGUE AND CHORUS.

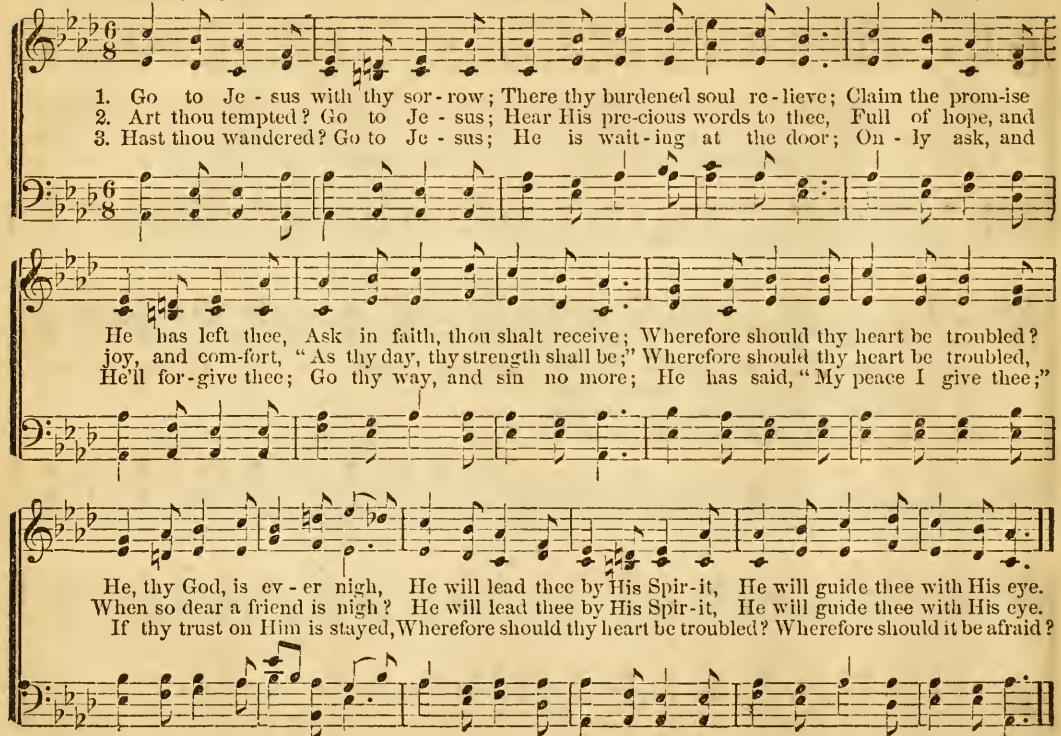
WM. B. BRADBURY.
From "Golden Shower." By per.



Words written for this work, by F. J. C.

HE WILL GUIDE THEE.

HUBERT P. MAIN.
From "Pure Gold," by per.



From "Golden Censer," by per.

1. { (1st Semi-chorus.) O, a good-ly thing is the cooling spring, By the rock where the moss doth grow; There is
(2d Semi-chorus.) And as pure as heaven is the wa - ter given, And its stream is for - ev - er new; 'Tis dis -

2. { Let them say 'tis weak, but it's strength I'll seek, And rejoice while I own it's sway; For it's
O, I love to drink from the foaming brink, Of the bubbling, the cool-ing spring; For the

1st 2d

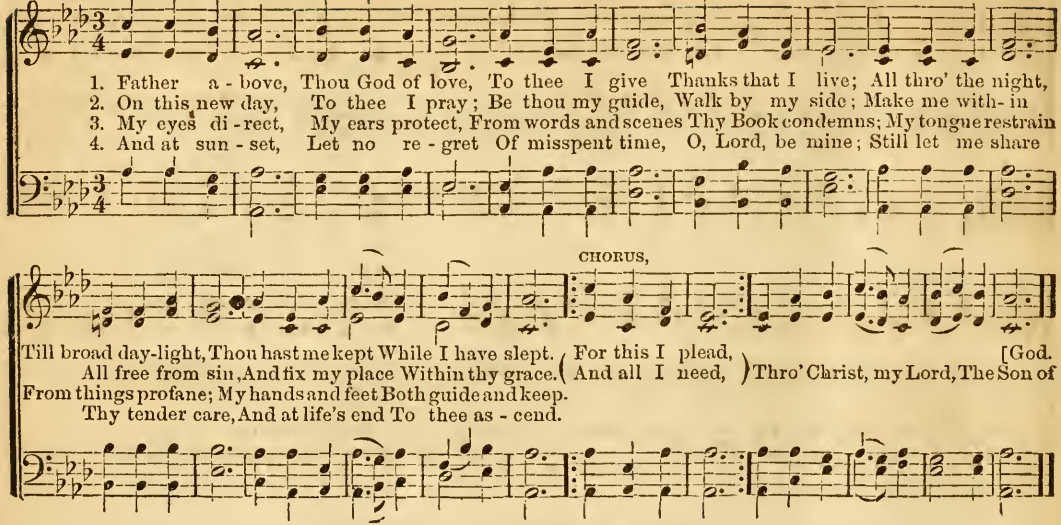
health in the tide, and there's music beside, In the brooklet's bounding flow. } *f* Mer-ry, mer - ry,
tilled in the sky, and it drops from on high, In the showers and gentle } dew. *pp* Ripple, rip - ple,
mur - mur to me is the e - cho of glee, And it laughs as it bounds away.
bright drops that shine more refreshing than wine, And the praise of its giver sing.

lit - tle spring, Sparkle on, Sparkle on, Mer-ry Mer - ry, lit - tle spring, Sparkle on for me.
sil - v'ry brook, Ripple on, Rip-ple on, Rip - ple, rip - ple, sil - v'ry brook, Ripple on for me.

Rev. J. N. FOLWELL.

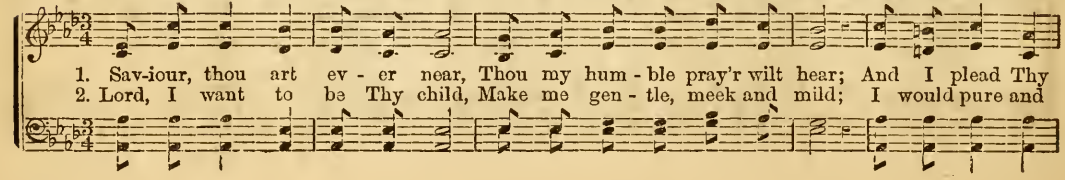
CHILD'S PRAYER.

REV. R. LOWRY.
From "Bright Jewels," by per.

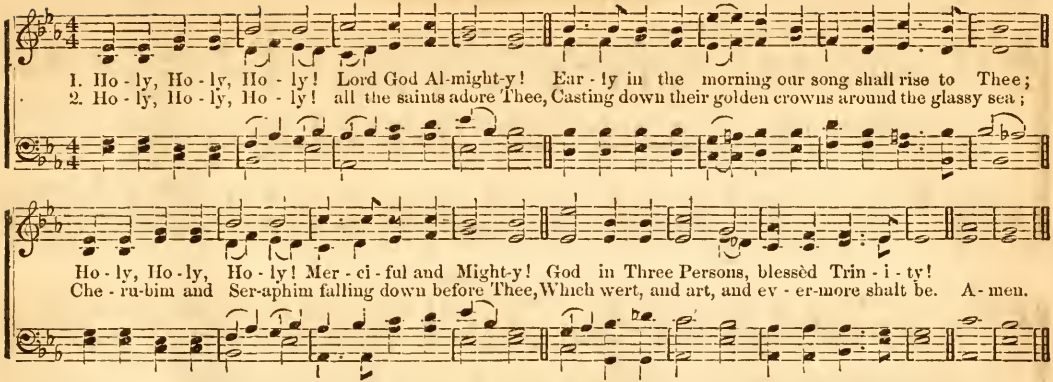


EARLY SEEKING.

Rev. ALBERT WALDRON.
From "Fresh Laurels," by per.



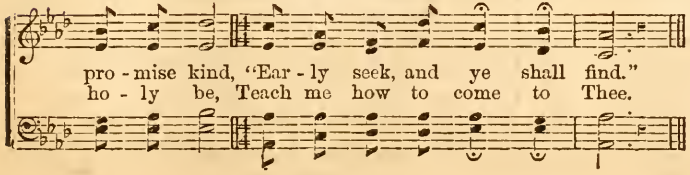
HOLY, HOLY! LORD GOD ALMIGHTY! Rev. J. B. DYKES. 141



3 Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art Holy, there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity! Amen.

EARLY SEEKING. Concluded.



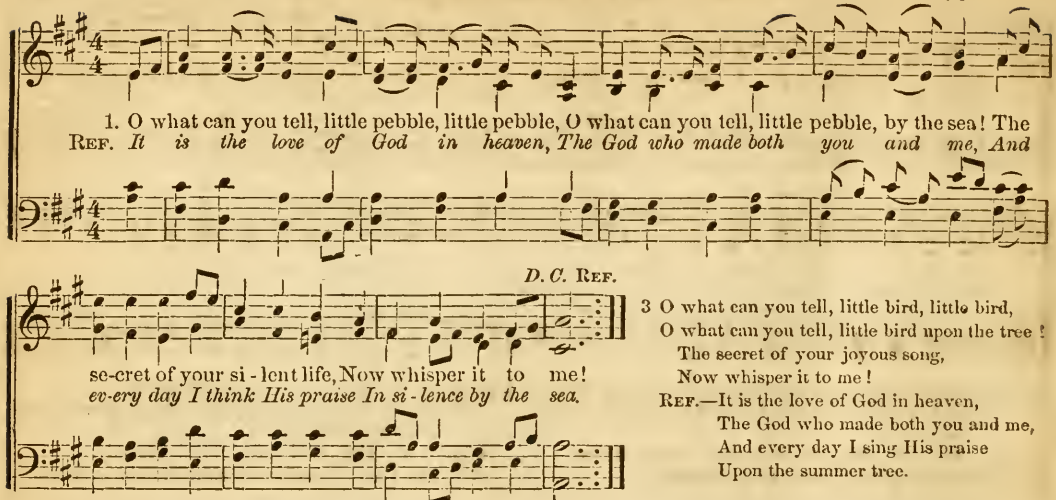
3 When I go to work or play,
Be Thou with me day by day;
When I seek my quiet bed,
Let Thy wings be o'er me spread.

4 Saviour, hold me lest I fall,
Deign to hear me whilst I call;
O, regard my humble ery!
Save me, Jesus, or I die.

Words by R. W. RAYMOND.

THE CHORUS OF PRAISE.

From "Clariona," by per.



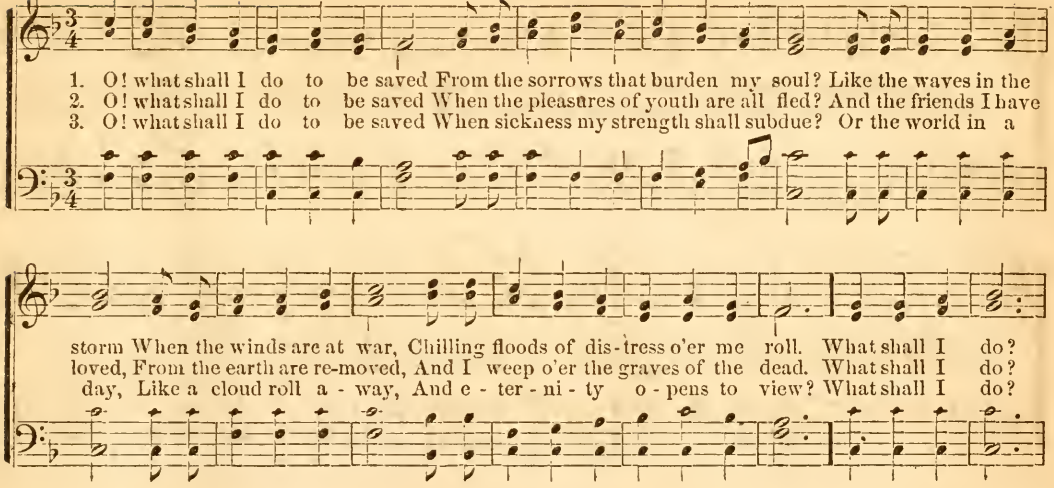
3 O what can you tell, little bird, little bird,
O what can you tell, little bird upon the tree!
The secret of your joyous song,
Now whisper it to me!
REF.—It is the love of God in heaven,
The God who made both you and me,
And every day I sing His praise
Upon the summer tree.

2 O what can you tell, little flower, little flower,
O what can you tell, little flower on the lea!
The secret of your sweet perfume,
Now whisper it to me.
REF.—It is the love of God in heaven,
The God who made both you and me,
And every day I breathe His praise
In fragrance on the lea.

4 O what can you tell, little child, little child,
O what can you tell, little child upon my knee!
The secret of your happy smile,
Now whisper it to me!
REF.—It is the love of God in heaven,
The God who made both you and me,
And every day I seek His face
Upon my bended knee!

FULL CHO.—Thus to the love of God in heaven,
The God who made both you and me,
The praise of all things here is given,
And evermore shall be!

From "Golden Shower," by per.



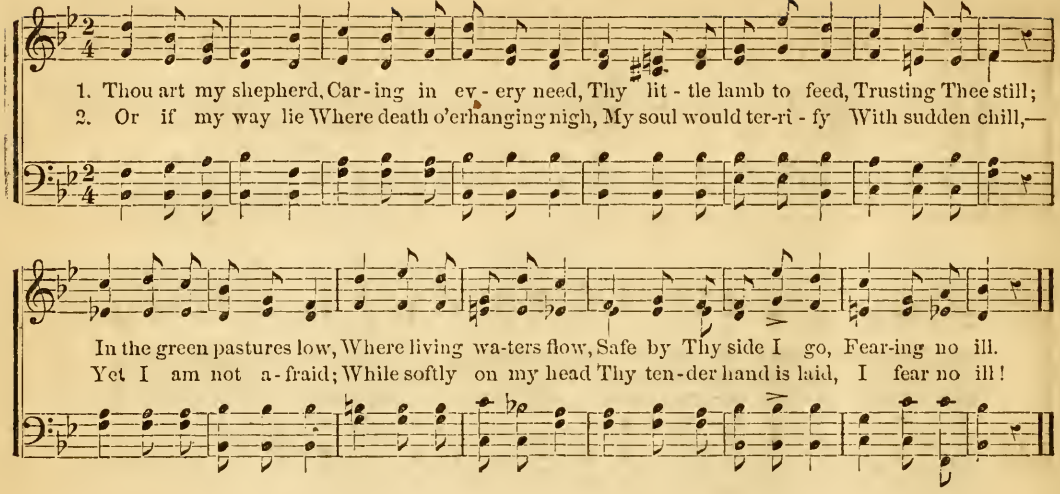
4.

O! Lord, look in mercy on me,
Come, O come and speak peace to my soul:
Unto whom shall I flee,
Dearest Lord, but to Thee,
Thou canst make my poor broken heart whole.
That will I do! that will I do!
To Jesus I'll go and be saved.

Words by Miss THALHEIMER.

MY SHEPHERD.

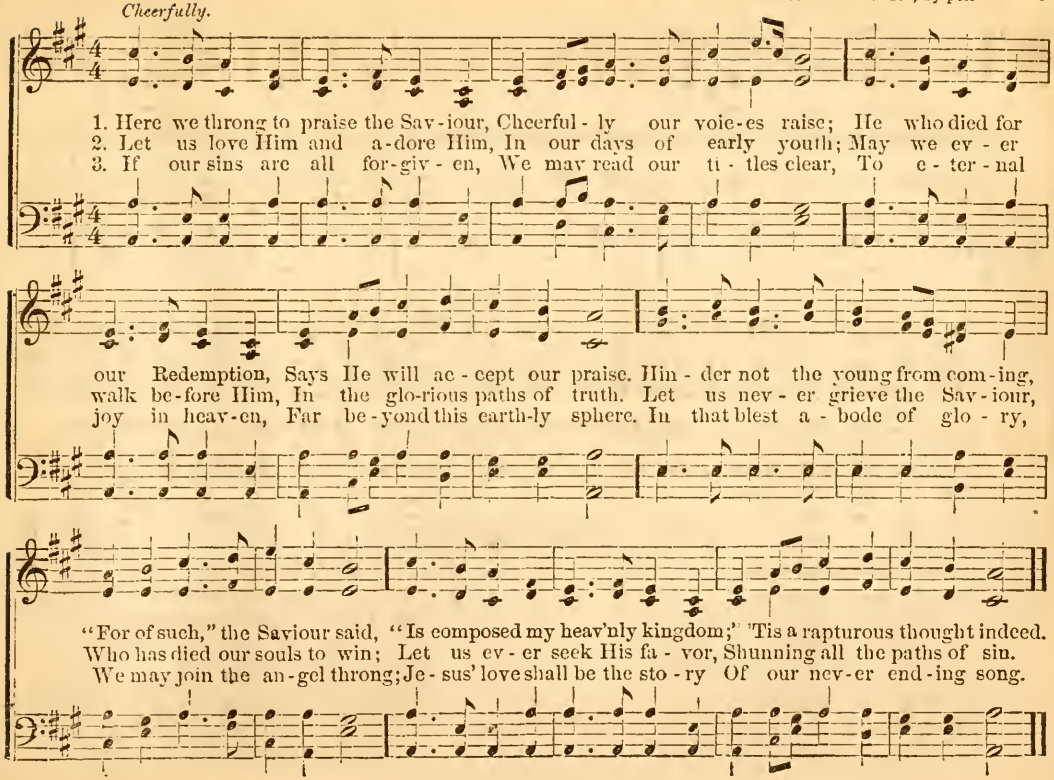
CRAMER.



SECOND HYMN.

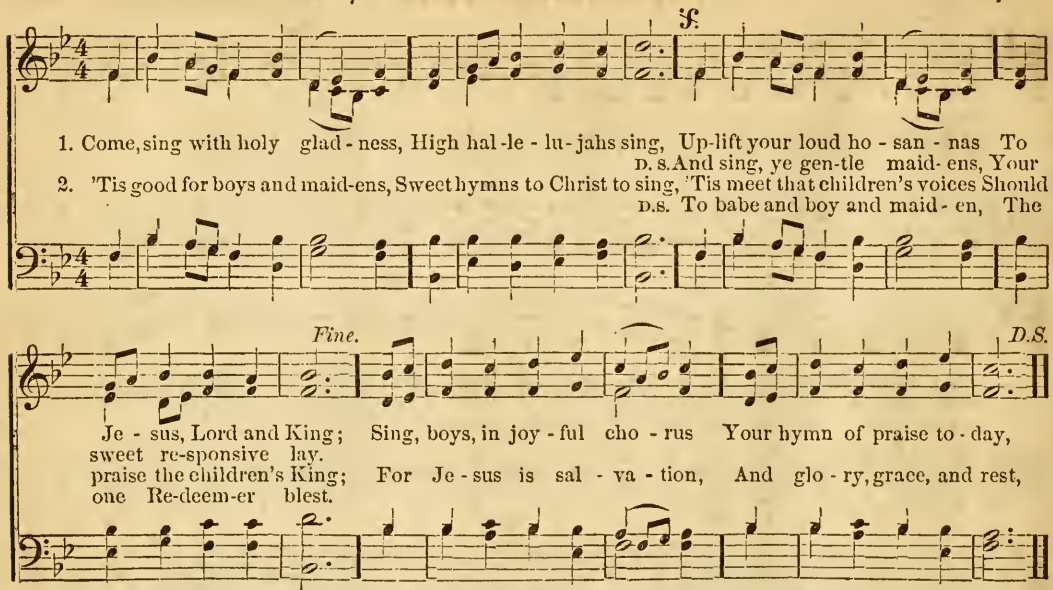
1 Lord, do not leave me!
I'm but a little child,
Weak, poor, and sin defiled,
Afraid, alone;
But Thou art strong and wise,
No ill can Thee surprise;
Beneath Thy loving eyes
Danger is none.

2 If Thou wilt guide me,
Gladly I'll go with Thee;—
No harm can come to me,
Holding Thy hand;
And soon my weary feet,
Safe in the golden street,
Where all who love Thee meet,
Redeem'd shall stand.


Cheerfully.
1. Here we throng to praise the Sav-iour, Cheerful-ly our voic-es raise; He who died for
2. Let us love Him and a-dore Him, In our days of early youth; May we ev-er
3. If our sins are all for-giv-en, We may read our ti-tles clear, To e-ter-nal
our Redemption, Says He will ac-cept our praise. Hin-der not the young from com-ing,
walk be-fore Him, In the glo-rious paths of truth. Let us nev-er grieve the Sav-iour,
joy in heav-en, Far be-yond this earth-ly sphere. In that blest a-bode of glo-ry,
"For of such," the Saviour said, "Is composed my heav'nly kingdom;" 'Tis a rapturous thought indeed.
Who has died our souls to win; Let us ev-er seek His fa-vor, Shunning all the paths of sin.
We may join the an-gel throng; Je-sus' love shall be the sto-ry Of our nev-er end-ing song.

COME, SING WITH HOLY GLADNESS.

Ancient Melody.

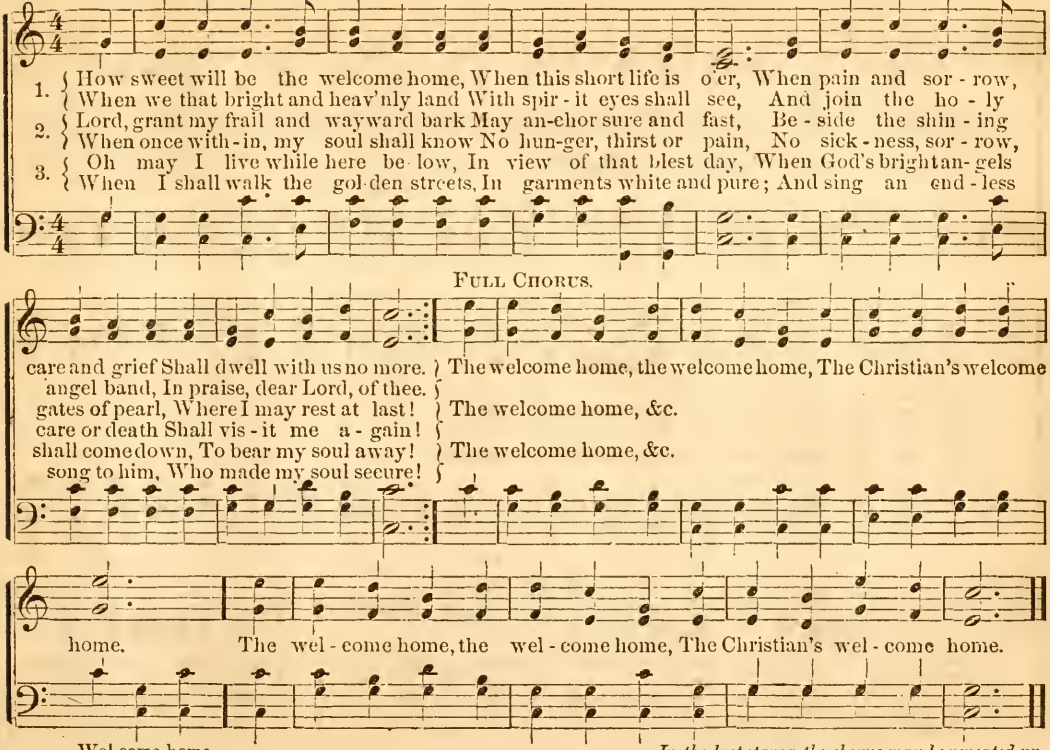


3 O boys, be strong in Jesus,
To toil for Him is gain,
And Jesus wrought with Joseph
With chisel, saw, and plane.
O maidens, live for Jesus,
Who was a maiden's son;
Be patient, pure and gentle,
Perfect the grace begun.

4 Soon in the golden city
The boys and girls shall stand,
And through the dazzling mansions
Rejoice a ransomed band.
O Christ, prepare Thy children
With that triumphant throng
To pass the burnished portals,
And sing th' eternal song.

THE WELCOME HOME.

WM. B. BRADBURY.
From "Golden Shower." by per.

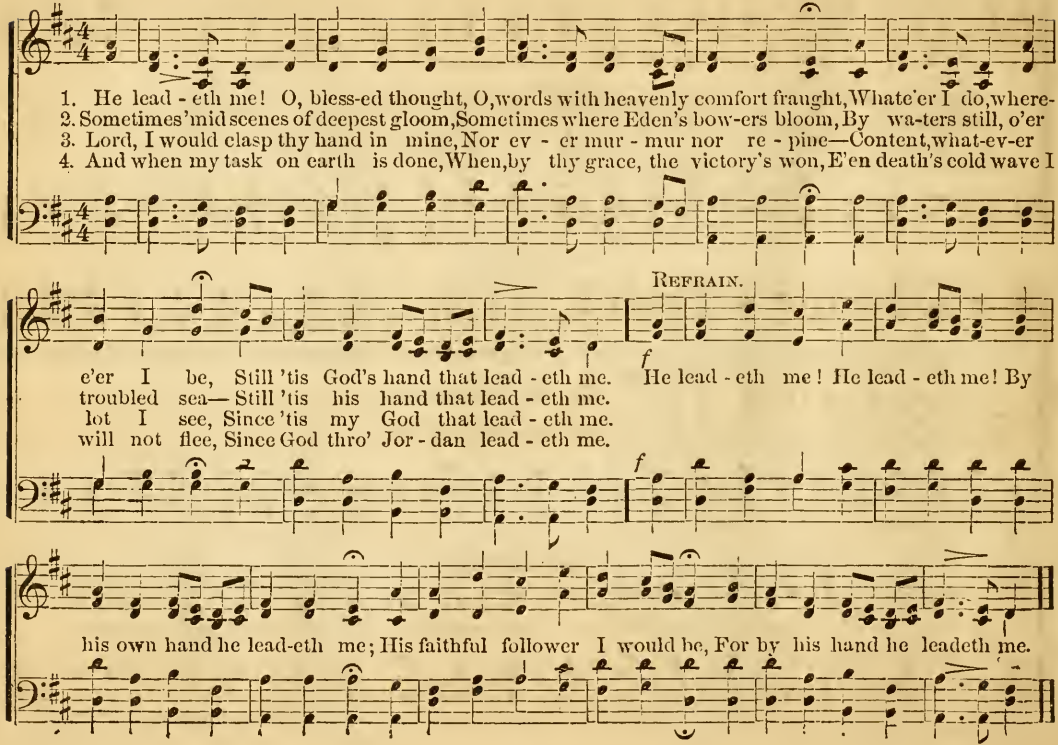


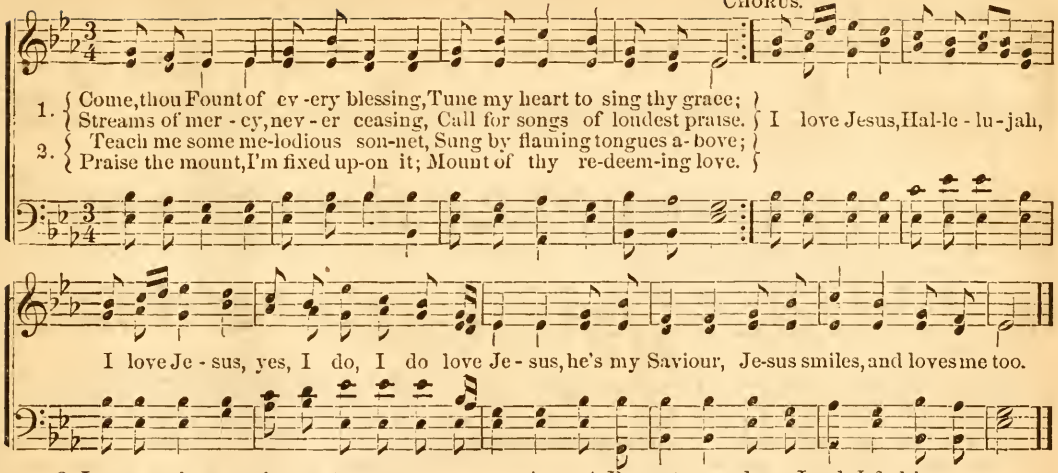
In the last stanza the chorus may be repeated pp.

HE LEADETH ME.

WM. B. BRADBURY.
From "Golden Censer," by per.

"The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters."



Arranged by WM. B. BRADBURY.

3 Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.—*Cho.*

4 Prone to wander,—Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart—O, take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above.—*Cho.*

SECOND HYMN.

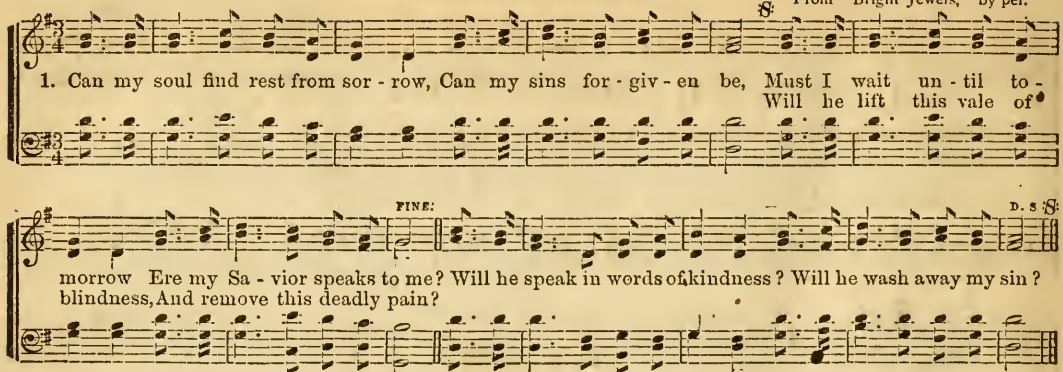
1 "Mercy, O Thou Son of David!
Thus the blind Bartimeus prayed,
"Others by the word are saved;
Now to me afford thine aid."
2 Many for his crying chid him,
But he called the louder still;
Till the gracious Saviour bid him
Come, and ask me what you will.

3 Money was not what he wanted,
Though by begging used to live;
But he asked, and Jesus granted,
Alms which none but He could give.
4 "Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
Let my eyes behold the day!"
Straight he saw, and, won by kindness,
Followed Jesus in the way.

5 Oh! methinks I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around:
"Friends, is not my case amazing?
What a Saviour I have found!
6 "O that all the blind but knew Him,
And would be advised by me!
Surely they would hasten to Him,
He would cause them all to see."

THE PENITENT.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.
From "Bright Jewels," by per.

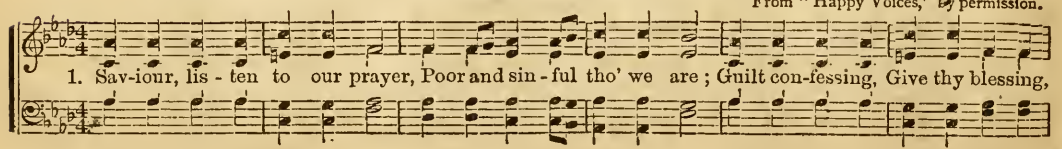


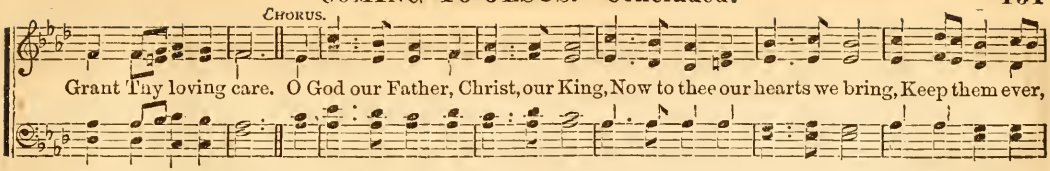
2 O, the darkness, how it thickens,
Like the brooding of despair!
And my soul within me sickens—
God, in mercy, hear my prayer!
Give me but a hope to cherish,
Give me just one ray of light—
Help me, save me, or I perish,
Take away this awful night!

3 Now he hears me, he will save me,
I behold his shining face,
Hear him whisper he will have me—
O, the miracle of grace!
I will joy to tell the story
How he cometh from above—
Fills my soul, O, glory, glory!
With the blessings of his love.

COMING TO JESUS.

E. W. KELLOGG.
From "Happy Voices," by permission.

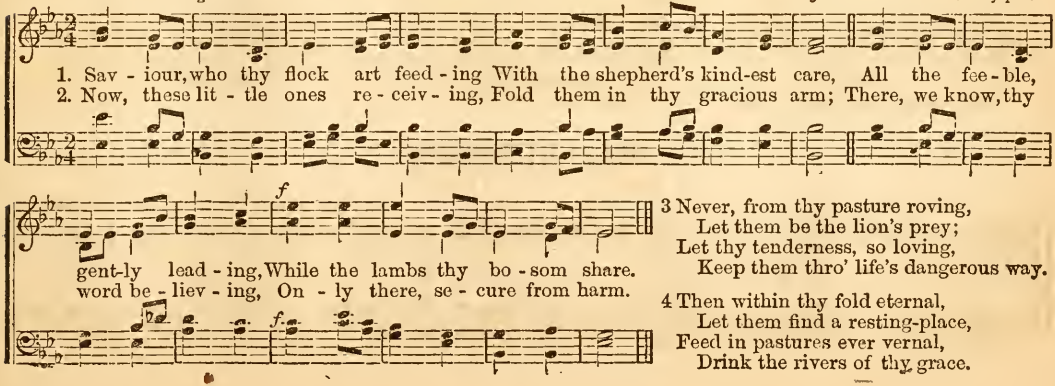




2 Strength is Thine ; we often stray
From the pure and holy way ;
Wilt Thou guide us, Walk beside us,
Nearer every day !—*Cho.*

3 Then may we, when life is o'er,
Stand with Thee on yonder shore ;
Freed from sinning, Heaven winning,
Praising evermore !—*Cho.*

MILWAUKEE.

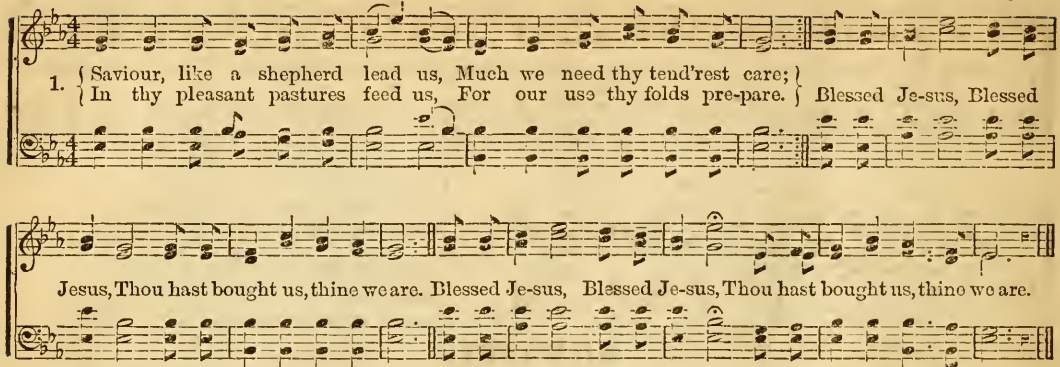


3 Never, from thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them thro' life's dangerous way.

4 Then within thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place,
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD.

WM. B. BRADBURY.
From "Golden Chain," by per.

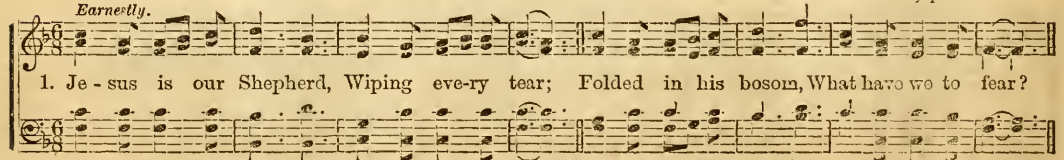
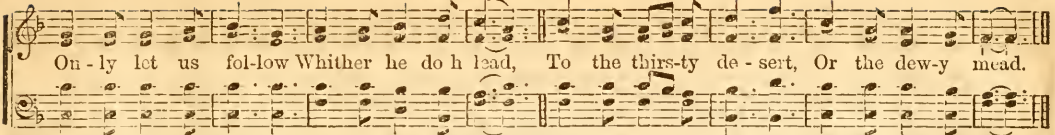


2 We are thine, do thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way:
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray.
Blessed Jesus,
Hear, O hear us, when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free.
Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to thee.

4 Early let us seek thy favor,
Early let us do thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
With thy love our bosoms fill.
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

OUR SHEPHERD.

SYLVESTER MAIN.
By per.



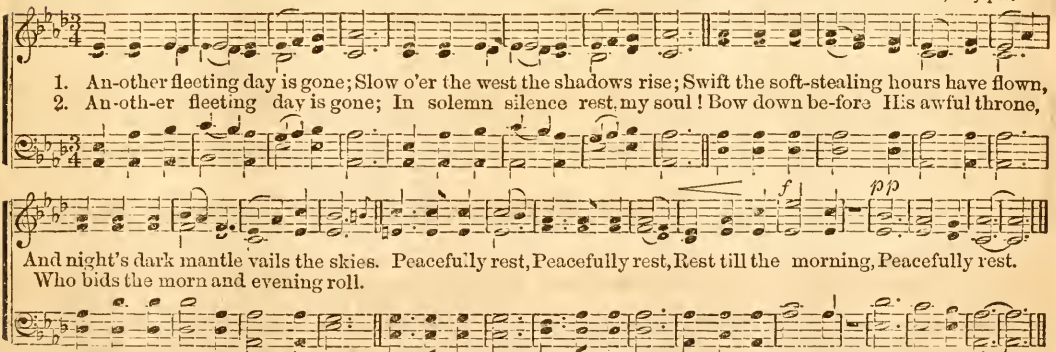
2 Jesus is our Shepherd;
Well we know his voice,
How its gentlest whisper
Makes our heart rejoice!
Even when he chideth,
Tender is his tone,
None but he shall guide us,
We are his alone.

3 Jesus is our Shepherd,
For the sheep he bled;
Every lamb is sprinkled
With the blood he shed.
Then on each he setteth
His own secret sign:
"They that have my Spirit,
These," saith he, "are mine."

4 Jesus is our Shepherd,
Guided by his arm,
Though the wolves may rave,
None can do us harm.
When we tread death's valley,
Dark with fearful gloom,
We will fear no evil,
Victors o'er the tomb.

PEACEFULLY REST.

WM. B. BRADBURY.
From "Golden Chain," by per.



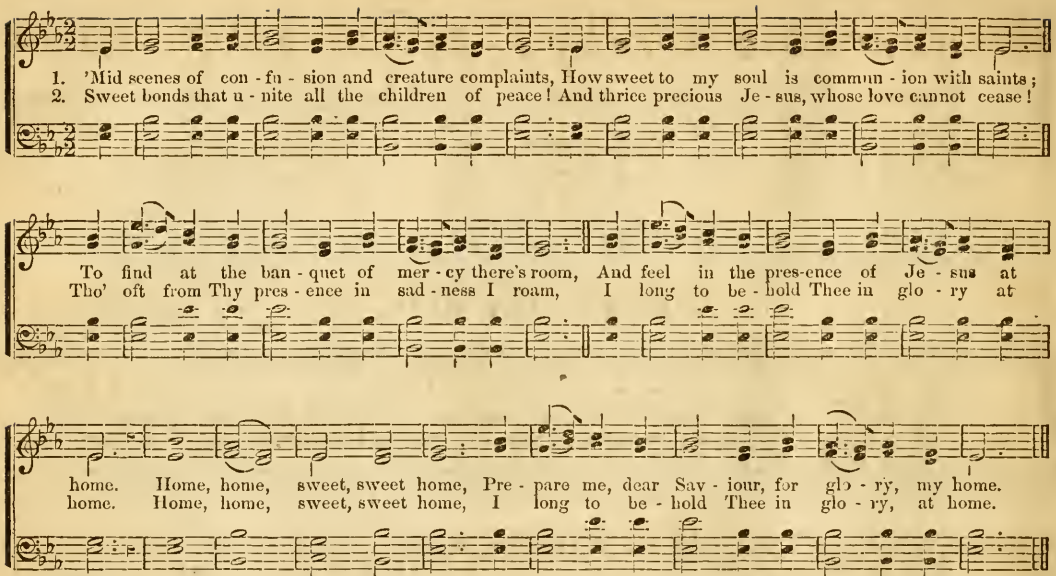
3 Soon shall a darker night descend,
And vail from me yon azure skies;
And soon shall death's oppressive hand
Lie heavy on these languid eyes.

4 Yet when beneath the dreadful shade,
I lay my weary frame to rest,
That night shall not make me afraid;
That bed the dying Saviour pressed.

5 Again emerging from the night,
I, like my risen Lord shall rise;
Again drink in the morning light,
Pure at its fount above the skies.

SWEET HOME.

SIR HENRY R. BISHOP.



3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with Thee,
Though now my temptation like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace, when I'm with Thee at home.

4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission, and strength as my day;
In all my affliction to Thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

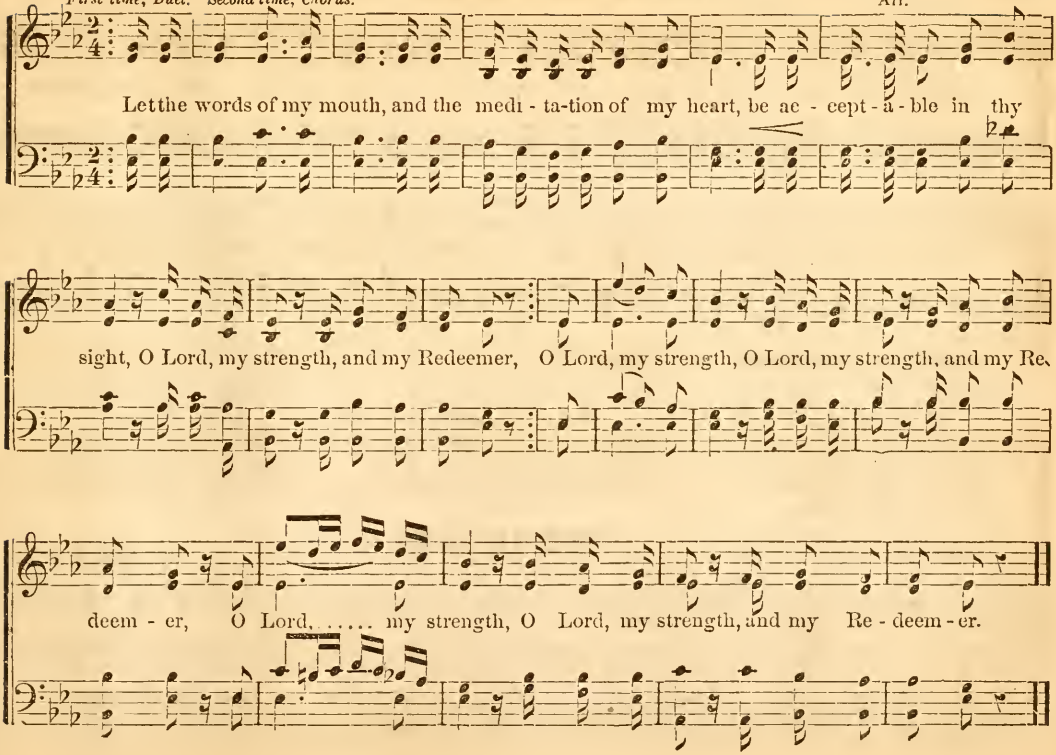
5 Whate'er Thou deniest, O give me Thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness,—the smiles of Thy face;
Endue me with patience to wait at Thy throne,
And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of home.

6 I long, dearest Lord, in Thy beauties to shine;
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine;
And in Thy dear image arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise Thee at home.

"LET THE WORDS OF MY MOUTH."

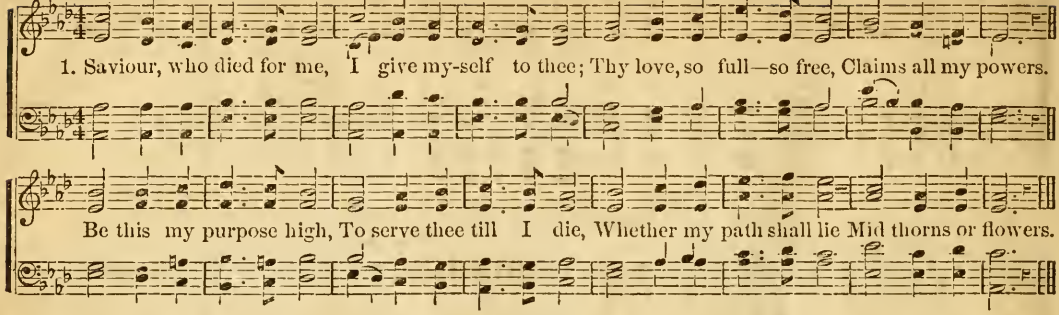
BAUMBACH. Arr.

Rather Slow.
First time, Duet. Second time, Chorus.



156 Words by Miss M. J. MASON. **SAVIOUR WHO DIED FOR ME.** WM. F. SHERWIN.

Lovingly. By per.



2 But, Lord, the flesh is weak;
Thy gracious aid I seek,
For thou the word must speak,
That makes me strong.
Then let me hear thy voice,
Thou art my only choice;
O, bid my heart rejoice,
Be thou my song.

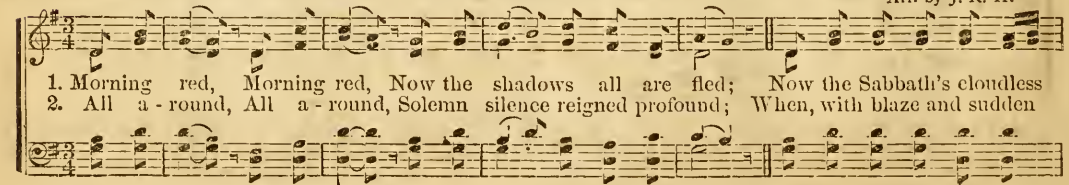
3 May it be joy to me
To follow only thee;—
Thy faithful servant be
Thine to the end.
For thee, I'll do and dare;
For thee, the cross I'll bear,
To thee direct my prayer,
On thee depend.

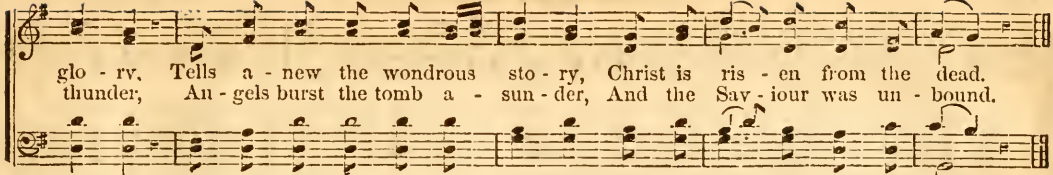
4 Saviour, with me abide;
Be ever near my side,
Support, defend and guide,
I look to thee.
I lay my hand in thine,
And fleeting joys resign,
If I may call thee mine
Eternally.

Words by R. W. RAYMOND.

MORNING RED.

GERMAN.
Arr. by J. R. H.



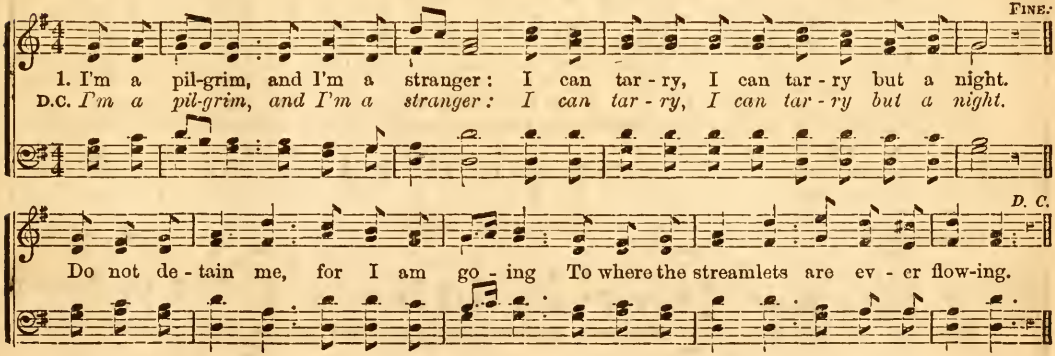


3 Forth he came! Forth he came!
Robed in white, celestial flame!
Mary, at his empty prison,
Knew not her Redeemer, risen,
Till he called her by her name.

4 Morning red! Morning red!
Christ is risen from the dead!
Still he walketh in the garden,
Speaking words of love and pardon,
Though the crown is on his head.

5 Morning red! Morning red!
Thou dost light his crowned head
Brightest jewel of his glory,
Ever shines that wondrous story,
Christ is risen from the dead.

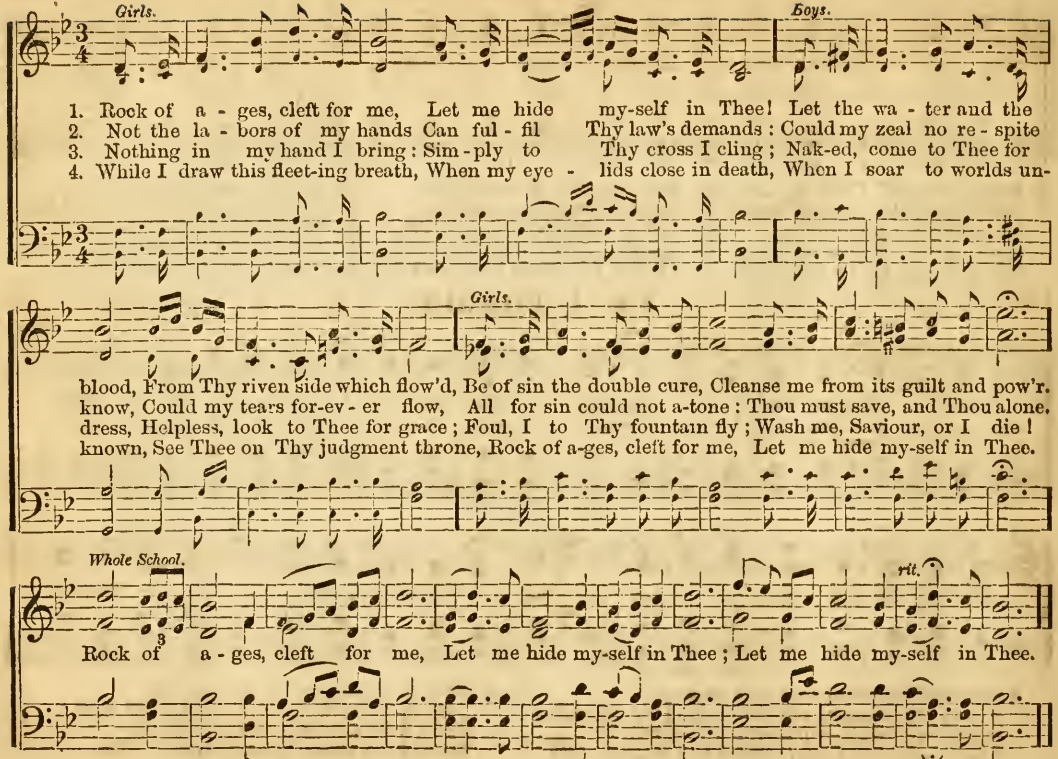
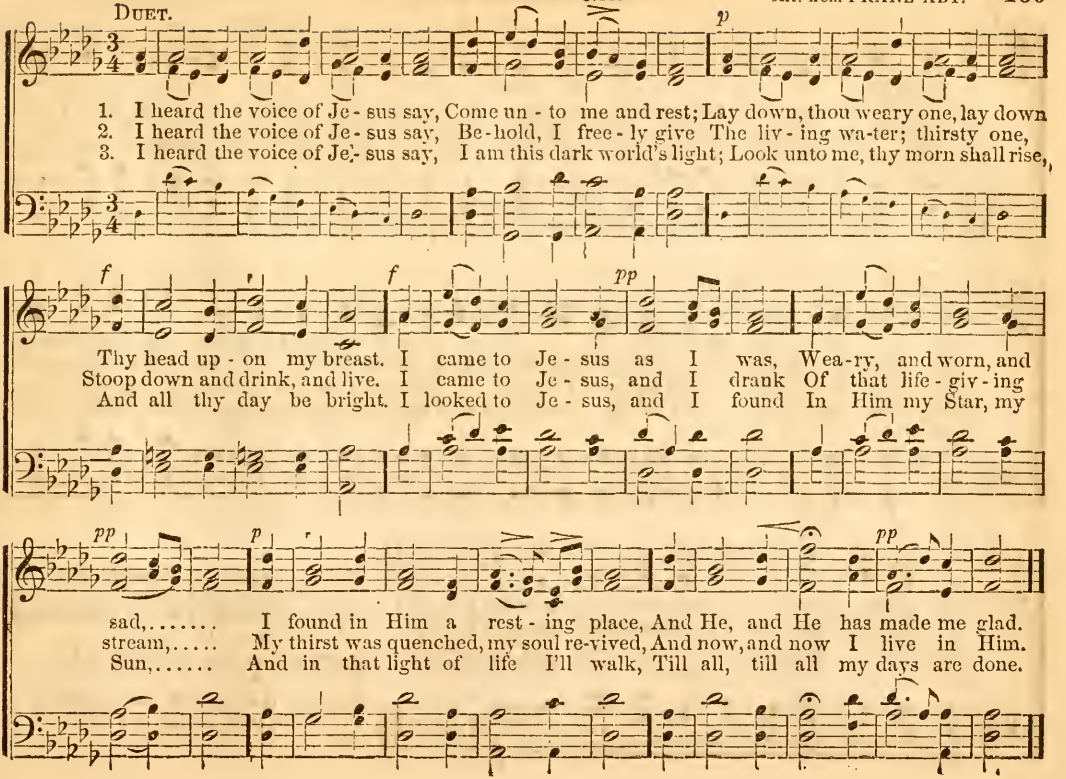
I'M A PILGRIM.

GERMAN.

2 There the sunbeams are ever shining,
And I'm longing, and I'm longing for the sight;
Within a country, unknown and dreary,
I have been wand'ring, forlorn and weary:—*Cho.*

3 Of that country to which I'm going,
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light:
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any sin there, nor any dying:—*Cho.*

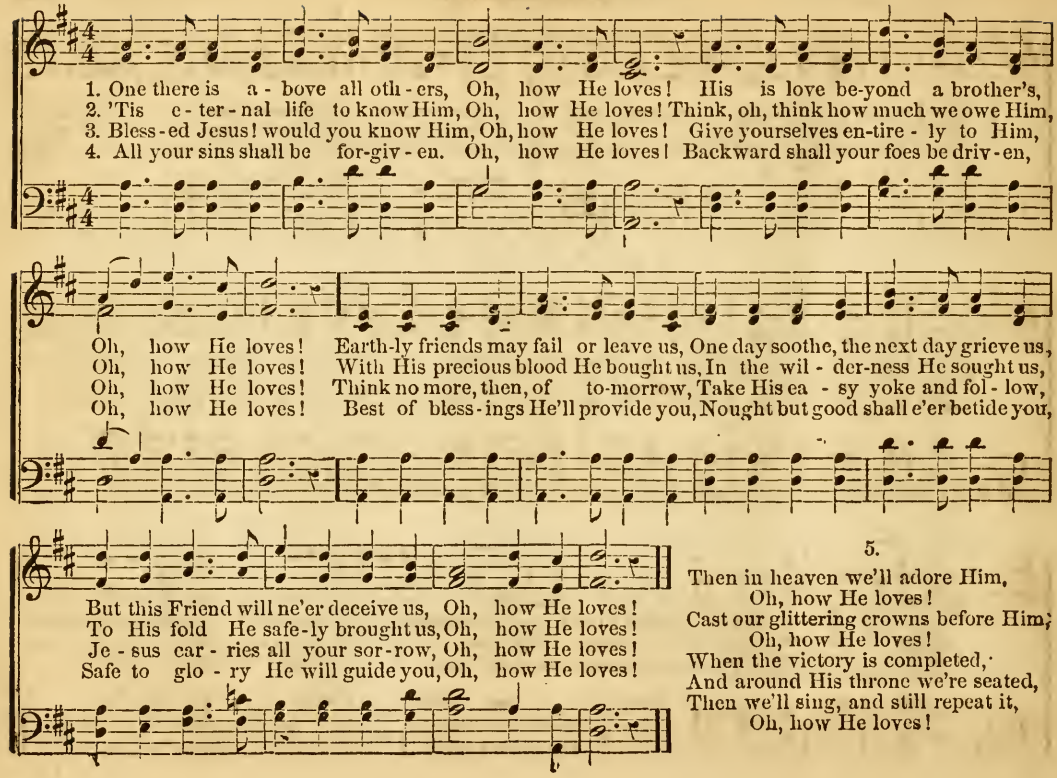
ROCK OF AGES.

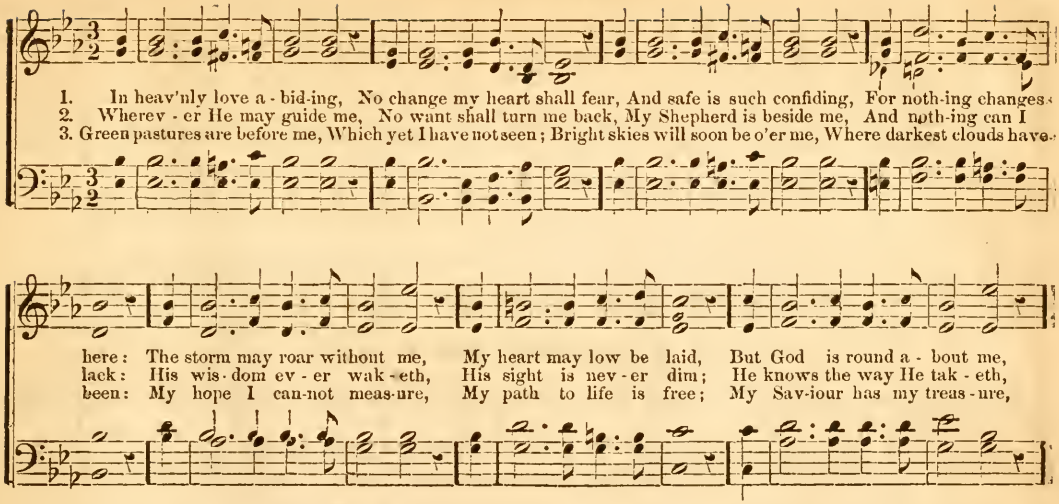
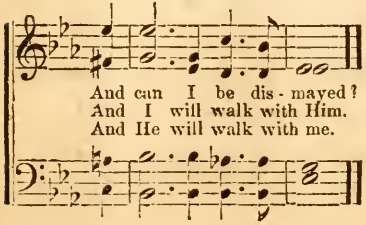
FRANZ ABT.



DUET.
p
1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, Come un - to me and rest; Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, Be-hold, I free - ly give The liv - ing wa-ter; thirsty one,
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, I am this dark world's light; Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
f
f
pp
Thy head up - on my breast. I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea-ry, and worn, and
Stoop down and drink, and live. I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing
And all thy day be bright. I looked to Je - sus, and I found In Him my Star, my
pp
p
pp
sad,..... I found in Him a rest - ing place, And He, and He has made me glad.
stream,..... My thirst was quenched, my soul re-vived, And now, and now I live in Him.
Sun,..... And in that light of life I'll walk, Till all, till all my days are done.

OH, HOW HE LOVES!

HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.

5.

Then in heaven we'll adore Him,
Oh, how He loves!
Cast our glittering crowns before Him,
Oh, how He loves!
When the victory is completed,
And around His throne we're seated,
Then we'll sing, and still repeat it,
Oh, how He loves!



SECOND HYMN.

1.

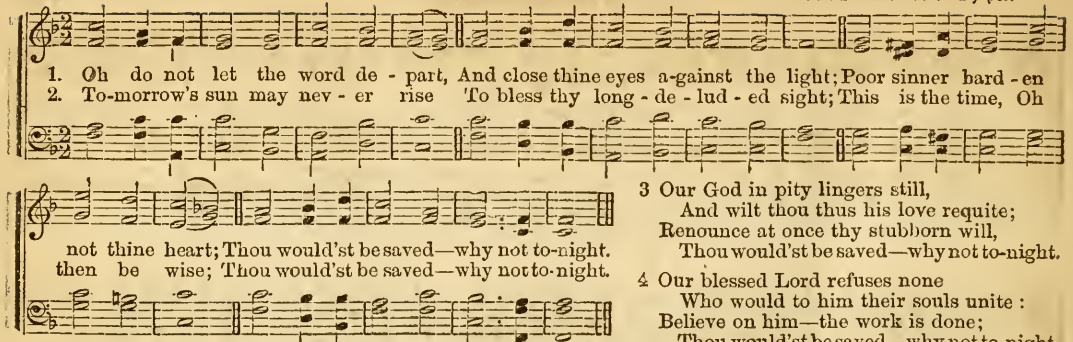
To Thee, our God and Saviour,
Our hearts exulting spring,
Rejoicing in Thy favor,
Thou everlasting King:
We'll celebrate Thy glory,
With all the saints above;
And tell the wondrous story
Of Thy redeeming love.

2.

By Thee through life supported,
We pass the dang'rous road,
By heavenly hosts escorted,
Up to their bright abode;
There cast our crowns before Thee,
Our toils and conflicts o'er,
And day and night adore Thee,
Forever, evermore.

WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?

W. F. SHERWIN. By per.

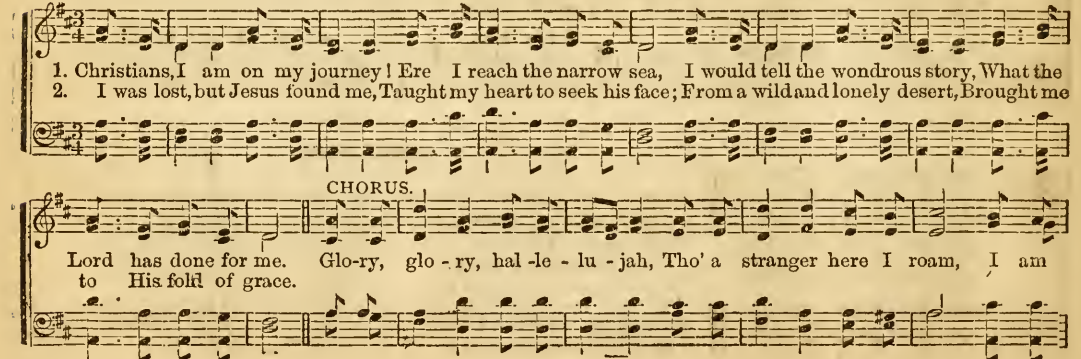


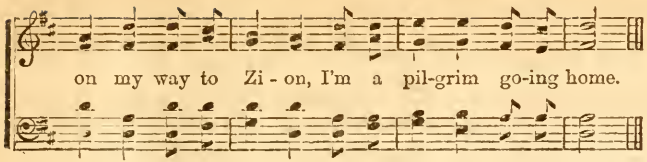
3 Our God in pity lingers still,
And wilt thou thus his love requite;
Renounce at once thy stubborn will,
Thou would'st be saved—why not to-night.

4 Our blessed Lord refuses none
Who would to him their souls unite:
Believe on him—the work is done;
Thou would'st be saved—why not to-night.

I'M A PILGRIM GOING HOME.

WM. B. BRADBURY.
From "Praises of Jesus," by per.

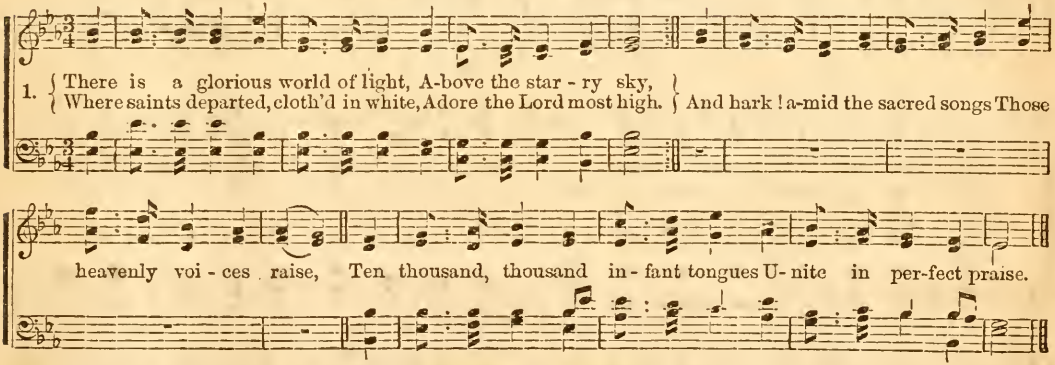




3 Now my soul with rapture glowing,
Sings aloud His pard'ning love ;
Looks beyond a world of sorrow,
To the pilgrim's home above.—*Cho.*

4 I shall yet behold my Saviour,
When the day of life is o'er,
I shall cast my crown before Him,
I shall praise Him evermore.—*Cho.*

VARINA. C. M. Double.

From RINK.

2 Those are the hymns that we shall know
If Jesus we obey :
That is the place where we shall go
If found in wisdom's way ;
This is the joy we ought to seek
And make our chief concern ;
For this we come, from week to week,
To read and hear and learn.

3 Soon will our earthly race be run,
Our mortal frame decay,
Children and teachers, one by one,
Must pass from earth away.
Great God, impress this serious thought
This day on every breast,
That both the teachers and the taught,
May enter to thy rest.

FREE GRACE.

Arr. by J. J. MATTHIAS.

1. The voice of free grace cries,—Es - cape to the moun-tain; For A-dam's lost
   For sin and un-clean-ness, And eve - ry trans - gression, His blood flows most
2. Now glo - ry to God in the high - est is giv - en; Now glo - ry to
   A - round the whole earth let us tell the glad sto - ry, And sing of His

CHORUS.

race Christ hath o - pened a foun - tain; Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb, who has
free - ly in streams of sal - va - tion.
God is re - ech - oed in hea - ven; Hal - le - lu - jah, &c.
love, His sal - va - tion and glo - ry.

purchased our par - don, We will praise Him a - gain, When we pass o - ver Jor - dan.

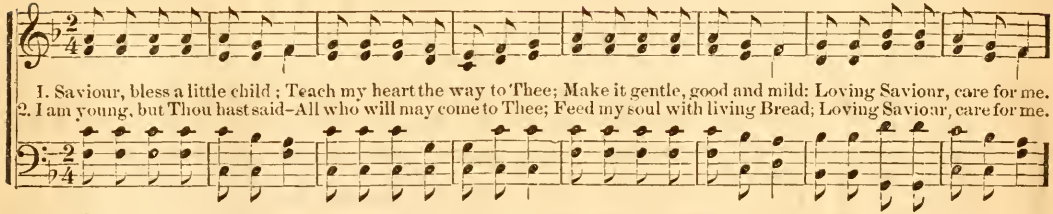
3 O Jesus, ride on,—
Thy kingdom is glorious;
O'er sin, death, and hell,
Thou wilt make us victorious:
Thy name shall be praised
In the great congregation,
And saints shall ascribe
Unto thee their salvation.

4 When on Zion we stand,
Having gain'd the blest shore.
With our harps in our hands,
We will praise ever more:
We'll range the blest fields
On the banks of the river,
And sing of redemption
For ever and ever.

DEAR JESUS, HEAR ME. (Child's Prayer.)

Words by F. J. C.

WM. B. BRADBURY.
From "Bright Jewels," by per.



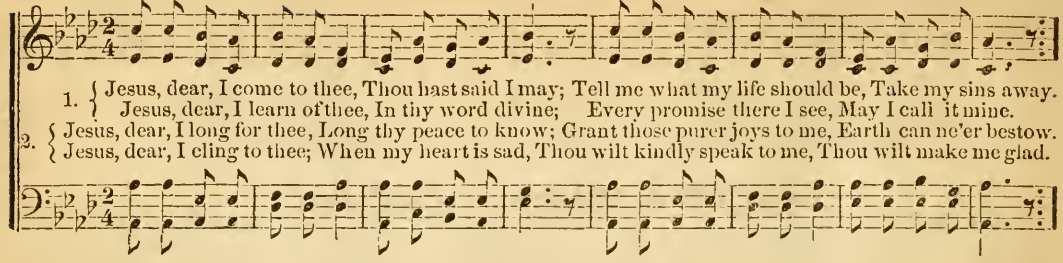
3 Jesus, help me, I am weak;
Let me put my trust in Thee;
Teach me how, and what to speak;
Loving Saviour, care for me.—*Cho.*

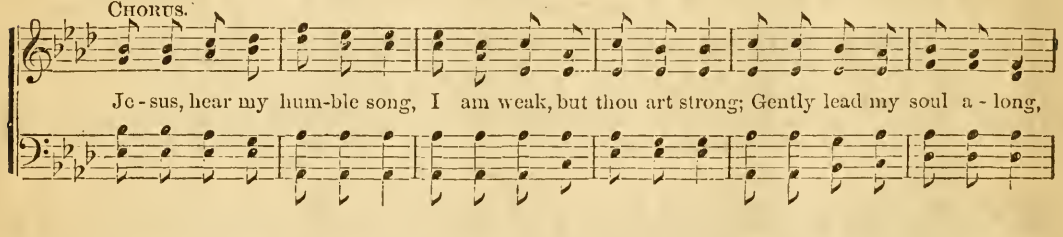
4 I would never go astray,
Never turn aside from Thee;
Keep me in the heavenly way;
Loving Saviour, care for me.—*Cho.*

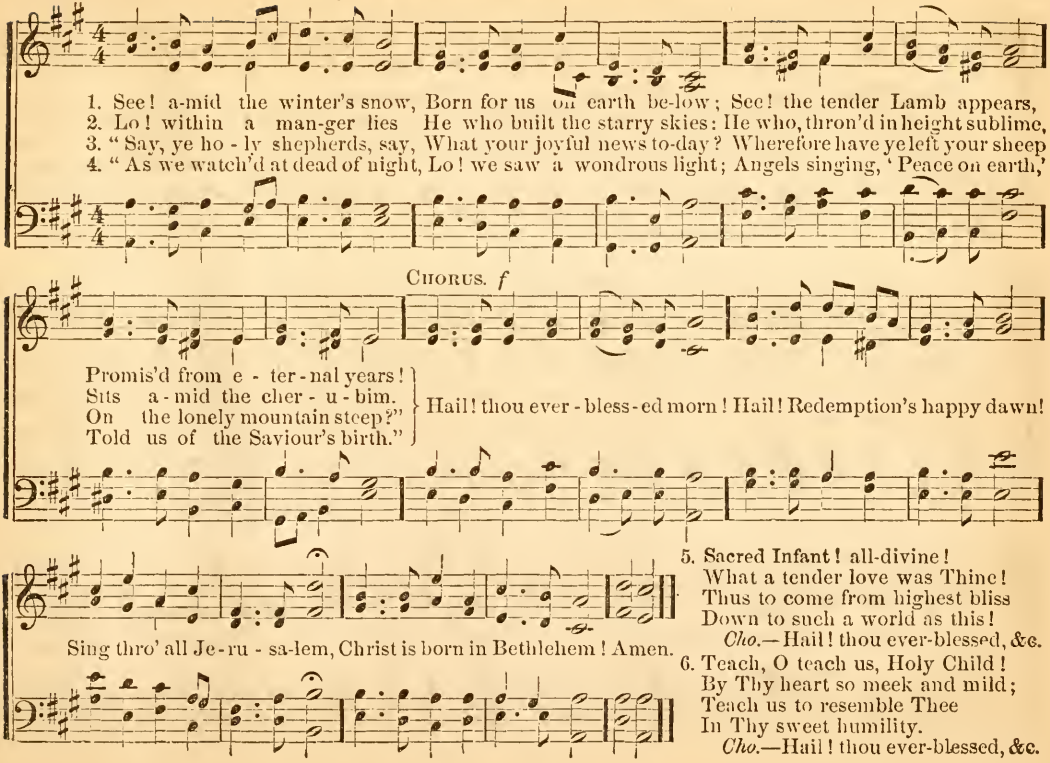
166 From "Fresh Laurels," By per.

JESUS, DEAR, I COME TO THEE.

Words and Music by FANNY CROSBY.



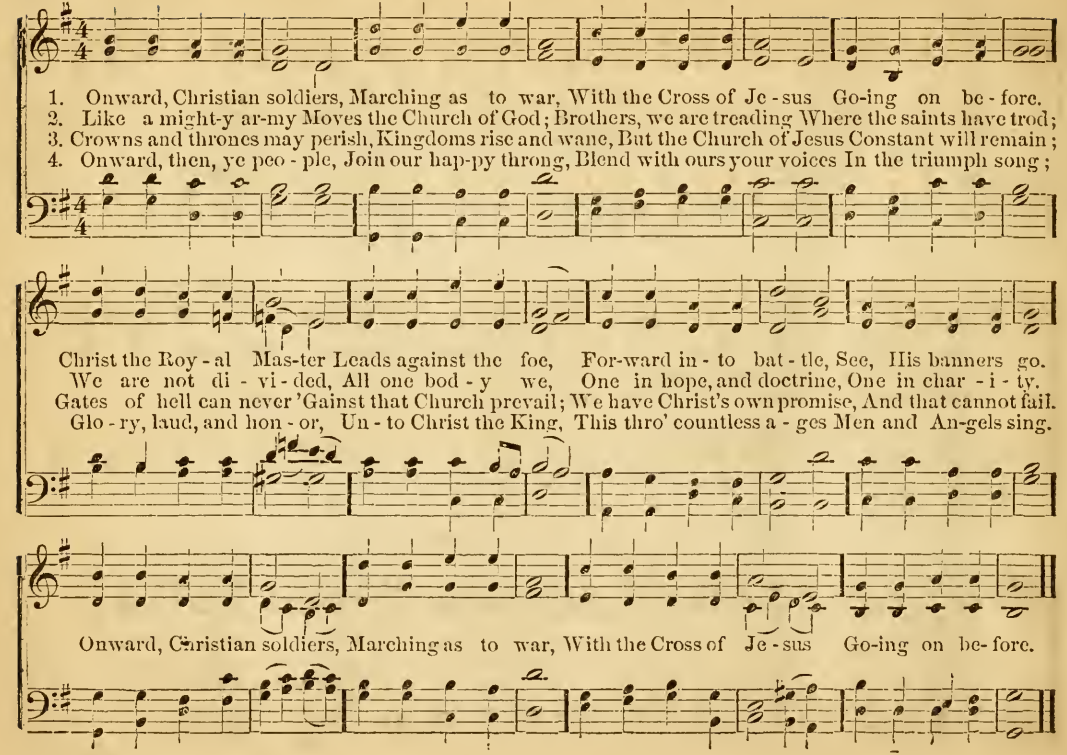


3 Jesus, dear, I trust in thee,
Trust thy tender love;
There's a happy home for me,
With thy saints above.
Jesus, I would come to thee,
Thou hast said I may;
Tell me what my life should be,
Take my sins away.—*Cho.*

5. Sacred Infant! all-divine!
What a tender love was Thine!
Thus to come from highest bliss
Down to such a world as this!
Cho.—Hail! thou ever-blessed, &c.

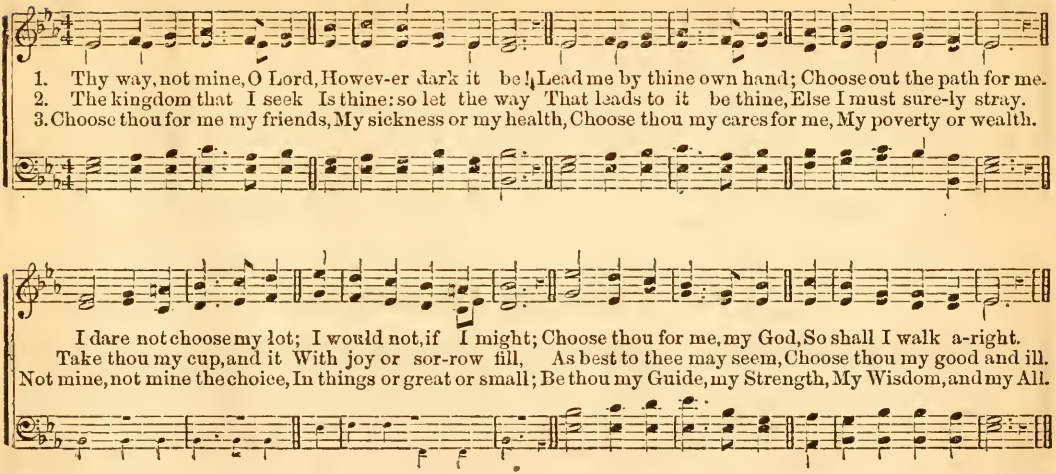
6. Teach, O teach us, Holy Child!
By Thy heart so meek and mild;
Teach us to resemble Thee
In Thy sweet humility.
Cho.—Hail! thou ever-blessed, &c.

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

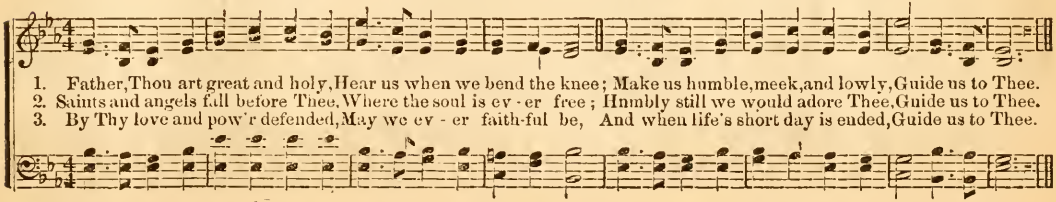
Arr. from J. HAYDN.



By per.

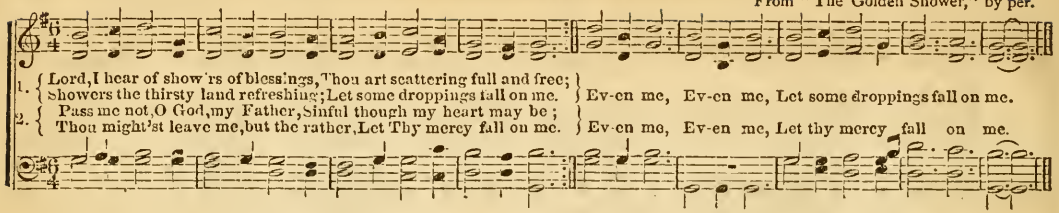


GUIDE US TO THEE.

W. F. SHERWIN. By per.

Words by MRS. ELIZABETH CODNER.

EVEN ME.

WM. B. BRADBURY.
From "The Golden Shower," by per.

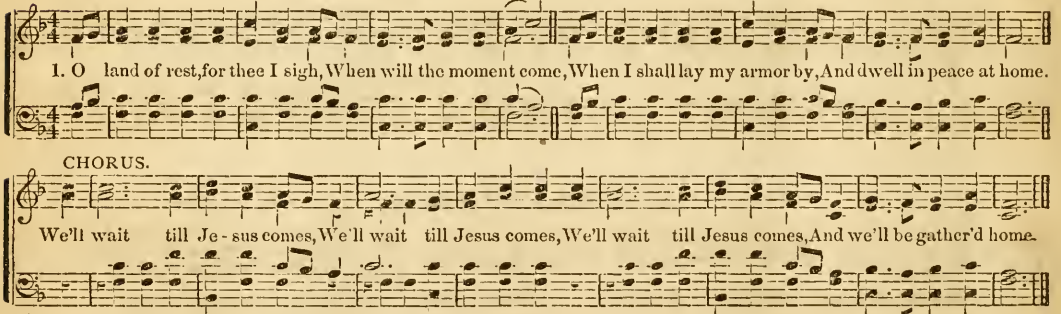


3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,
Let me live and cling to Thee:
Fain I'm longing for Thy favor;
Whilst thou'rt calling, call for me:—Even me.

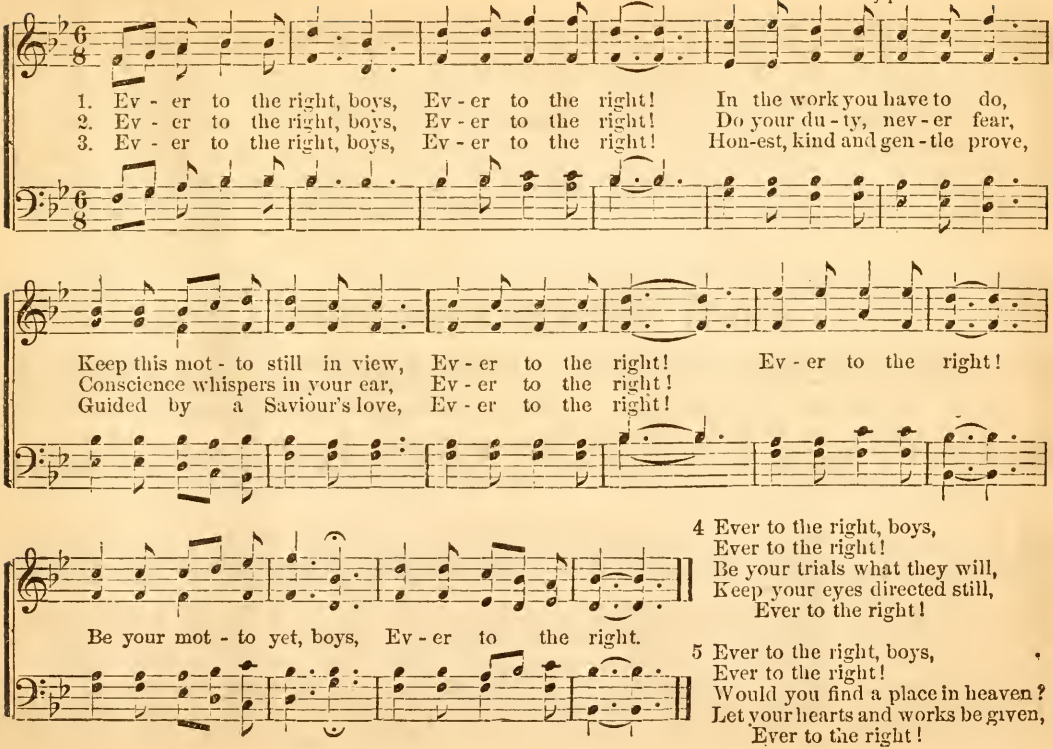
4 Pass me not, Thy lost one bringing;
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;
Whilst the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, O, bless me.—Even me.

WE'LL WAIT TILL JESUS COMES.

DR. WM. MILLER.



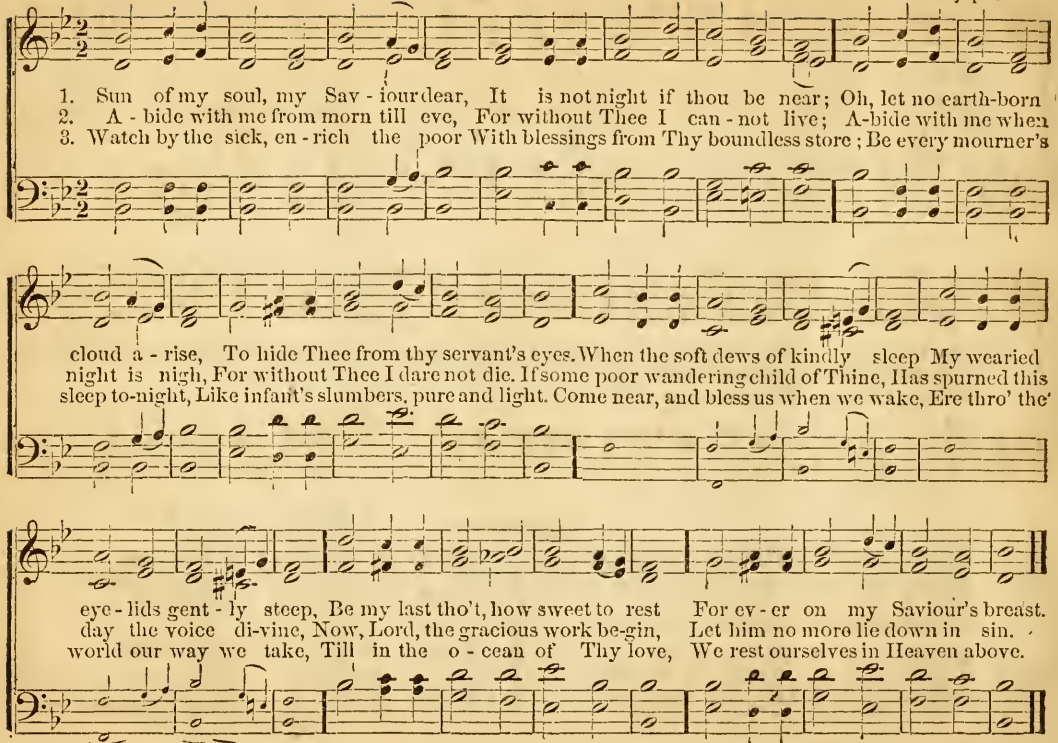
2 To Jesus Christ I'll flee for rest;
He bids me cease to roam,
And lean for succor on his breast,
Till he conducts me home.

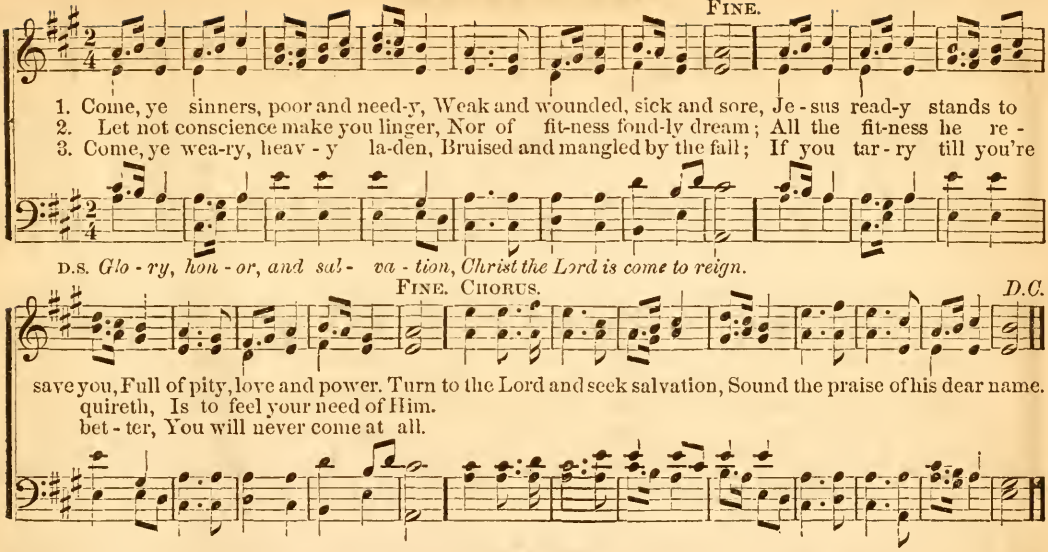
3 I'll seek at once my Saviour's side,
No more my steps shall roam;
With him I'll brave life's stormy tide
And reach my heavenly home.

4 Ever to the right, boys,
Ever to the right!
Be your trials what they will,
Keep your eyes directed still,
Ever to the right!

5 Ever to the right, boys,
Ever to the right!
Would you find a place in heaven?
Let your hearts and works be given,
Ever to the right!

SUN OF MY SOUL.

WM. F. SHERWIN.
By per.





SECOND HYMN.

1 Now the Saviour standeth pleading
At the sinner's bolted heart;
Now in heaven He's interceding,
Taking there the sinner's part.

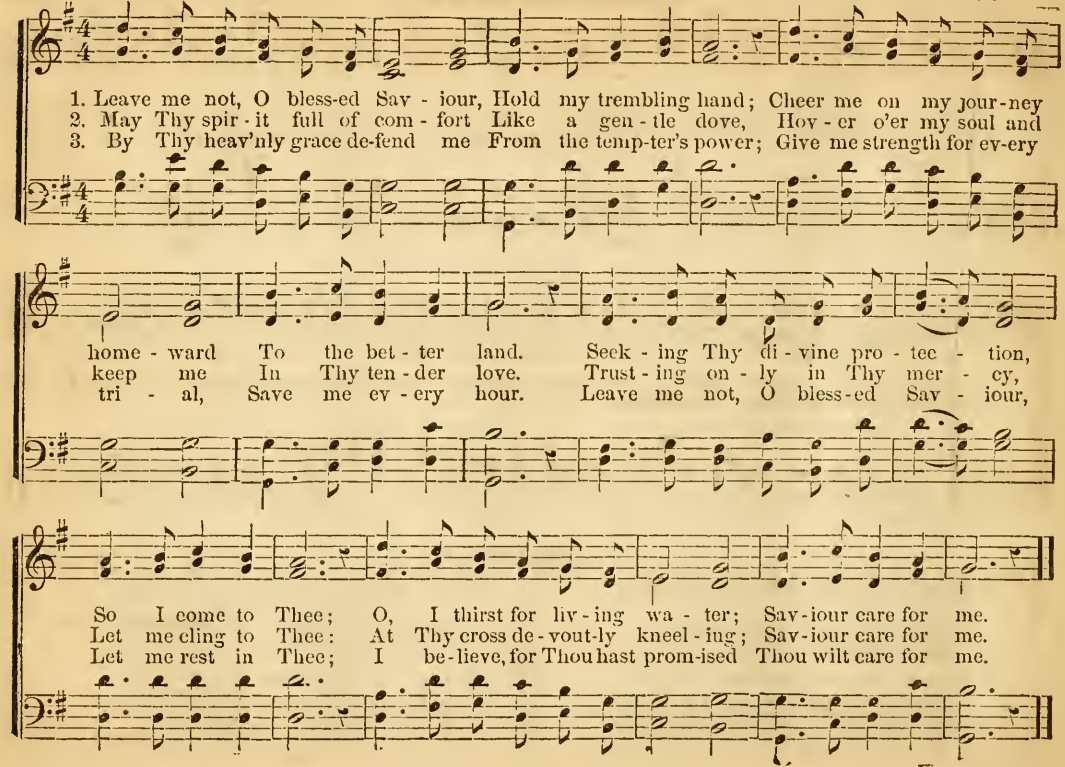
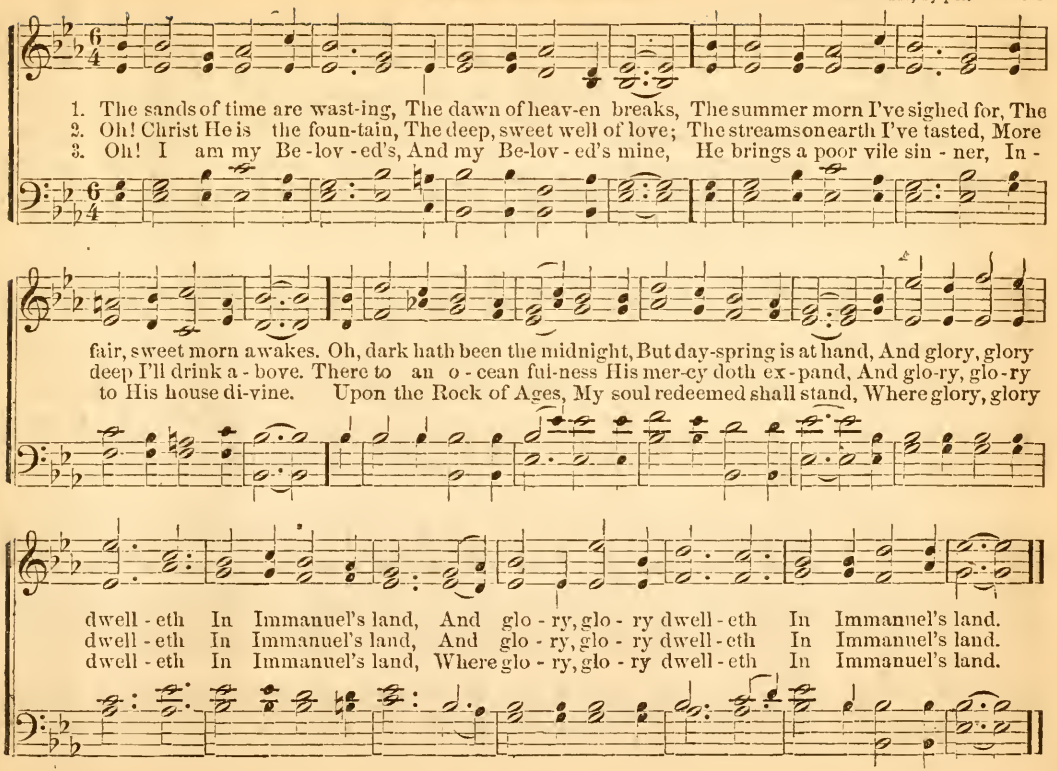
2 Sinner! can you hate this Saviour?
Will you thrust Him from your arms?
Once He died through your behavior,
Now He calls you by His charms.

3 Now He's waiting to be gracious,
Now He stands and looks on thee;
See what kindness, love, and pity;
Shine around on you and me.

4 Come, for all things now are ready,
Yet there's room for many more:
O ye blind, ye lame and needy,
Come to wisdom's boundless store?

Words by F. J. CROSBY.

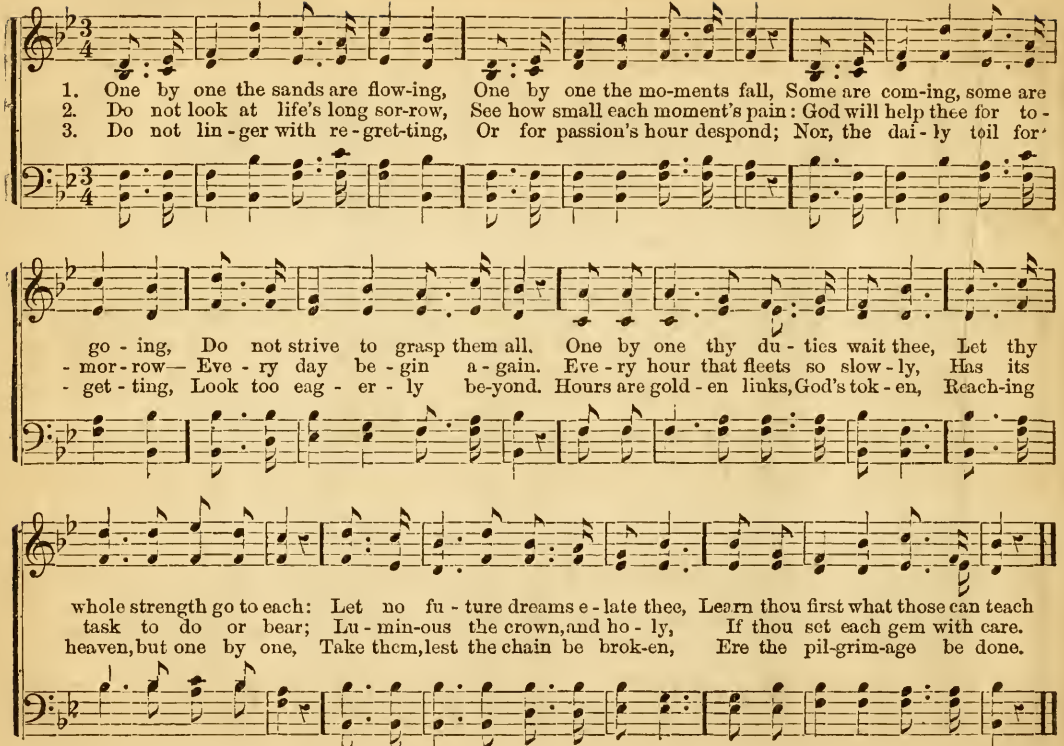
SAVIOUR CARE FOR ME.

CHESTER G. ALLEN by per.


1. The sands of time are wast-ing, The dawn of heav-en breaks, The summer morn I've sighed for, The
2. Oh! Christ He is the foun-tain, The deep, sweet well of love; The streams on earth I've tasted, More
3. Oh! I am my Be-lov-ed's, And my Be-lov-ed's mine, He brings a poor vile sin-ner, In-
fair, sweet morn awakes. Oh, dark hath been the midnight, But day-spring is at hand, And glory, glory
deep I'll drink a-bove. There to an o-cean ful-ness His mer-cy doth ex-pand, And glo-ry, glo-ry
to His house di-vine. Upon the Rock of Ages, My soul redeemed shall stand, Where glory, glory
dwell-eth In Immanuel's land, And glo-ry, glo-ry dwell-eth In Immanuel's land.
dwell-eth In Immanuel's land, And glo-ry, glo-ry dwell-eth In Immanuel's land.
dwell-eth In Immanuel's land, Where glo-ry, glo-ry dwell-eth In Immanuel's land.

Words by MISS PROCTOR.

STERLING. 8s & 7s.

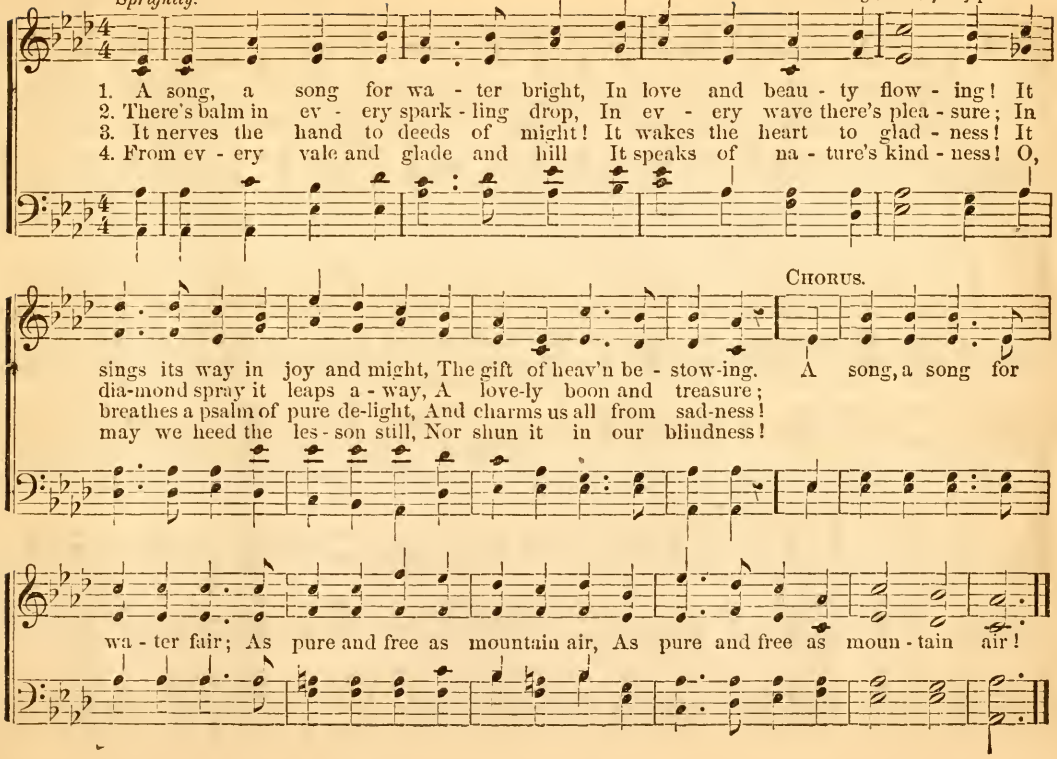
ARTHUR BELL.



A SONG FOR WATER.

Words by GEO. COOPER. WM. F. SHERWIN.
From "Bugle Notes," by per

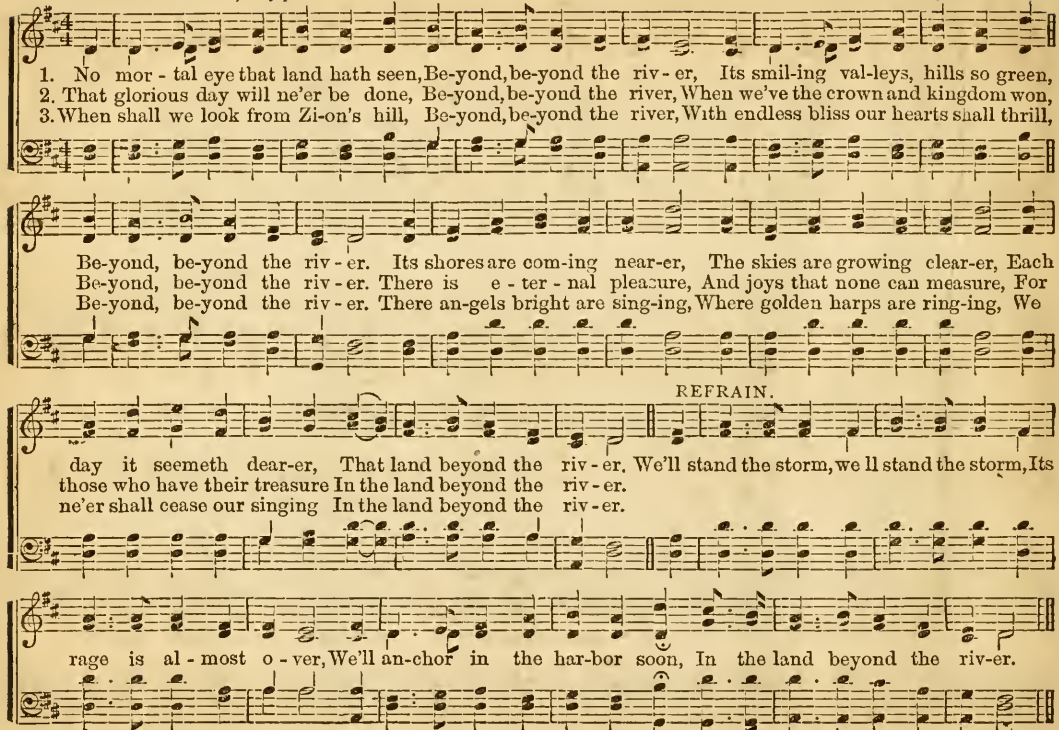
Sprightly.



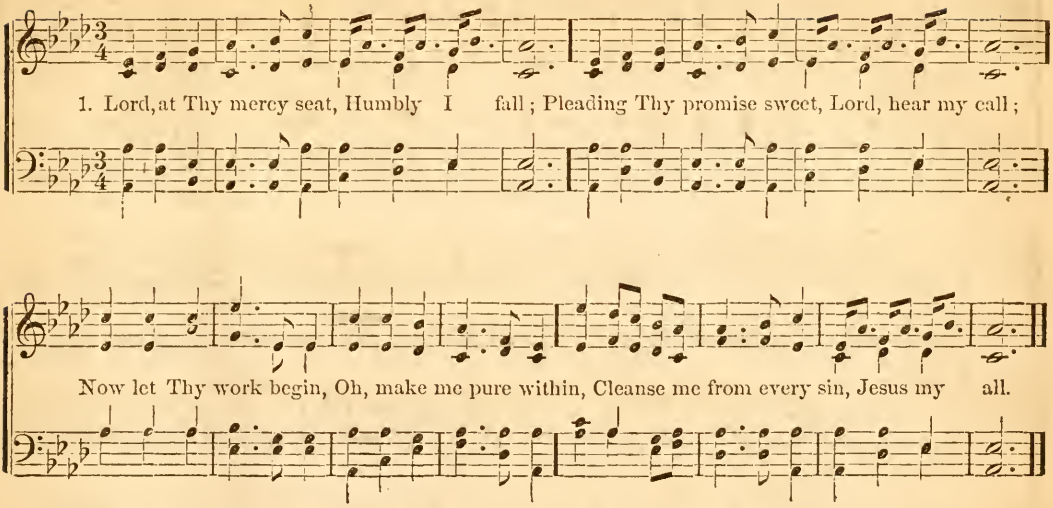
THE LAND BEYOND THE RIVER.

From "Silver Chimes," by per.

Words and Music by H. L. FRISBIE.



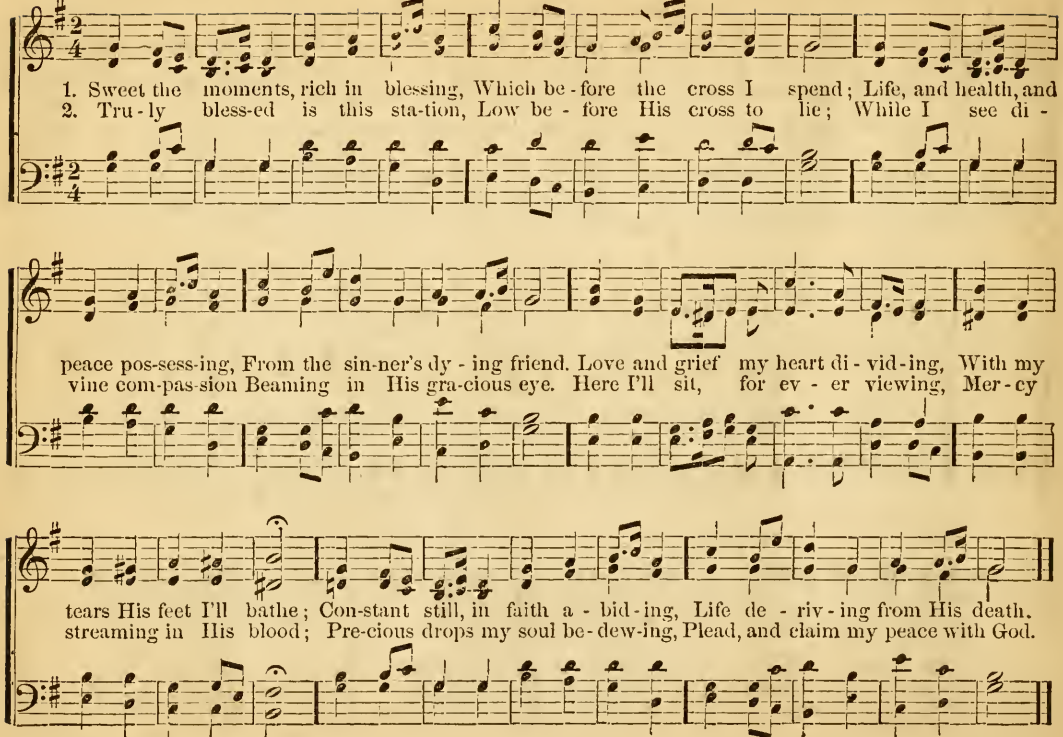
"*I will appear in the cloud upon the mercy-seat.*" Lev. 16 : 2.

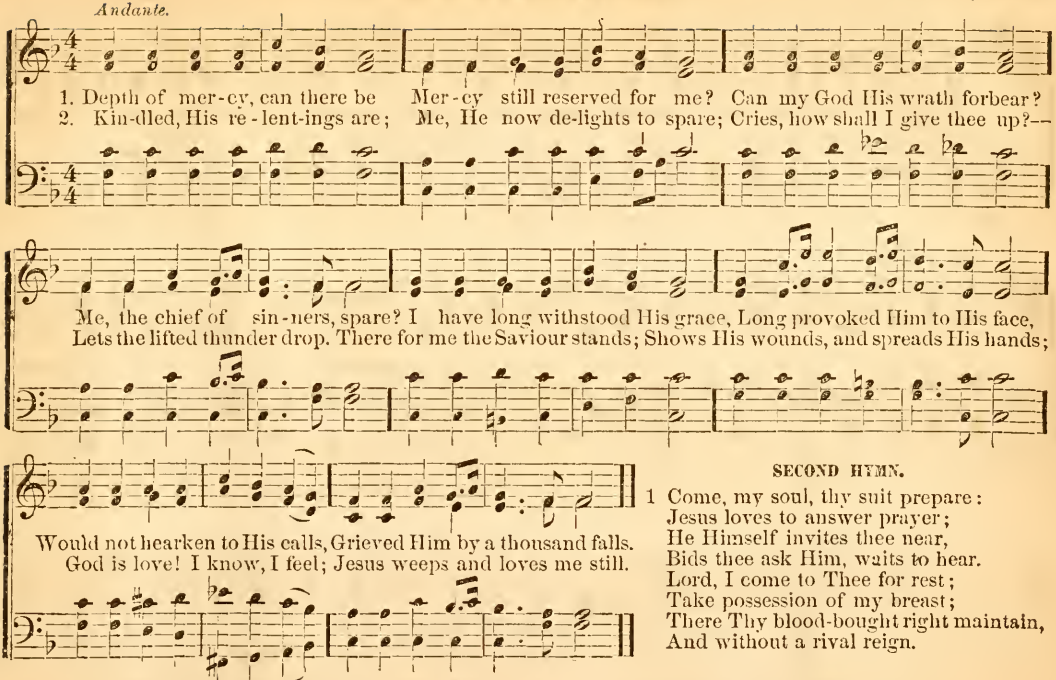


2 Tears of repentant grief
Silently fall;
Help Thou my unbelief,
Hear thou my call.
Oh, how I pine for thee!
'Tis all my hope, my plea:
Jesus has died for me,
Jesus, my all.

3 Hark! how the words of love
Tenderly fall,
Ere to the realms above,
Heard is my call;
Now every doubt has flown,
Broken my heart of stone,
Lord, I am Thine alone,
Jesus, my all.

4 Still at Thy mercy-seat
Humbly I fall;
Pleading Thy promise sweet,
Heard is my call.
Faith wings my soul to thee;
Thus all my hope shall be,
Jesus has died for me,
Jesus, my all.


1. Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which be - fore the cross I spend; Life, and health, and
2. Tru - ly bless-ed is this sta-tion, Low be - fore His cross to lie; While I see di -
peace pos-sess-ing, From the sin-ner's dy - ing friend. Love and grief my heart di - vid-ing, With my
vine com-pas-sion Beaming in His gra-cious eye. Here I'll sit, for ev - er viewing, Mer - cy
tears His feet I'll bathe; Con-stant still, in faith a - bid - ing, Life de - riv - ing from His death.
streaming in His blood; Pre-cious drops my soul be-dew-ing, Plead, and claim my peace with God.



SECOND HYMN.

1 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare:
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He Himself invites thee near,
Bids thee ask Him, waits to hear.
Lord, I come to Thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

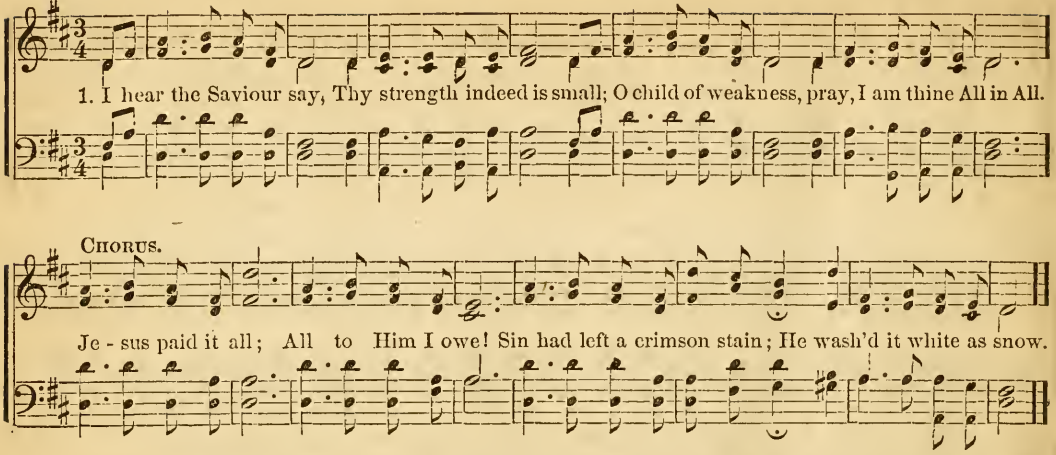
2 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

Show me what I have to do;
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,—
Let me die Thy people's death.

Words by Mrs. E. M. HALL.

ALL TO CHRIST I OWE.

JOHN T. GRAPE, by per.



2.

Lord, now indeed I find
Thy faith, and thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.—*Cho.*

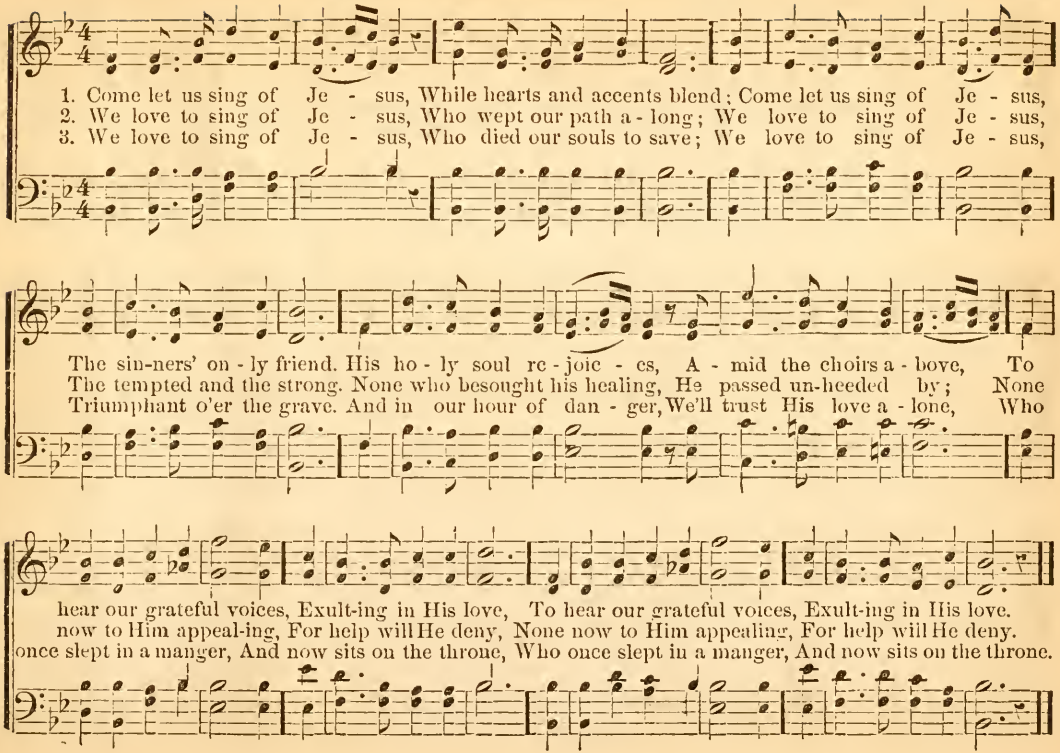
3.

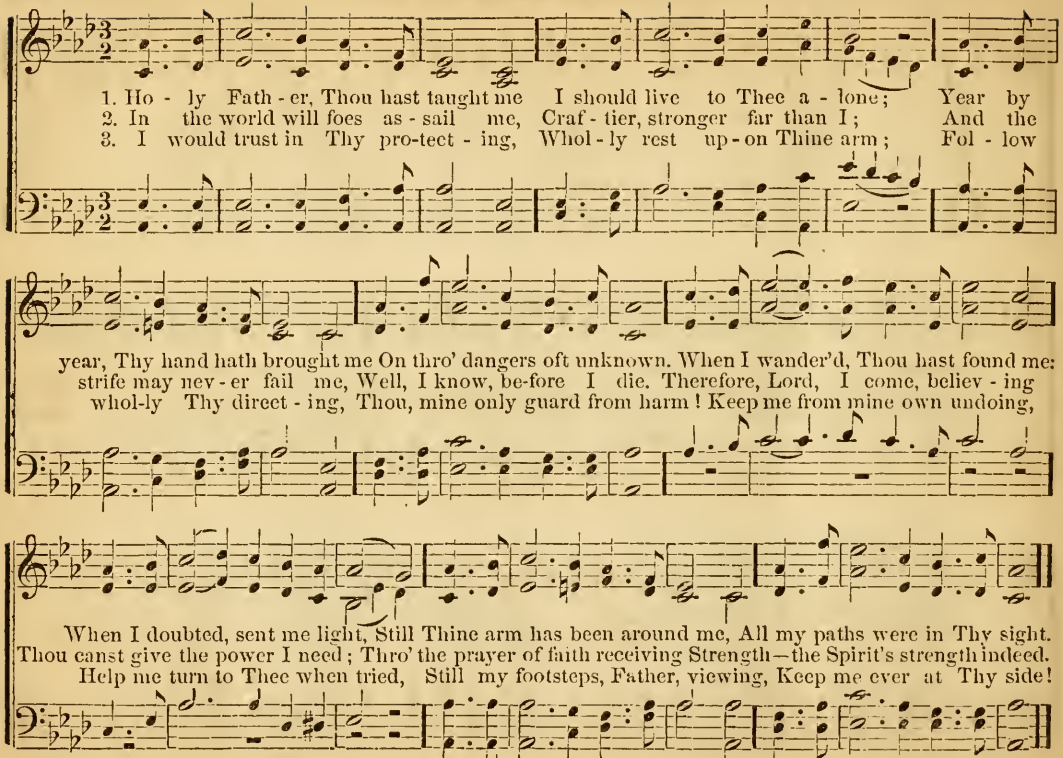
For nothing good have I,
Whereby thy grace to claim—
I'll wash me in the blood,
The blood of Calvary's Lamb.—*Cho.*

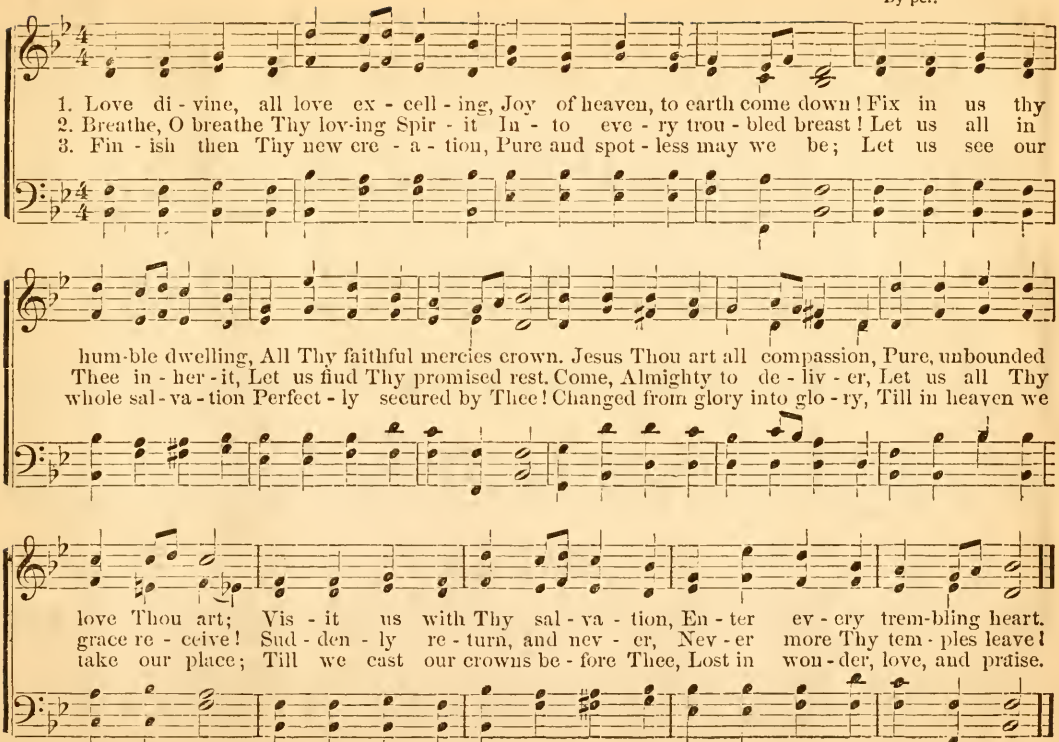
4.

When from my dying bed,
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all,"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.—*Cho.*

5.

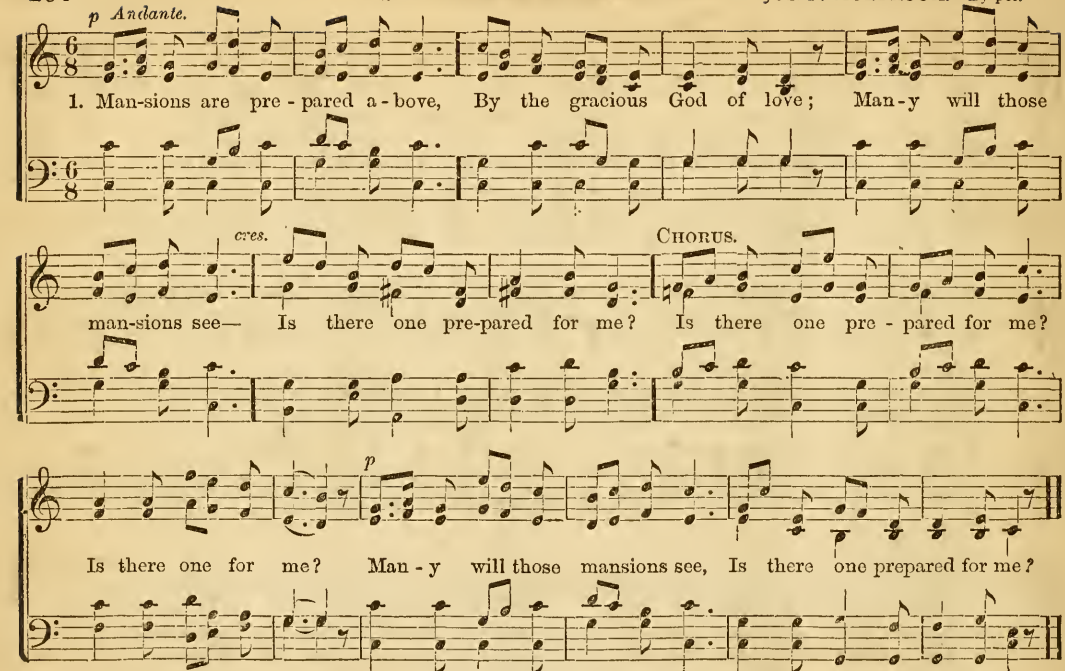
And when before the throne,
I stand in Him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down, at Jesus' feet.—*Cho.*

1. Come let us sing of Je - sus, While hearts and accents blend; Come let us sing of Je - sus,
2. We love to sing of Je - sus, Who wept our path a - long; We love to sing of Je - sus,
3. We love to sing of Je - sus, Who died our souls to save; We love to sing of Je - sus,
The sin-ners' on - ly friend. His ho - ly soul re - joic - es, A - mid the choirs a - bove, To
The tempted and the strong. None who besought his healing, He passed un-heeded by; None
Triumphant o'er the grave. And in our hour of dan - ger, We'll trust His love a - lone, Who
hear our grateful voices, Exult-ing in His love, To hear our grateful voices, Exult-ing in His love.
now to Him appeal-ing, For help will He deny, None now to Him appealing, For help will He deny.
once slept in a manger, And now sits on the throne, Who once slept in a manger, And now sits on the throne.


1. Ho - ly Fath - er, Thou hast taught me I should live to Thee a - lone; Year by
2. In the world will foes as - sail me, Craf - tier, stronger far than I; And the
3. I would trust in Thy pro-tect - ing, Whol - ly rest up - on Thine arm; Fol - low
year, Thy hand hath brought me On thro' dangers oft unknown. When I wander'd, Thou hast found me:
strife may nev - er fail me, Well, I know, be-fore I die. Therefore, Lord, I come, believ - ing
whol-ly Thy direct - ing, Thou, mine only guard from harm! Keep me from mine own undoing,
When I doubted, sent me light, Still Thine arm has been around me, All my paths were in Thy sight.
Thou canst give the power I need; Thro' the prayer of faith receiving Strength—the Spirit's strength indeed.
Help me turn to Thee when tried, Still my footsteps, Father, viewing, Keep me ever at Thy side!


1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cell - ing, Joy of heaven, to earth come down! Fix in us thy
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov-ing Spir - it In - to eve - ry trou - bled breast! Let us all in
3. Fin - ish then Thy new cre - a - tion, Pure and spot - less may we be; Let us see our
hum-ble dwelling, All Thy faithful mercies crown. Jesus Thou art all compassion, Pure, unbounded
Thee in - her - it, Let us find Thy promised rest. Come, Almighty to de - liv - er, Let us all Thy
whole sal - va - tion Perfect - ly secured by Thee! Changed from glory into glo - ry, Till in heaven we
love Thou art; Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - ery trem-bling heart.
grace re - ceive! Sud - den - ly re - turn, and nev - er, Nev - er more Thy tem - ples leave!
take our place; Till we cast our crowns be - fore Thee, Lost in won - der, love, and praise.

IS THERE ONE FOR ME?

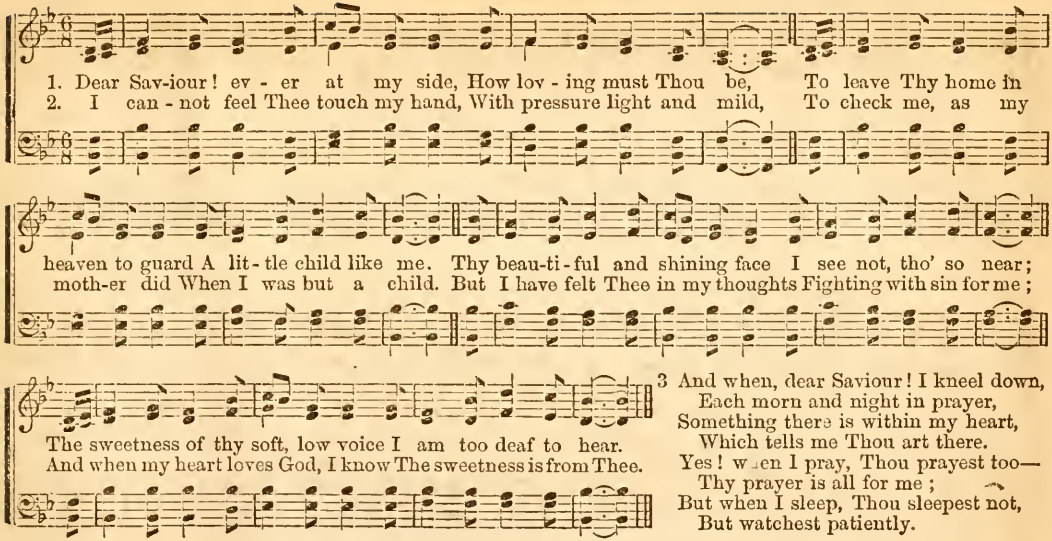
JOS. P. HOLBROOK. By per.



2 Crowns that dazzle human eye,
Wait for those who reach the sky;
Many there, those crown will see,
Is there one prepared for me? CHO.

3 Robes of spotless white are given,
By the glorious King of heaven;
All can have them, they are free,—
Is there one prepared for me? CHO.

4 Harps of joyful sound above,
Swell the praise of Jesus' love;
Oh! how sweet their strains will be,
Is there, Lord, a harp for me? CHO.



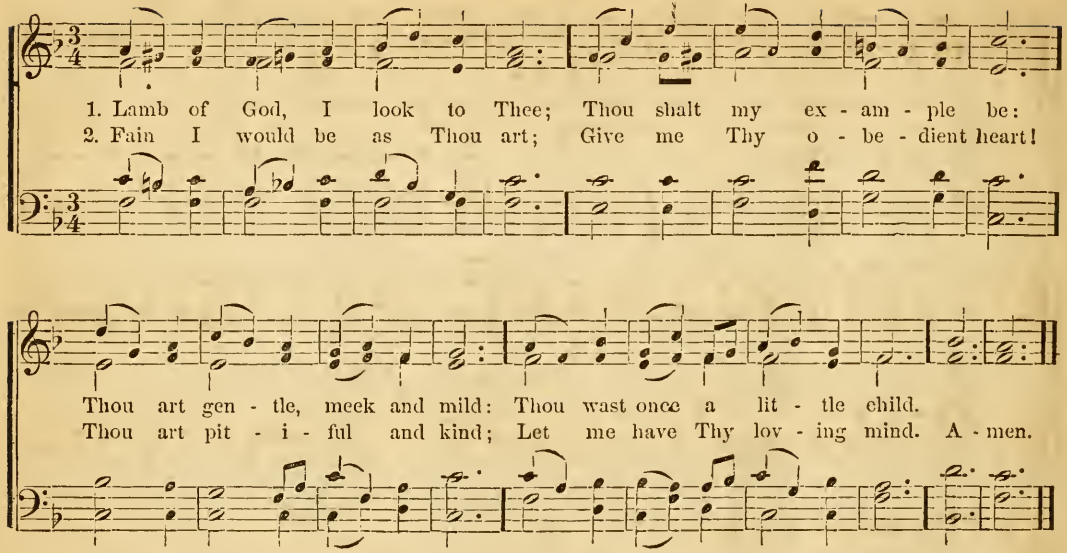
3 And when, dear Saviour! I kneel down,
Each morn and night in prayer,
Something there is within my heart,
Which tells me Thou art there.
Yes! when I pray, Thou prayest too—
Thy prayer is all for me;
But when I sleep, Thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently.

SECOND HYMN. C. M.

1 Approach, my soul! the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer:
There humbly fall before His feet,
For none can perish there.
Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh:
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord! am I.

2 Be Thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell Him—"Thou hast died."
Oh! wondrous Love—to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious name.

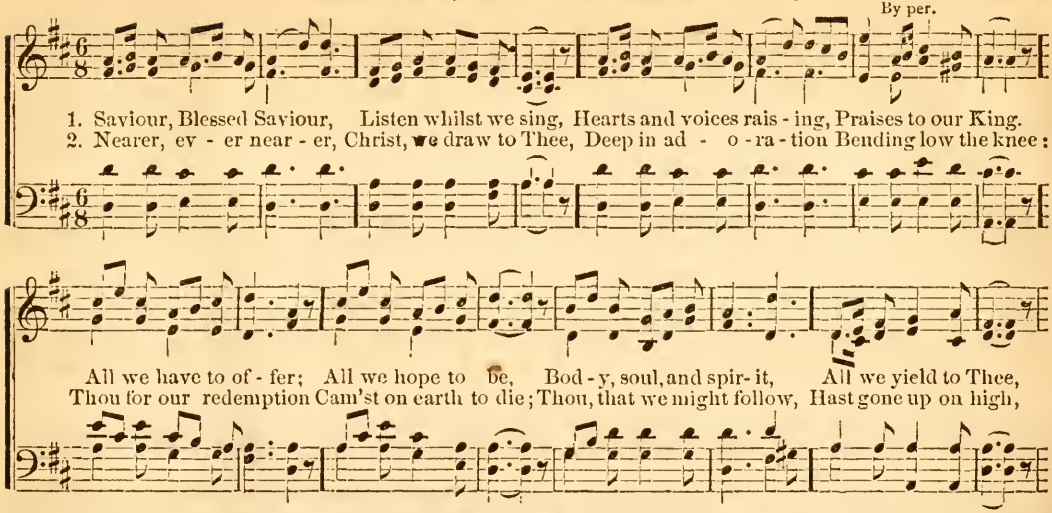
LAMB OF GOD, I LOOK TO THEE.

L. SPOHR.

3.

Let me above all fulfil
God my Heavenly Father's will;
Never His good Spirit grieve;
Only to His glory live!

4.

Loving Jesus, Gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am:
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art!
Live Thyself within my heart.

By per.

3.

Onward, ever onward, Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us, Journeying on to God:
Leaving all behind us, May we hasten on,
Backward never looking, Till the prize is won.

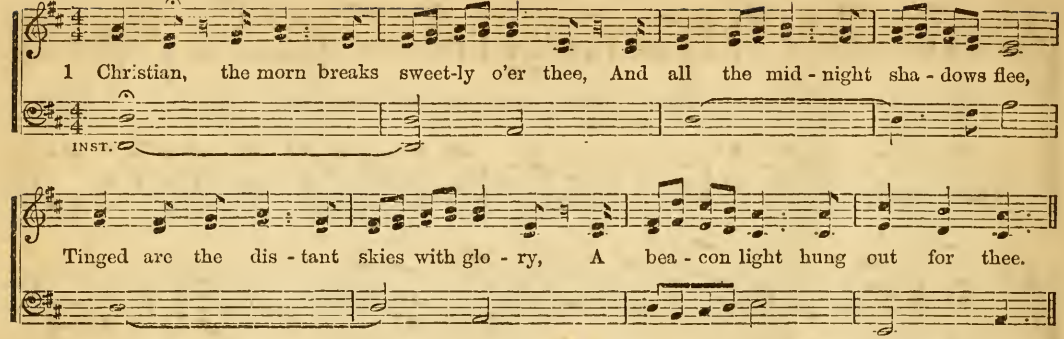
4.

Brighter still and brighter Glows the western sun,
Shedding all its gladness O'er our work that's done;
Time will soon be over, Toil and sorrow past,
May we, Blessed Saviour, Find a rest at last.

HYMN ANTHEM.

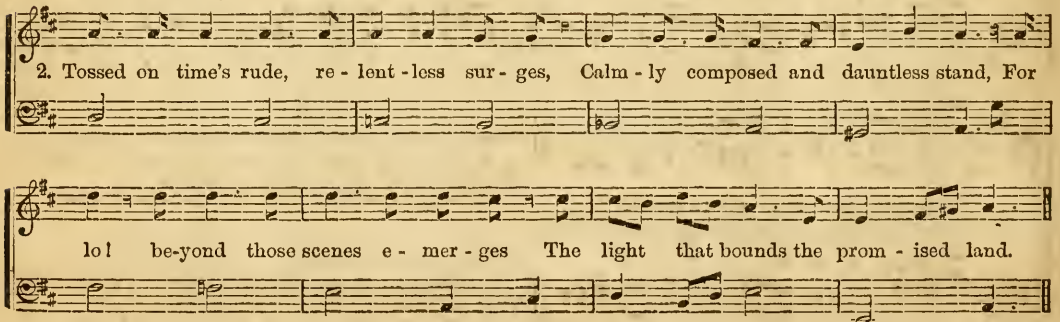
DUET, SOPRANO AND ALTO.

J. ZUNDEL. By permission.

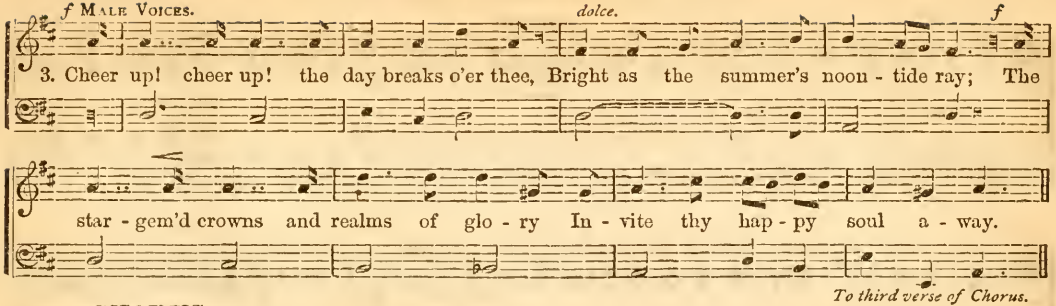


To first verse of Chorus.

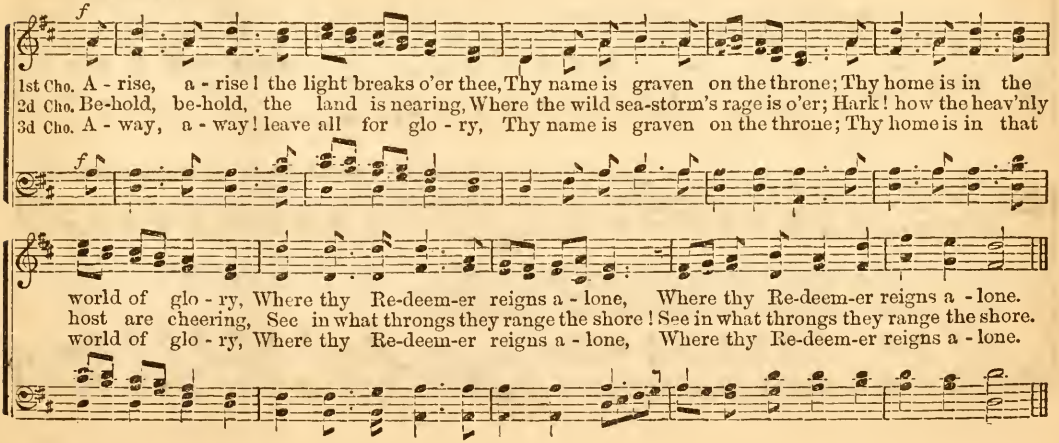
FEMALE VOICES.



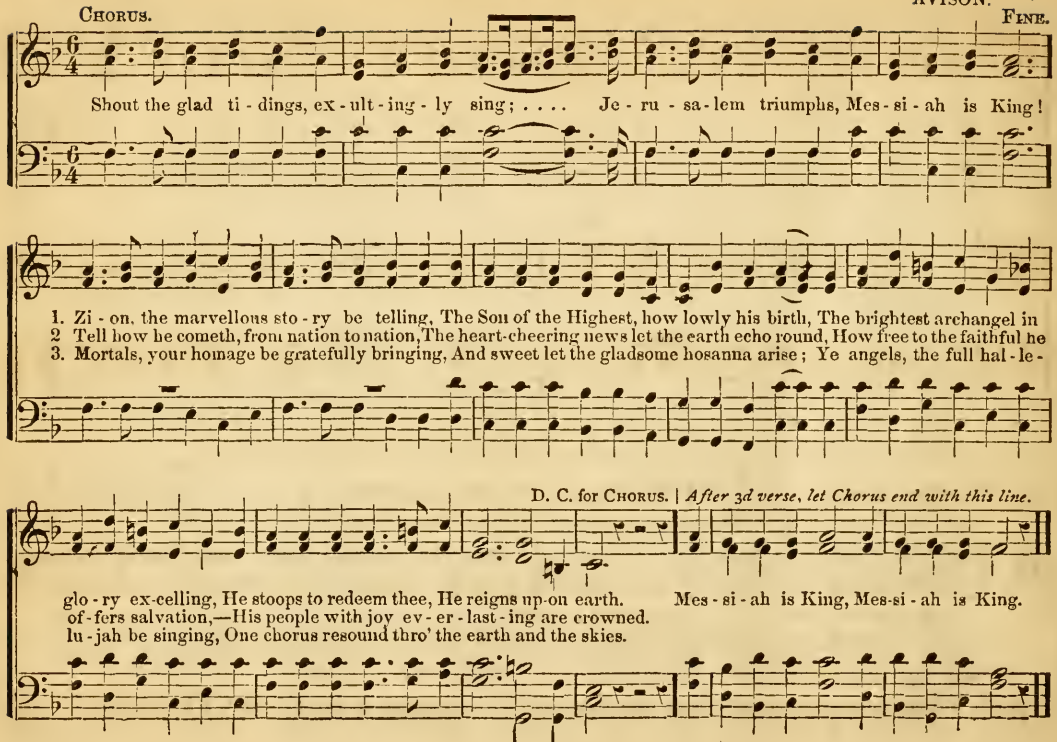
To second verse of Chorus.

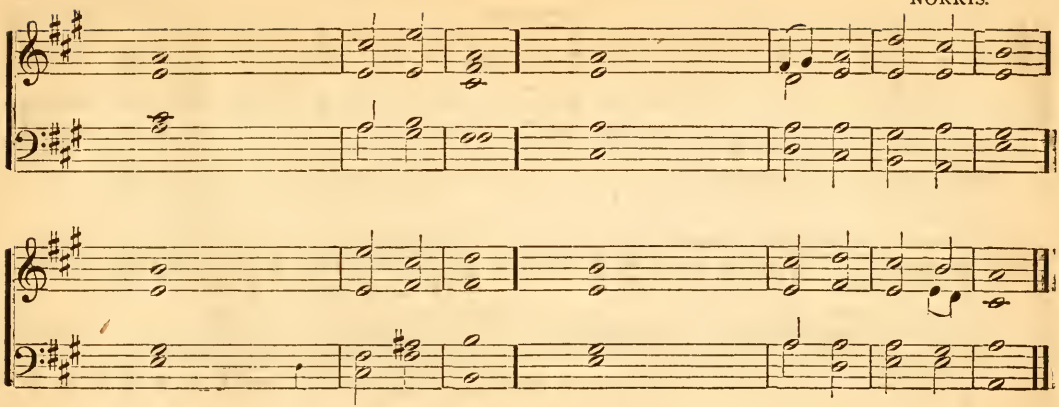

f Male Voices.
dolce.
f
3. Cheer up! cheer up! the day breaks o'er thee, Bright as the summer's noon - tide ray; The
star - gem'd crowns and realms of glo - ry In - vite thy hap - py soul a - way.
To third verse of Chorus.

CHORUS.


f
1st Cho. A - rise, a - rise! the light breaks o'er thee, Thy name is graven on the throne; Thy home is in the
2d Cho. Be-hold, be-hold, the land is nearing, Where the wild sea-storm's rage is o'er; Hark! how the heav'nly
3d Cho. A - way, a - way! leave all for glo - ry, Thy name is graven on the throne; Thy home is in that
f
world of glo - ry, Where thy Re-deem-er reigns a - lone, Where thy Re-deem-er reigns a - lone.
host are cheering, See in what throngs they range the shore! See in what throngs they range the shore.
world of glo - ry, Where thy Re-deem-er reigns a - lone, Where thy Re-deem-er reigns a - lone.

AVISON.

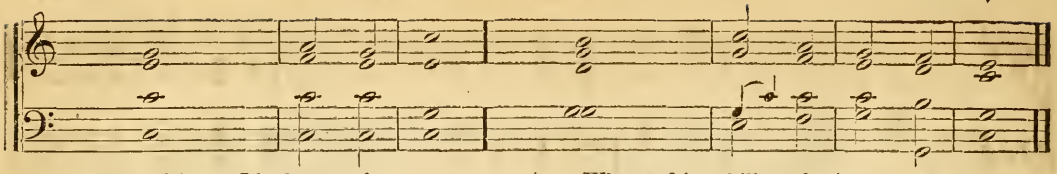
CHORUS. FINE.

NORRIS.



1. Praise the Lord, | O my | soul, ‖ and all that is within me, | praise his | ho-ly | name.
2. Praise the Lord, | O my | soul, ‖ and for- | get not | all his | benefits;
3. Who forgiveth | all thy | sin, ‖ and | healeth | all thine | infirmities;
4. Who saveth thy | life..from de- | struction, ‖ and crowneth thee with | mercy and | loving | kindness.
5. O praise the Lord, ye Angels of his, ye that ex- | cel in | strength; ‖ ye that fulfil his commandment, and hearken unto the | voice of | his — | word.
6. O praise the Lord, all | ye his | hosts; ‖ ye servants of | his that | do his | pleasure.
7. Glory be to the Father, | and..to the | Son, ‖ and | to the | Holy | Ghost;
8. As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be, ‖ world without | end.— | A- | men.

COME UNTO ME. Chant No. 2.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1 With tearful eyes I look around,
Life seems a dark and | stormy | sea:
Yet, 'midst the gloom I hear a sound,
A heavenly | whisper, | Come to | me.

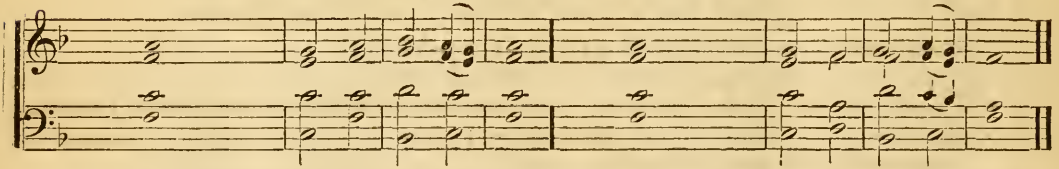
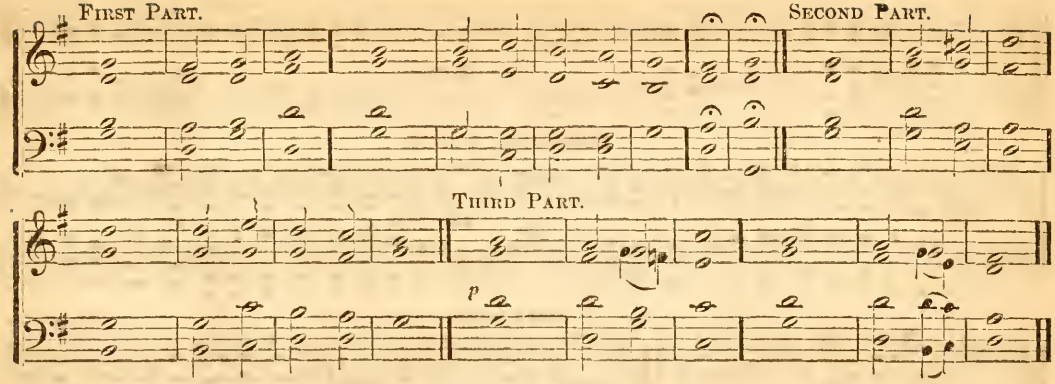
2 It tells me of a place of rest—
It tells me where my | soul may | flee;
Oh! to the weary, faint, opprest,
How sweet the | bidding, | Come to | me.

3 When nature shudders, loth to part
From all I love, en- | joy, and | see,
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
A sweet voice | utters, | Come to | me.

4 Come for all else must fail and die,
Earth is no resting | place for | thee;
Heavenward direct thy weeping eye,
I am thy | portion, | Come to | me.

5 O voice of mercy! voice of love!
In conflict, grief, and | agо- | ny,
Support me, cheer me from above!
And gently | whisper, | Come to | me.

THE LORD'S PRAYER. Chant No. 3.

GREGORIAN.

1. Our Father, who art in heaven, | hallowed | be thy | name; ‖ thy kingdom come, thy will be done on | earth, as it | is in | heaven;
2. Give us this | day our | daily | bread; ‖ and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | them that | trespass | against us.
3. And lead us not into temptation, but de- | liv-er | us from | evil; ‖ for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the | glory, for- | ever. A- | men.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

To the First Part of the Chant.

1. Glory be to | God on | high, ‖ and on earth | peace, good | will towards | men.
2. We praise thee, we bless thee, we | worship | thee, ‖ we glorify thee, we give thanks to | thee for | thy great | glory.

To the Second Part.

3. O Lord God, | Heavenly | King, ‖ God the | Father | Al- — | mighty!
4. O Lord, the only-begotten Son | Jesus | Christ, ‖ O Lord God, Lamb of God, | Son..of the | Fa- —|ther!

To the Third Part.

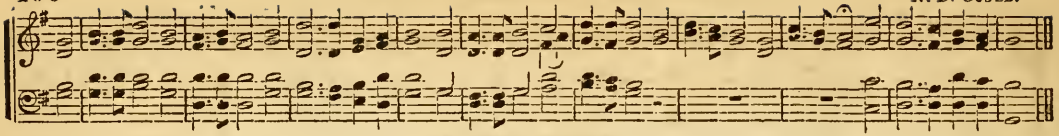
5. That takest away the | sins..of the | world, ‖ have mercy up- | on — | us.
6. Thou that takest away the | sins..of the | world, ‖ have mercy up- | on — | us.
7. Thou that takest away the | sins..of the | world, ‖ re- | ceive our | prayer.
8. Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God the | Father, ‖ have mercy up- | on — | us.

To the First Part.

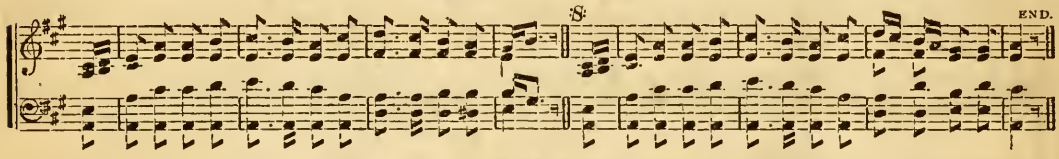
9. For Thou only | art — | holy, ‖ Thou | only | art the | Lord.
10. Thou only, O Christ, with the | Holy | Ghost, ‖ art most high in the | glory..of | God the | Father. ‖ A-|men.

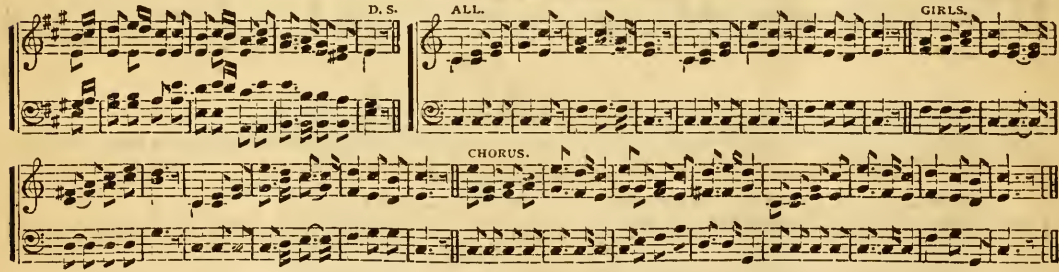
WOODLAND. C. M.

N. D. GOULD.



METROPOLIS. C. M. D.

E. L. WHITE.

PILGRIM BAND.

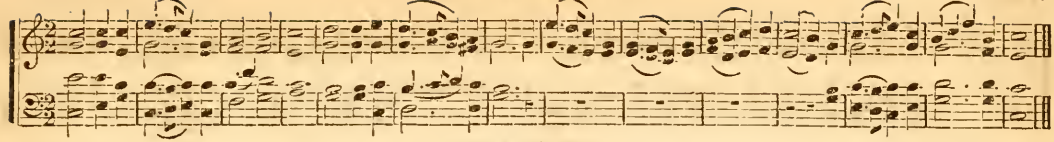
S. C. FOSTER.

1 Come, little soldiers, join in our band,
March for the kingdom, our promised land:
Fearless of danger, onward we roam;
Jesus our Leader is, soon we'll be home.

CHORUS.—We're a little Pilgrim band,
Guided by our Saviour's hand;
Soon we'll reach our Fatherland
No more to roam.

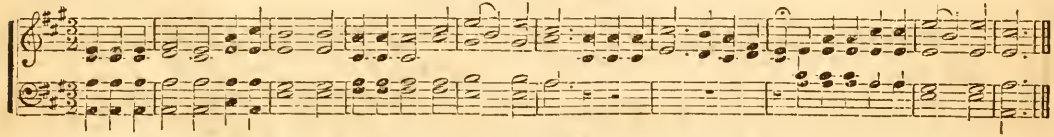
2 Hark to the voices, bidding us come!
Angels rejoicing, beckon us home:
No sin, nor sadness your hearts shall oppress,
Come, little Pilgrim band, there you shall rest.

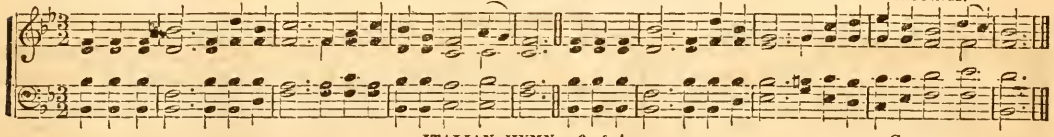
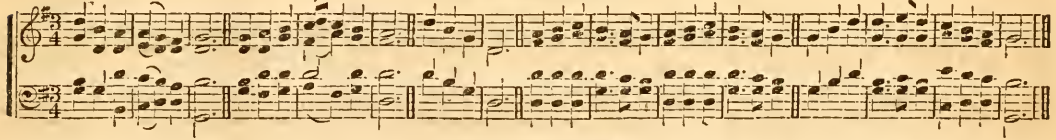
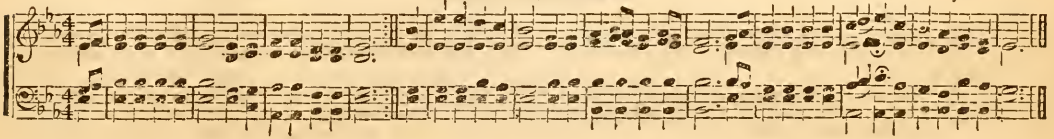
3 Soon we shall never know sorrow more,
But blest for ever, God's love shall share;
Soon we shall see him in his blest home,
Ever, still praising him, ages to come.

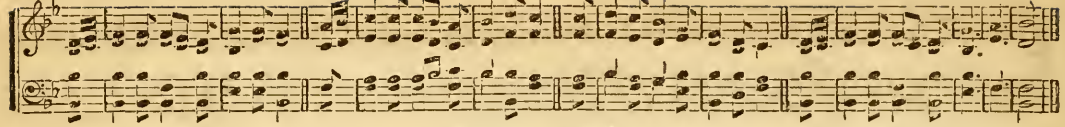
FRANKLIN. C. M. S. B. POND.



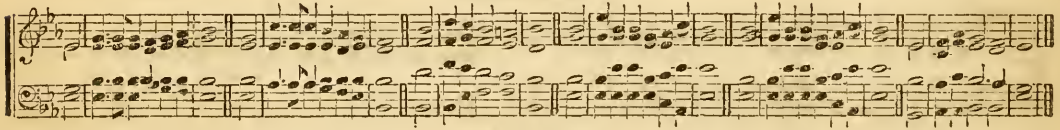
WARE. L. M. GEO. KINGSLEY.



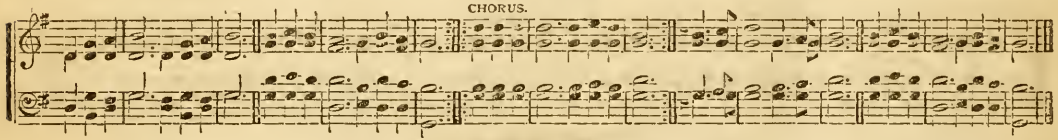
BADEN. L. M. TH. HASTINGS.

ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s. GIARDINI.

CRUCIFIX. 7s & 6s. Greek Melody.

RETREAT. L. M. DR. TH. HASTINGS.

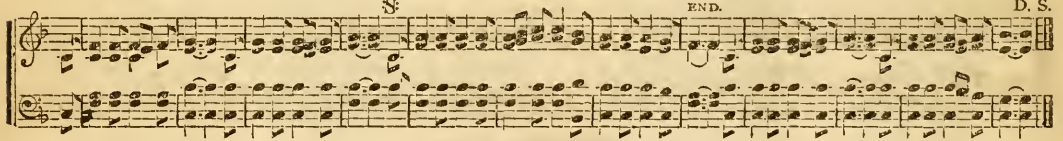


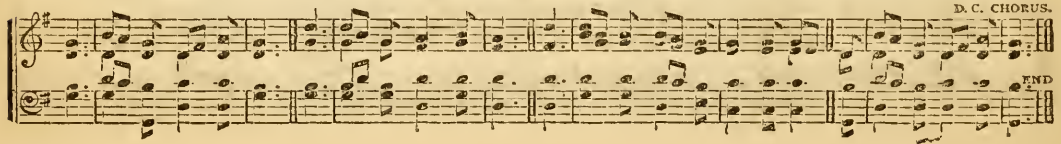
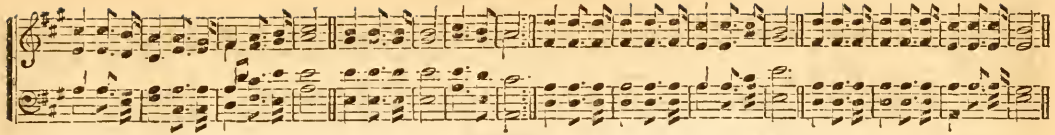
MERIBAH. C. P. M. DR. L. MASON.

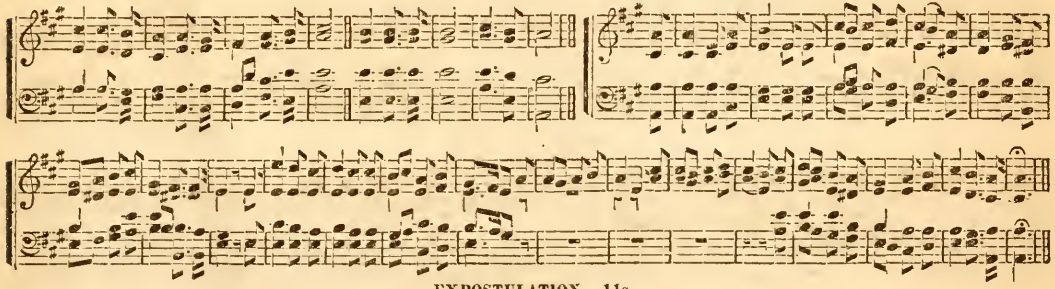


HAPPY DAY!

CHORUS.

LEBANON. S. M. J. ZUNDEL.

S. END. D. S.

NO SORROW THERE.

D. C. CHORUS.

PORTUGUESE HYMN.



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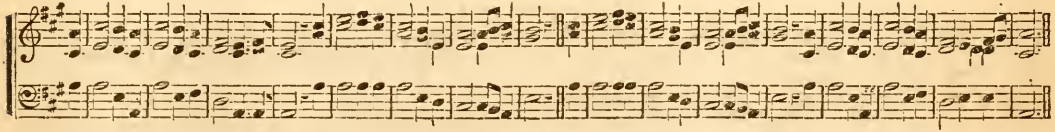
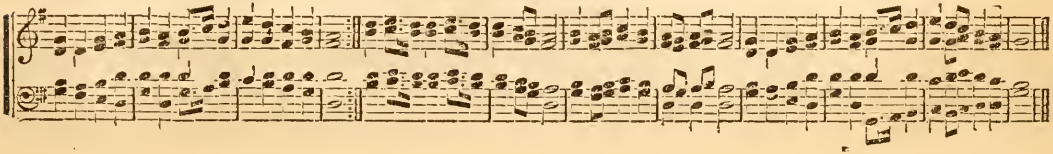
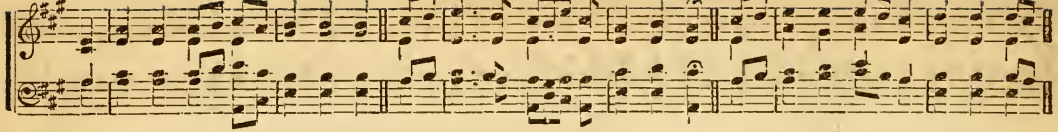
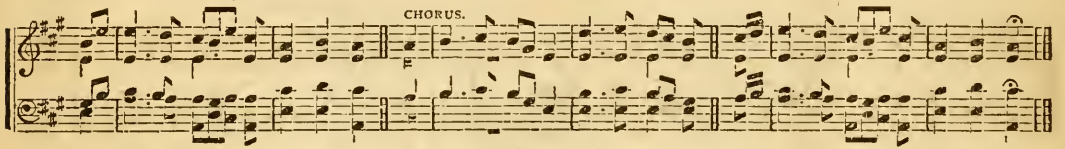
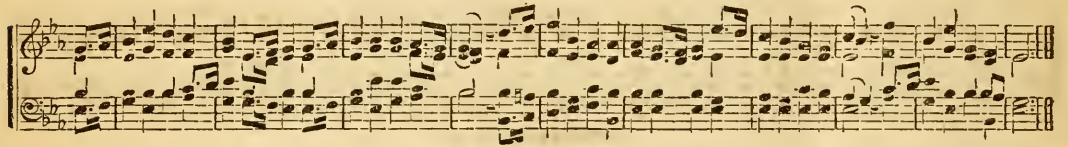
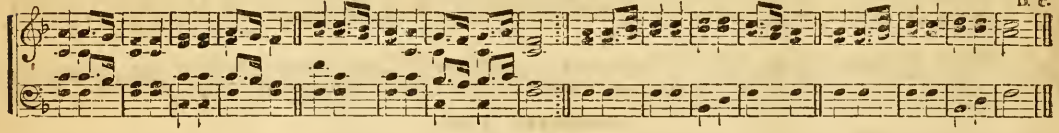
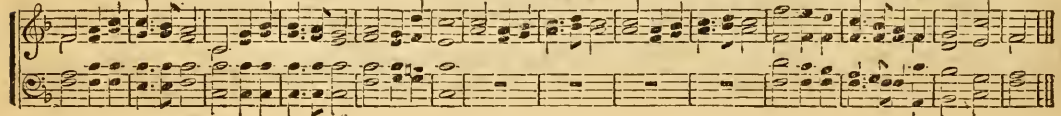

AMSTERDAM. 7s & 6s.

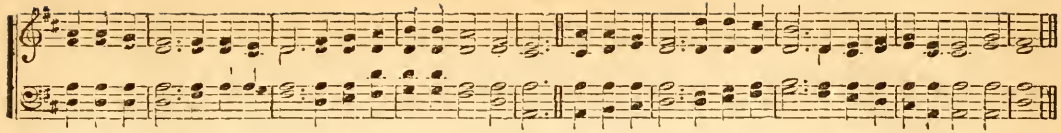


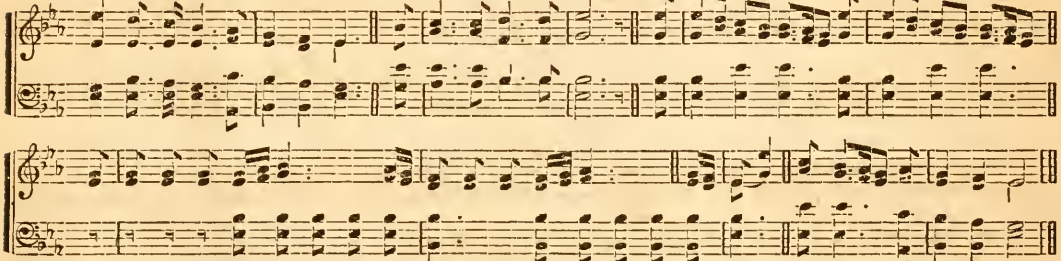
CHORUS.

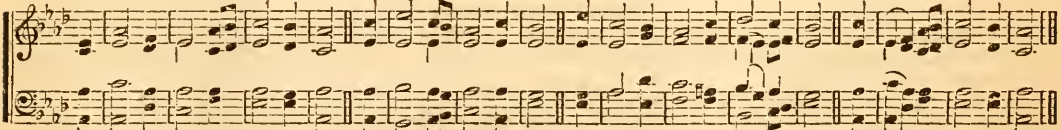


CHRISTMAS. C. M. HANDEL.

GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s. ROUSSEAU. D. C.

OLIVET. 6s & 4s. DR. L. MASON. By per.

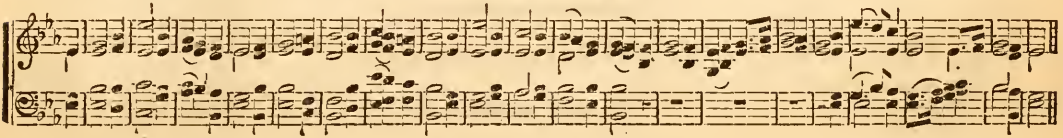




ANTIOCH. C. M.

MARTYRDOM. C. M.



ROTHWELL. L. M.



220. [*Italian Hymn, page* 197.]

1. Come, thou almighty King,
Help us Thy name to sing,
Help us to praise!
Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

2. Come, thou incarnate Word
Gird on Thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend;
Come, and Thy people bless;
Come, give Thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

3. Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour;
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

4. To thee, great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore;
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

221. [*Old Hundred*, 101 *Trio.*]

1. Loud hallelujahs to the Lord,
From distant worlds where creatnres dwell,
Let heav'n begin the solemn word,
And sound it dreadful down to hell.

2. Wide as His vast dominion lies,
Make the Creator's name be known;
Loud as His thunder, shout His praise,
And sound it lofty as His throne.

3. Jehovah—'tis a glorious word!
O, may it dwell on every tongue!
But saints, who best have known the Lord,
Are bound to raise the noblest song.

4. Speak of the wonders of that love
Which Gabriel plays on every chord;
From all below, and all above,
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord.

222. [*Ware, page* 197.]

1. Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2. To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown His head;
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3. People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.

223. [*Coronation*, 179 *Trio.*]

1. All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

2. Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fix'd this floating ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3. Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4. Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5. O that with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

224. [*Rothwell*, 201.]

1. He lives, the great Redeemer lives,
What joy the blest assurance gives;
And now, before His Father, God,
Pleads the full merit of His blood.

2. Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice, armed with frowns, appears,
But in the Saviour's lovely face,
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

3. Hence, then, ye black, despairing thoughts;
Above our fears, above our faults,
His powerful intercessions rise,
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.

4. Great Advocate, Almighty Friend!
On Him our humble hopes depend;
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

---

225. [*Franklin*, 197.]

1. The head that once was crowned with thorns
Is crowned with glory now,
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2. The highest place that heaven affords,
Is His by sovereign right;
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
He reigns in glory bright;—

3. The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know.

4. To them, the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace is given;
Their name, an everlasting name,
Their joy—the joy of heaven.

---

226. [*Balerma*, 123 *Trio.*]

1. Jesus, the very thought of Thee,
With sweetness fills my breast:
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3. O hope of every contrite heart!
O joy of all the meek!
To those who fall how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4. But what to those who find? Ah! this,
Nor tongue, nor pen can show,
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

227. [*Martyrdom*, 201.]

1. I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Nor to defend his cause;
Maintain the honor of His word,
The glory of His cross.

2. Jesus, my God! I know His name;
His name is all my trust;
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3. Firm, as His throne, His promise stands,
And He can well secure
What I've committed to His hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4. Then will He own my worthless name,
Before His Father's face;
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

---

228. [*Antioch*, *page* 201.]

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heav'n and nature sing.

2. Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns,
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3. He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

229. [*Tune Williams, page* 201.]

1. When I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2. Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown!

4. Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

---

230. [*Crucifix, page* 197.]

1. O sacred Head now wounded,
With grief and shame weigh'd down;
Now scornfully surrounded,
With thorns Thy only crown;
O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss till now was Thine;
Yet though despised and gory,
I joy to call Thee mine.

2. What language shall I borrow,
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end!
O make me Thine forever,
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to Thee.

3. If I, a wretch, should leave Thee,
O Jesus, leave not me;
In faith may I receive Thee,
When death shall set me free.
When strength and comfort languish,
And I must hence depart,
Release me then from anguish,
By Thine own wounded heart.

4. Be near, when I am dying,
O, show Thy cross to me!
And for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, to set me free.
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely—through Thy love.

---

231. [*Martyn*, 14 *Trio.*]

1. Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly;
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past,
Safe into the haven guide.
O receive my soul at last.

2. Other refuge have I none—
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring—
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in Thee I find,
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am—
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found—
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

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232. [*Dennis*, 225 *Trio.*]

1. The Lord my Shepherd is;
I shall be well supplied;
Since He is mine, and I am His
What can I want beside?

2. He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3. If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in His own right way
For His most holy name.

4. In sight of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread:
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

5. The bounties of Thy love
Shall crown my future days;
Nor from Thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak Thy praise.

233. [*Loving Kindness*, 200.)

1. AWAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing the great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving kindness, Oh! how free!

2. He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all:
He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving kindness, Oh! how great!

3. Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving kindness, Oh! how strong!

4. Often I feel my sinful heart,
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But though I have Him oft forgot,
His loving kindness changes not.

234. [*Duke St.*, 7 *Trio*]

1. OH! the sweet wonders of that cross,
Where God, the Saviour, loved and died;
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From His dear wounds, and bleeding side.

2. I would for ever speak His name,
It sounds to mortal ears unknown,
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at His Father's throne.

3. All hail! Thou great Immanuel, hail!
Ten thousand blessings on Thy name!
While thus Thy wondrous love we tell,
Our bosoms feel the sacred flame.

4. Come, quickly come, Immortal King!
On earth Thy regal honors raise;
The full salvation promised bring,
Then every tongue shall sing Thy praise!

235. [*Martyrdom*, 201.]

1. ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2. Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3. Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the Lord of glory, died
For man the creature's sin.

4. Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5. But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

236. [*Ortonville*, 82 *Trio.*]

1. MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crown'd,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2. He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

3. To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have,
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

4. Since from Thy bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be Thine.

237. [*Martyrdom*, 201.]

1. DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,
On Thee, when sorrows rise—
On Thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2. To Thee I tell each rising grief,
For Thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

3. But O! when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call Thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4. Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee!
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to Thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

238. [*St. Thomas*, 224 *Trio.*]

1. Awake, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, every heart, and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

2. Sing of His dying love,
Sing of His rising power;
Sing how He intercedes above,
For those whose sins He bore.

3. Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing, every day,
In Christ, the exalted King.

4. Soon shall your raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

239. [*State Street*, 71 *Trio.*]

1. Jesus who knows full well,
The heart of every saint,
Invites us all our griefs to tell,
To pray, and never faint.

2. He bows His gracious ear,
We never plead in vain:
Yet we must wait till He appear,
And pray, and pray again.

3. Jesus, the Lord will hear
His chosen when they cry:
Yes, though He may a while forbear,
He'll help them from on high.

4. Then let us earnest be,
And never faint in prayer;
He loves our importunity,
And makes our cause His care.

240. [*Ortonville*, 82 *Trio.*]

1. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2. It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And for the weary, rest.

3. By Thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.

4. Jesus! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

241. [*Baden*, 197.]

1. Though all the world my choice deride,
Yet Jesus shall my portion be;
For I am pleased with none beside;
The fairest of the fair is He.

2. Sweet is the vision of Thy face,
And kindness o'er Thy lips is shed;
Lovely art Thou, and full of grace,
And glory beams around Thy head.

3. Thy sufferings I embrace with Thee,
Thy poverty and shameful cross;
The pleasures of the world I flee,
And deem its treasures only dross.

4. Be daily dearer to my heart,
And ever let me feel Thee near;
Then willingly with all I'd part,
Nor count it worthy of a tear.

242. [*Shining Shore*, 83 *Trio.*]

1. My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly!
Those hours of toil and danger.

CHORUS.

For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And just before, the shining shore,
We may almost discover.

2. We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distant home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.
Cho.—For oh!

3. Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest nought can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.
Cho.—For oh!

4. Let sorrow's rudest tempests blow,
Each chord on earth to sever.
Our King says, come, and there's our home,
For ever, oh! for ever!
Cho.—For oh!

213. [*Christmas*, 200.]

1. Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on:
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2. A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3. 'Tis God's all animating voice,
That calls thee from on high:
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4. Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at thy Feet
I'll lay my honors down.

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214. [*Balerma*, 123 *Trio.*

1 Amazing grace; how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found—
Was blind, but now I see.

2. 'T was grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!

3. Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

215. [*Uxbridge.*]

1. What sinners value I resign;
Lord! 'tis enough that Thou art mine;
I shall behold Thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness,

2. This life's a dream—an empty show;
But the bright world, to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake and find me there?

3. Oh! glorious hour!—Oh! blest abode,
I shall be near, and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

4. My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

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216. [*L. M.*]

1. We sing His love, who once was slain,
Who soon o'er death revived again,
That all His saints through Him might have
Eternal conquests o'er the grave.

CHORUS.

Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we
Shall rise to immortality.

2. The saints who now with Jesus sleep,
His own Almighty power shall keep
Till dawns the bright illustrious day
When death itself shall die away.

3. When Jesus we in glory meet,
Our utmost joys shall be complete;
When landed on that heavenly shore,
Death and the curse will be no more.

4. Hasten, dear Lord, the glorious day,
And this delightful scene display
When all Thy saints from death shall rise
Raptured in bliss beyond the skies!

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217. [*Olivet*, 200.]

1. My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.

2. May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire:
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3. While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide:
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray,
From Thee aside.

4. When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen, stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

248. [*Joyfully.*]

1. JOYFULLY, joyfully onward I move.
Bound to the land of bright spirits above,
Angelic choristers, sing as I come—
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home!
Soon with my pilgrimage ended below,
Home to the land of bright spirits I go;
Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam
Joyfully, joyfully resting at home!

2. Friends, fondly cherished, have passed on before;
Waiting, they watch me approaching the shore;
Singing to cheer me thro' death's chilling gloom;
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home!
Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear;
Harps of the blessed your voices I hear!
Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome—
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.

3. Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low,
Strike, king of terrors! I fear not the blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb!
Joyfully, joyfully will I go home.
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be banished, his scepter be gone;
Joyfully, then, shall I witness his doom,
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

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249. [*Portuguese Hymn, page* 199.]

1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word;
What more can He say than to you He hath said—
Who unto the Saviour for refuge have fled.

2. Fear not, I am with thee, oh! be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid:
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

3. When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy trials to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4. When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5. E'en down to old age all My people shall prove
My sovereign eternal, unchangeable love;
And then, when gray hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6. The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not—I will not desert to His foes:
That soul—though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never—no never—no never forsake!

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250. [*Expostulation, page* 199.]

1. O TURN ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die?
When God, in great mercy, is coming so nigh;
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says come,
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2. How vain the delusion, that while you delay,
Your hearts may grow better by staying away;
Come wretched, come starving, come just as you be,
While streams of salvation are flowing so free.

3. And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
O how can you question, if you will believe?
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'Tis you He bids welcome; He bids you come home.

4. Come, give us your hand, and the Saviour your heart,
And trusting in Heaven, we never shall part;
O how can we leave you? why will you not come?
We'll journey together, and soon be at home.

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251. [*Homeward Bound, page* 199.]

1. Out on an ocean all boundless we ride,
We're homeward bound;
Tossed on the waves of a rough, restless tide,
We're homeward bound;
Far from the safe, quiet harbor we rode,
Seeking our Father's celestial abode,
Promise of which on us each he bestowed,
We're homeward bound.

2. Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars;
We're homeward bound;
Look! yonder lie the bright heavenly shores,
We're homeward bound;
Steady! O pilot! stand firm at the wheel,
Steady, we soon shall outweather the gale,
Oh! how we fly 'neath the loud-creaking sail,
We're homeward bound.

3. We'll tell the world as we journey along,
We're homeward bound;
Try to persuade them to enter our throng,
We're homeward bound;
Come, trembling sinner, forlorn and oppressed,
Join in our number, O come and be blest;
Journey with us to the mansions of rest,
We're homeward bound.

4. Into the harbor of heaven now we glide,
We're home at last;
Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,
We're home at last;
Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er;
We stand secure on the glorified shore,
Glory to God! we will shout evermore,
We're home at last.

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252. [*Hail to the Brightness.*]

1. Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning!
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain;
Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning,
Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.

2. Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;
Hail to the millions from bondage returning,
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.

3. Lo! in the desert rich flowers are springing,
Streams ever copious are gliding along,
Loud from the mountain-tops, echoes are ringing,
Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in song.

4. See, from all lands—from the isles of the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high,
Fallen are the engines of war and commotion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

253. [*Webb*, 104 *Trio.*]

1. We bring no glittering treasures,
No gems from earth's deep mine;
We come with simple measures,
To chant Thy love divine.
We all, Thy favors sharing,
Our voice of thanks would raise;
Father, accept our offering,
Our song of grateful praise.

2. The dearest gift of Heaven,
Love's precious word of Truth,
To sinners thou hast given,
To guide their steps in youth;
To tell the wondrous story,
The tale of Calvary;
To tell of homes in glory,
From sin and sorrow free.

3. Redeemer, grant Thy blessing;
Oh, teach us how to pray!
That we, Thy love possessing
May tread life's devious way;
Till where the pure are dwelling
By grace we meet again,
And, sweeter numbers swelling,
Forever praise Thy name.

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254. [*Amsterdam, page* 199.]

1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise, from transitory things,
Toward heaven, thy native place:
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

2. Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire descending, seeks the sun,
Both speed them to their source;
So a soul that's born of God,
Pants to see His glorious face,
Upward tends to His abode,
To rest in His embrace.

3. Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies;
There we'll join the heavenly train,
Welcomed to partake the bliss;
Fly from sorrow and from pain,
To realms of endless peace.

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255. [*Bethany*, 77 *Trio.*]

1. Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

2. Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee—
Nearer to Thee!

3. There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee—
Nearer to Thee!

4. Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

5. Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

256. [*Violet*, 73 *Trio.*]

1. Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own.

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not like them untrue;
And whilst Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may scorn me;
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

3. Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me;
Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

4 Soul, then know thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee;
Child of heaven, can'st thou repine?

5. Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee.
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

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257. [*Christmas*, *page* 200.]

1. Am I a soldier of the cross—
A follower of the Lamb—
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?

2. Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3. Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace?
To help me on to God?

4. Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

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258. [*Meribah*, *page* 198.]

1. Oft when the waves of passion rise,
And storms of life conceal the skies,
And o'er the ocean sweep,
Toss'd in the long tempestuous night,
We feel no ray of heavenly light,
To cheer the lonely deep.

2. But lo! in our extremity,
The Saviour walking on the sea!
E'en now He passes by!
He silences our clamorous fear,
And mildly says, "Be of good cheer,
Be not afraid, 'tis I."

3. Ah, Lord! if it be Thou indeed,
So near us in our time of need,
So good, so strong to save—
Speak the kind word of power to me,
Bid me believe, and come to Thee,
Swift-walking on the wave.

4. He bids me come! His voice I know,
And boldly on the waters go,
And brave the tempest's shock:
O'er rude temptations now I bound,
The billows yield a solid ground,
The wave is firm as rock!

5. Come in, come in, Thou Prince of peace!
And all the storms of sin shall cease,
And fall, no more to rise:
O, if Thy Spirit still remain,
Our rest on distant shores we gain,
Our haven in the skies!

259. [*L. M.*]

1. When marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

2. Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But One alone, the Saviour speaks—
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

3. Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark;
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

4. Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a Star arose—
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

5. It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm, and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

6. Now safely moored—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever, and for evermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem!

260. [*Dundee.*]

1. Prostrate, dear Jesus! at Thy feet
A guilty rebel lies;
And upward to the mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2. If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.

3. But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears, but those which Thou hast shed—
No blood, but Thou hast spilt.

4. Think of Thy sorrows, dearest Lord!
And all my sins forgive;
Justice will well approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

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261. [*To-Day*, 8 *Trio.*]

1. To-day the Saviour calls:
Ye wanderers, come!
O ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

2. To-day the Saviour calls;
For refuge fly:
The storm of vengeance falls,
Ruin is nigh.

3. To-day the Saviour calls;
Oh, listen now!
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

4. The Spirit calls to-day:
Yield to his power;
Oh, grieve him not away!
'Tis mercy's hour.

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262. [*Meribah, page* 198.]

1. When Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come,
To take Thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at Thy right hand?

2. I love to meet Thy people now,
Before Thy feet with them to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But—can I bear the piercing thought?—
What if my name should be left out,
When Thou for them shalt call?

3. O Lord, prevent it by Thy grace—
Be Thou my only hiding-place,
In this the accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

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263. [*Woodworth*, 139 *Trio.*]

1. Just as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

2. Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

3. Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
"Fightings within, and fears without,"
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5. Just as I am—Thou wilt receive;
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

6. Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

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264. [349 *Trio.*]

1. THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

2. The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, tho' vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3. Dear, dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

5. Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

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265. [*State Street*, 71 *Trio.*]

1. BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2. Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one—
Our comforts and our cares.

3. We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4. When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5. This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

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266. [*Martyrdom*, *page* 201.]

1. O COULD I find from day to day,
A nearness to my God,
Then would my hours glide sweet away,
While leaning on His word.

2. Lord, I desire with Thee to live
Anew from day to day,
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.

3. Blest Jesus, come, and rule my heart,
And make me wholly Thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve Thy love divine.

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267. [*Happy Day*, *page* 198.)

1. O HAPPY day that fix'd my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2. O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love;
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to the sacred shrine I move.

3. 'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I follow'd on,
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.

4. Now rest, my long-divided heart:
Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from Thy Lord depart:
With Him of every good possess'd.

268. [*Jesus Paid it All.*]

1. NOTHING, either great or small
Remains for me to do;
Jesus died, and paid it all—
Yes, all the debt I owe.
CHO.—Jesus paid it all;
All the debt I owe,
Sin had left a crimson stain,
He washed it white as snow.

2. When He from His lofty throne,
Stoop'd down to bleed and die,
Every thing was fully done;
"'Tis finished!" was His cry.
CHO.—Jesus paid it all, etc.

3. Weary, working, plodding one,
Oh, wherefore toil you so?
Cease your doing—all was done;
By Jesus, long ago.
CHO.—Jesus paid it all, etc.

---

269. [*Lebanon, page* 198.]

1. I WAS a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold:
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controll'd;
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

2. The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child;
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild;
They found me nigh to death,
Famish'd, and faint, and lone;
They bound me in the bands of love,
They saved the wandering one.

3. Jesus my Shepherd is,
'Twas He that loved my soul,
'Twas He that wash'd me in His blood
'Twas He that made me whole:
'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep,
'Twas He that brought me to the fold—
'Tis He that still doth keep.

---

270. [*Cross and Crown*, 85 *Trio.*]

1. MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No: there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

2. How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3. The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear—
For there's a crown for me.

---

271. [*Martyrdom*, 201.]

1. O THOU, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye,—

2. See, low before Thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn;
Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face?
Hast Thou not said—"Return?"

3. And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from Thy feet?
O let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.

4. O shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine!
And let Thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

---

272. [*Dennis*, 225 *Trio.*]

1. How gentle God's commands!
How kind His precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust His constant care.

2. Beneath His watchful eye,
His saints securely dwell;
That hand that bears all nature up,
Shall guard His children well.

3. Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4. His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
I'll drop my burden at His feet,
And bear a song away.

---

273. [*Dover.*]

1. GIVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismay'd;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.

2. Through waves, through clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou His time: so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

3. Still heavy is thy heart!
Still sink thy spirits down!
Cast off the weight, let fear depart!
Bid every care be gone.

4. Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully He the work hath wrought,
That caused thy needless fear.

5. What, though Thou rulest not!
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
Proclaim God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well!

---

274. [*Will You Go?* 61 *Trio.*]

1. WE'RE trav'ling home to heav'n above,
Will you go? will you go?
To sing the Saviour's dying love,
Will you go? will you go?
Millions have reached that blest abode,
Anointed kings and priests to God,
And millions now are on the road,
Will you go? will you go?

2. We're going to see the bleeding Lamb,
Will you go? will you go?
In rapturous strains to praise His name,
Will you go? will you go?
The crown of life we there shall wear,
The conqueror's palms our hands shall bear,
And all the joys of heaven we'll share;
Will you go? will you go?

3. Ye weary, heavy-laden, come,
Will you go? will you go?
In the blest house there still is room,
Will you go? will you go?
The Lord is waiting to receive,
If thou wilt on Him now believe,
He'll give thy troubled conscience ease,
Will you go? will you go?

---

275. [*No Sorrow There, p.* 198.]

1. FAR from these scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of joy and pure delight
Unknown to mortal eyes.

CHO.—There'll be no sorrow there.
There'll be no sorrow there.
In heaven above, where all is love,
There'll be no sorrow there.

2. Fair land!—could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more.
CHO.—There'll be no sorrow there.

3. No cloud those regions know—
Realms ever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.
CHO.—There'll be no sorrow there.

4. O may the prospect fire
Our breasts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith and strong desire,
Bear every thought above.
CHO.—There'll be no sorrow there.

---

276. [*Woodland, page* 196.]

1. THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distress'd,
A balm for every wounded breast—
'Tis found above in heaven.

2. There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

3. There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

277. [*Work, for the Night is Coming.* 194 *Trio.*]

1. WORK, for the night is coming,
Work thro' the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers:
Work when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2. Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon,
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming;
When man works no more.

3. Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies,
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies,
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work, while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

---

278. [*Rothwell, page* 201.]

1. STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus, thy great Captain's gone.

2. Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
But hell and sin are vanquished foes,
Thy Saviour nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when He rose.

3. Then let my soul march boldly on—
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

4. There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

---

279. [*Laban,* 61 *Trio.*]

1. MY soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
And hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2. O! watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3. Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thine arduous work will not be done,
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4. Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee at thy parting breath
To His divine abode.

280. [*Retreat, page* 198.]

1. FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat,
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2. There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet,
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3. There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend,
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

---

281. [*Ward,* 64 *Trio.*]

1. BEHOLD a Stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked before;
Has waited long—is waiting still:
You treat no other friend so ill.

2. Oh! lovely attitude—He stands
With melting heart and loaded hands:
Oh! matchless kindness—and He shows
This matchless kindness to his foes!

3. But will He prove a friend indeed?
He will—the very Friend you need;
The Friend of sinners—yes, 'tis He,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

4. Admit Him ere His anger burn,
His feet, departed, ne'er return;
Admit Him, or, the hour's at hand,
You'll at his door rejected stand.

282. [*Metropolis*, 196.]

1. Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labors have an end
In joy and peace and Thee?

2. When shall these eyes Thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3. There happier bowers than Eden bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats, through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

4. Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for Thee:
Then shall my labors have an end
When I Thy joys shall see.

---

283. [*Happy Land.*]

1. There is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
Oh, how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King,
Loud let His praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye!

2. Come to that happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand?
Why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be,
When, from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with thee,
Blest, blest for aye!

3. Bright, in that happy land,
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
Oh, then to glory run,
Be a crown and Kingdom won;
And bright above the sun,
We reign for aye.

---

284. [*Ives.*]

1. Who are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song?
"Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, honor, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches to obtain;
New dominion every hour."

2. These through fiery trials trod;
These from great afflictions came;
Now before the throne of God,
Sealed with His almighty name.
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3. Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them, the Lamb amid the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead;
Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels all fears,
And for ever from their eyes
God shall wipe away the tears

---

285. [*Heaven is my Home.*]

1. I'm but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home;
Dangers and sorrows stand
Round me on every hand,
Heaven is my Fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

2. What though the tempest rage,
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage;
Heaven is my home;
And time's wild, wintry blast
Soon will be over past,
I shall reach home at last;
Heaven is my home.

3. Therefore I murmur not,
Heaven is my home;
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home;
And I shall surely stand
There at my Lord's right hand,
Heaven is my Fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

286. [*Around the Throne.*]

1. AROUND the throne of God in heaven,
Thousands of children stand:
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band,
Singing, Glory, Glory, Glory be to
God on high.

2. In flowing robes of spotless white,
See every one arrayed;
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade,
Singing, Glory, Glory, etc.

3. What brought them to that world above—
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love,
How came those children there.
Singing, Glory, Glory, etc.

4. Because the Saviour shed His blood
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean,
Singing, Glory, Glory, etc.

5. On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His name;
So now they see His blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing, Glory, Glory, etc.

---

287. [*Evening Song,* 10 *Fresh Laurels.*]

1. 'TIS sweet to think, as night comes on,
Dark and drear,
Ere "stars come twinkling one by one,"
Earth to cheer.
There is a world where comes no night,
It needs no sun or moon to light,
For Jesus' presence makes it bright—
No night there.

2. 'Tis sweet to think when round us lie,
Grief and care,
Our Jesus hears the softest sigh,
Breath'd in pray'r;
And if we love Him, we shall see,
That "land from sin and sorrow free."
And oh! we know that there will be—
No tears there.

---

288. [*Tune Return.*]

1. RETURN, O wand'rer, to thy home,
Thy Father calls for thee;
No longer now an exile roam,
In guilt and misery;
Return, return!

2. Return, O wand'rer, to thy home,
'Tis Jesus calls for thee,
The Spirit and the Bride say—come;
Oh! now for refuge flee.

3. Return, O wand'rer, to thy home,
'Tis madness to delay;
There are no pardons in the tomb,
And brief is mercy's day.

---

289. [*For Ever with the Lord.*]

1. "FOR ever with the Lord!"
Amen, so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

CHO.—Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home;
Nearer home, nearer home,
A day's march nearer home.

2. My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear.
CHO.—Here in the body pent, etc.

3. "For ever with the Lord!"
—Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word,
Even here to me fulfill.
CHO.—Here in the body pent, etc.

---

290. [165 *Trio.*]

1. ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2. Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet,
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death has lost his cruel sting.

3. Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim the hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4. Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

291. [*Bradbury Trio*, 100.]

1. From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down the golden sand—
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2. What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3. Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4. Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole—
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

292. [*Bradbury Trio*, 104.]

1. The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears:
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion
Prepared for Zion's war.

2. Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour:
Each cry to heaven going
Abundant answer brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing
With peace upon their wings.

3. See heathen nations bending
Before the God of love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above:
While sinners now confessing,
The gospel's call obey,
And seek a Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

4. Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home,
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim the Lord is come.

293. [*Tune Zion.*]

1. On the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands.
Mourning captive,
God himself shall loose thy bands.

2. Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful?
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

3. God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He Himself appears thy Friend:
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end;
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.

4. Peace and joy shall now attend thee;
All thy warfare now is past;
God thy Saviour will defend thee,
Victory is thine at last;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

294. [*Sabbath.*]

1. SAFELY thro' another week,
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in His courts to-day;
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2. While we seek supplies of grace,
Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,
Show Thy reconciling face—
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free—
May we rest this day in Thee.

3. Here we come Thy name to praise;
Let us feel Thy presence near;
May Thy glories meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting rest.

4. May the Gospel's joyful sound
Wake our minds to raptures new;
Let Thy victories abound—
Unrepenting souls subdue;
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we rest in Thee above.

---

295. [*Beauteous Day, page* 84.]

1. BLESSED Saviour, watch us, guard us,
As we leave our "Sabbath home;"
Guide and keep us from all danger,
Till again to thee we come.

2. Though we very often wander
In the paths of vice and sin,
Yet we pray that Thou wouldst hear us,
Cleanse and make us pure within.

3. Make each spirit meek and lowly,
Make us leave the ways of strife,
Lead us in the path of duty,
Lead us to the "better life."

4. Thus we'd serve Thee, blessed Saviour,
Till we've crossed life's stormy sea,
And with each loved friend and teacher,
All are gathered home to thee.

---

296. [9 *Trio or Greenville.*]

1. LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each Thy love possessing,
Triumph in Redeeming grace;
Oh! refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness!

2. Thanks we give, and adoration,
For Thy Gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound!
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3. So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away;
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,
May we, ready,
Rise and reign in endless day!

---

297. [*Milwaukee, page* 151.]

1. SAVIOUR! breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our eyelids seal:
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.

2. Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us—
We are safe, if Thou art nigh.

3. Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watcheth where Thy people be.

4. Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

---

298. [*Evening Hymn*, 291 *Trio.*]

1. GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath the shadow of Thy wings.

2. Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill which I this day have done:
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3. Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.

4. O let my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep, which shall me more vig'rous make,
To serve my God, when I awake.

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